THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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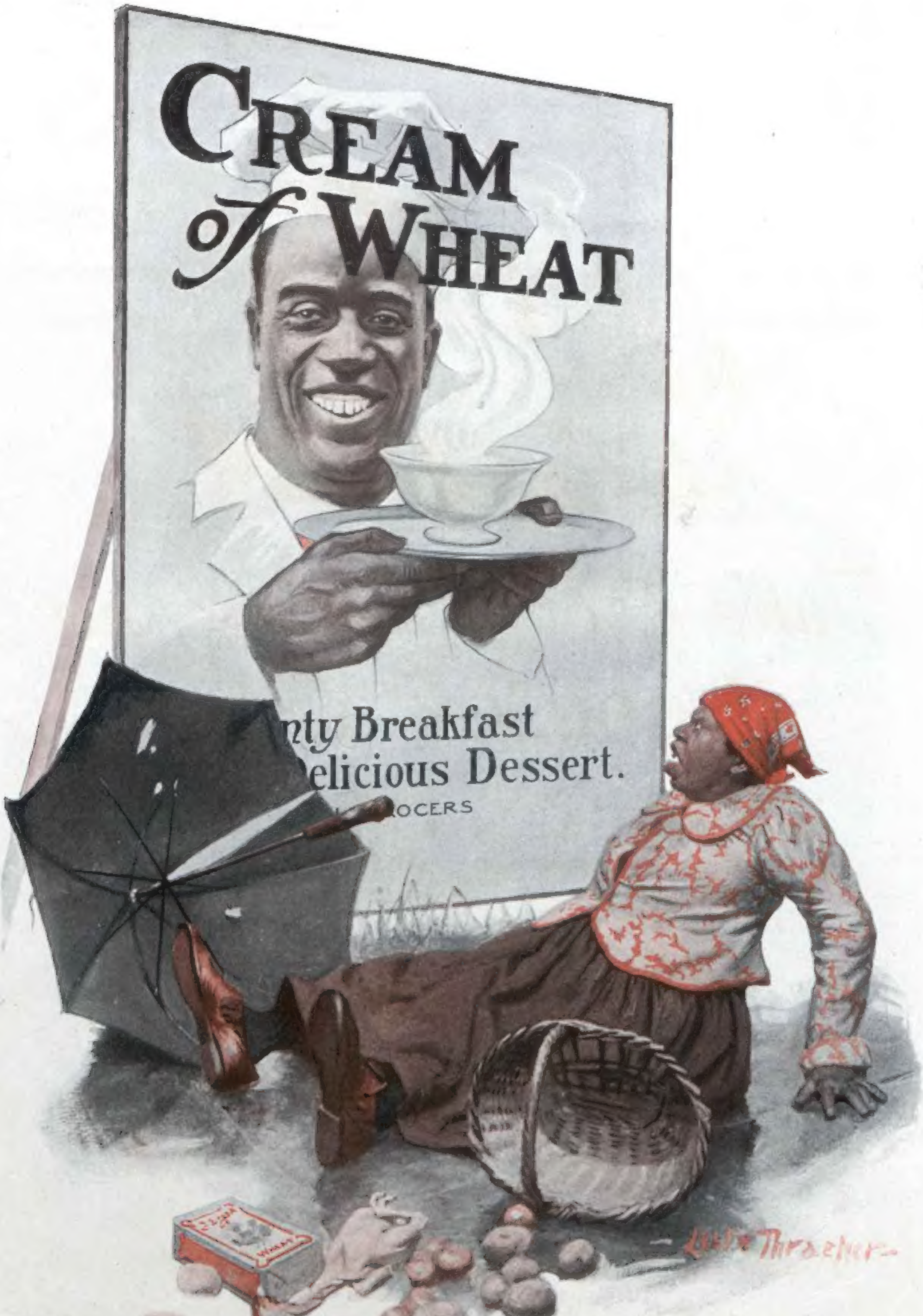

"WHAT DE DEBIL YOU-ALL LAUGHIN' AT, ANYHOW?"

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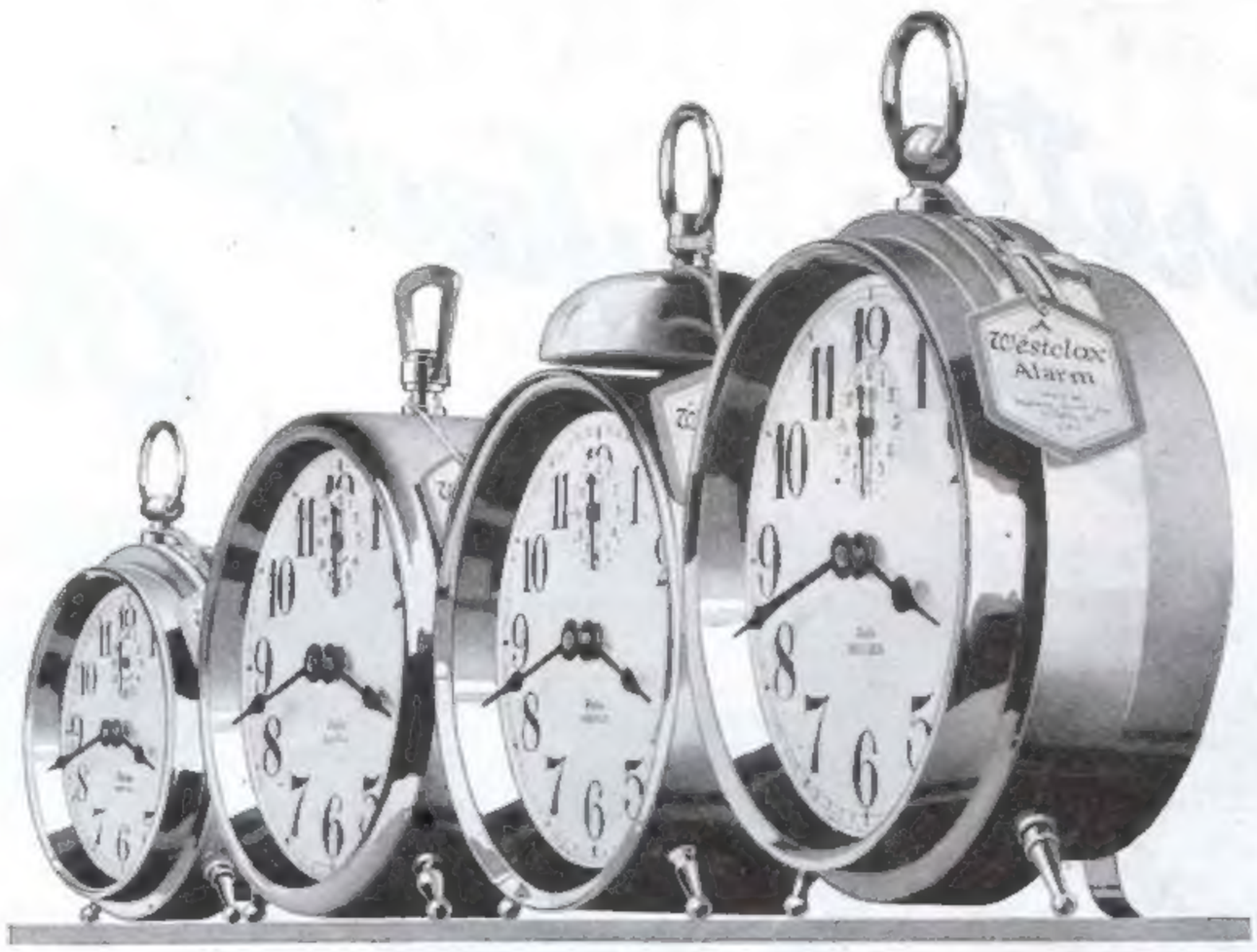

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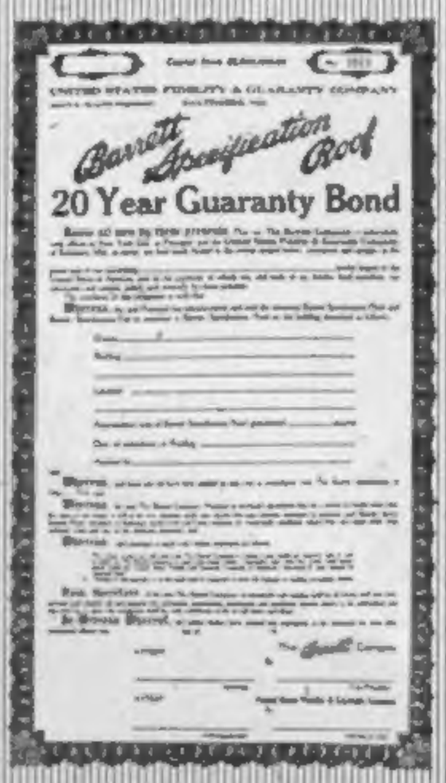

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

F. S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
H. D. Walker, E. Dinsmore,
Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

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THE REFUGEES

By EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

ON SEPTEMBER 8, 1914, Charley Durand stood helplessly blinking through his spectacles at the throng of fugitives which the Folkestone train had just poured out on the platform of Charing Cross.

He was aware of a faint haze on the spectacles, which he usually kept clear of the slightest smirch. It had been too prolonged, too abominable, too soul-searching, the slow torture of his hours of travel with the stricken multitude in which he had found himself entangled on the pier at Boulogne.

Charley Durand, professor of Romance languages in a Western university, had been spending the first weeks of a hard-earned sabbatical holiday in wandering through Flanders and Belgium, and on the fatal second of August had found himself at Louvain, whose university a year or two previously had honored him with a degree.

He had left Belgium at once, and deeply disturbed by the dislocation of his plans had carried his shaken nerves to a lost corner of Normandy, where he had spent the ensuing weeks in trying to think the war would soon be over.

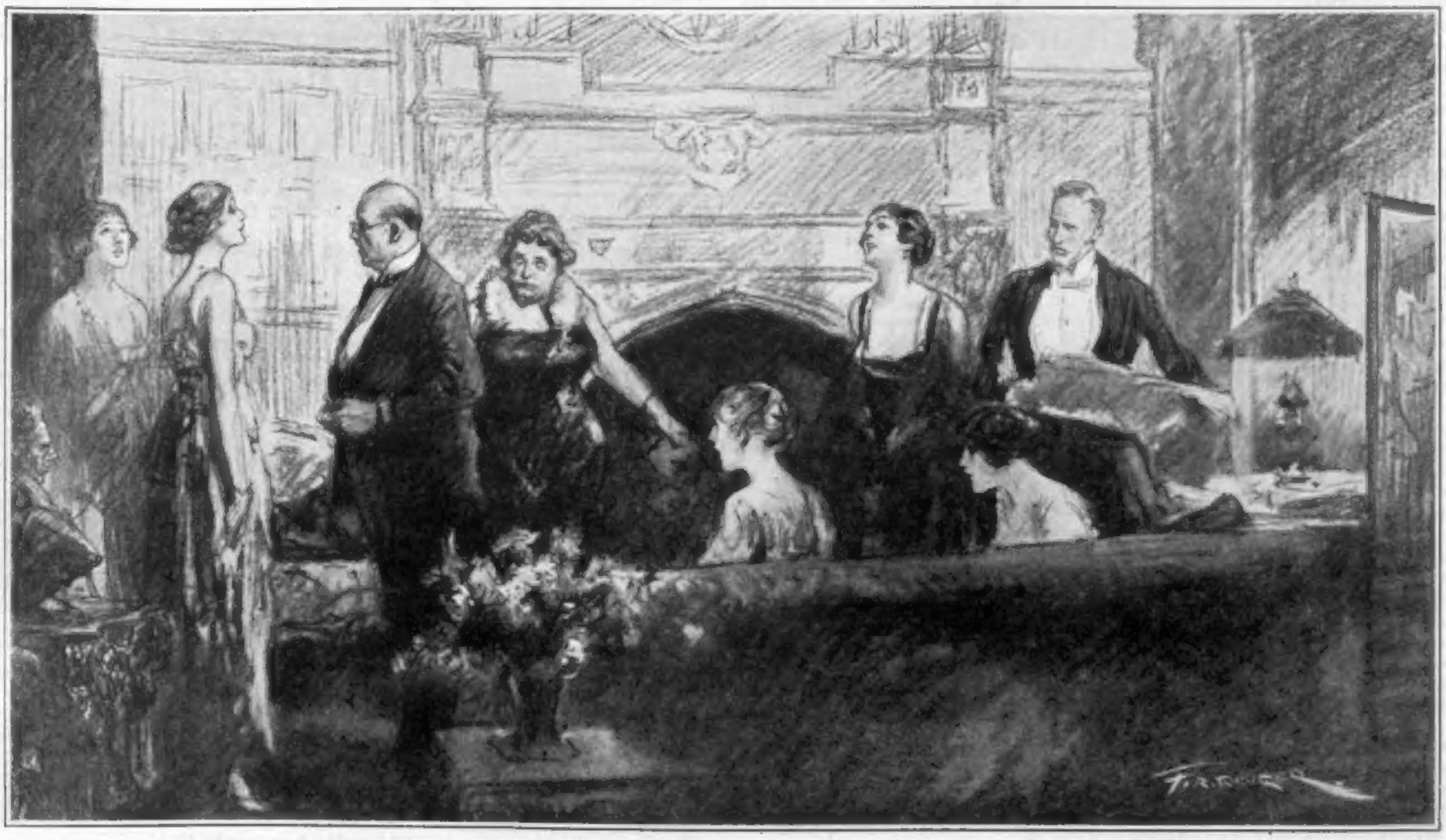
It was not that he was naturally hard or aloof about it, or wanted to be; but the whole business was so contrary to his conception of the universe and his fagged mind at the moment was so incapable of prompt readjustment that he needed time to steady himself. Besides, his conscience told him that his first duty was to get back unimpaired to the task which just enabled him to keep a mother and two sisters above want. His few weeks on the Continent had cost much more than he had expected, and most of his remaining francs had gone to the various relief funds whose appeals penetrated even to his lost corner; and he therefore decided that the prudent course, now that everybody said the horror was certainly going to last till November, would be to slip over to cheap lodgings in London and bury his nose in the British Museum.

This decision, as it chanced, had coincided with the annihilation of Louvain and Malines. News of the rapid German advance had not reached him; but at Boulogne he had found himself caught in the central eddy of fugitives, tossed about among them like one of themselves, pitched on the boat with them, dealt with compassionately but firmly by the fagged officials at Folkestone, jammed into a cranny of the endless train, had chocolate and buns thrust on him by ministering angels with high heels and powdered noses, and shyly passed these refreshments on to the fifteen dazed fellow travelers packed into his compartment.

His first impulse had been to turn back and fly the sight at any cost. But his luggage had already passed out of his keeping, and he had not the courage to forsake it. Moreover, a slight congenital lameness made flight in such circumstances almost impossible. So after a fugitive had come down heavily on his lame foot he resigned himself to keeping in the main current and letting it sweep him onto the boat.

Once on board he had hastened to isolate himself behind a funnel, in an airless corner reeking of oil and steam, while the refugees, abandoned to unanimous seasickness, became for the time an indistinguishable animal welter. But the run to London had brought him into closer contact with them. It was impossible to sit for three mortal hours with an unclaimed little boy on one's lap, opposite a stony-faced woman holding a baby that never stopped crying, and not give them something more than what remained of one's chocolate and buns. The woman with the child was bad enough; though perhaps less perversely moving than the little blond thing with long soiled gloves who kept staring straight ahead and moaning "My furs! Oh, my furs!" But worst of all was the old man at the other end of the compartment, the motionless old man in a frayed suit of professorial black, with a face like a sallow bust on a bracket in a university library.

It was the face of Durand's own class and of his own profession, and it struck him as something not to be contemplated without dire results to his nervous system. He was glad the old man did not speak to him, but only waved away with a silent bow the sandwich he awkwardly offered; and glad that he himself was protected by a slight



"Didn't They Tell You? I'm Giving a Big Garden Party for the Refugee Relief Fund, and I'm Looking for Somebody to Give Us a Lecture on Atrocities"

stammer, which agitation always increased, from any attempt at sustained conversation with the others. But in spite of these safeguards the run to London was dreadful.

On the platform at Charing Cross he stood motionless, trying to protect his lame leg and yet to take up as little room as possible, while he waited for the tide to flow by and canalize itself. There was no way in which he could help the doomed wretches; he kept repeating that without its affording him the least relief. He had given away his last available penny, keeping barely enough to pay for a few frugal weeks in certain grimy lodgings he knew of off Bedford Square; and he could do nothing for the moment but take up as little space as possible till a break in the crowd should let him hobble through to freedom. But that might not be for another hour; and meanwhile helplessly he gazed at the scene through misty spectacles.

The refugees were spread out about him in a stagnant mass, through which, over which almost, there squeezed, darted, skimmed and criss-crossed the light battalions of the benevolent. People with badges were everywhere, philanthropists of both sexes and all ages, sorting, directing, exhorting, contradicting, saying "Wee, wee," and "Oh, no," and "This way, please. Oh, dear, what is 'this way' in French?" and "I beg your pardon, but that bed warmer belongs to my old woman"; and industriously adding, by all the means known to philanthropy, to the distress and bewilderment of their victims.

Durand saw the old professor slip by alone, as if protected by his silent dignity. He saw other stricken faces that held benevolence at bay. One or two erect old women with smooth hair and neat black bonnets gave him a sharper pang than the disheveled; and he watched with positive anguish a mother pausing to straighten her little boy's collar.

"It's Almost an Insult to Have Dragged Us All Up to Town. They'd Promised Us a Large Family, With a Prima Donna From the Brussels Opera"

Suddenly he was aware of a frightened touch on his arm.

"*Oh, monsieur, je vous en prie, venez!* Do come!"

The voice was a reedy pipe, the face that of a little elderly lady so frail and dry and diaphanous that she reminded him in her limp, dust-colored garments of a last year's moth shaken out of the curtains of an empty room.

"*Je vous en prie!*" she repeated, with a plaintive stress on the last word. Her intonation was not exactly French, but he supposed it was some variety of provincial Belgian, and wondered why it sounded so unlike anything he had been hearing. Her face was as wild as anything so small and domesticated could be. Tears were running down her thin cheeks, and the hand on his sleeve twitched in its cotton glove. "*Mais oui, mais oui,*" he found himself reassuring her. Her look of anxiety disappeared, and as he drew the cotton glove through his arm the tears seemed to be absorbed into her pale wrinkles.

"So many of them obviously want to be left alone; here's one who wants to be looked after," he thought to himself, with a whimsical satisfaction in the discovery, as he yielded to the gentle pull on his arm.

He was of a retiring nature, and compassion, far from making him expansive, usually contracted his faculties to the point of cowardice; but the scenes he had traversed were so far beyond any former vision of human wretchedness that all the defenses of his gentle egotism had broken down and he found himself suddenly happy and almost proud at having been singled out as a rescuer. He understood the passionate wish of all the rescuers to secure a refugee and carry him or her away in triumph against all competitors; and while his agile mind made a rapid sum in division his grasp tightened on the little old lady's arm and he muttered to himself: "They shan't take her from me if I have to live on dry bread!"

With a victim on his arm—and one who looked the part so touchingly—it was easier to insinuate his way through the crowd, and he fended off all the attempts of fair highwaymen to snatch his prize from him with an energy in which the prize ably seconded him.

"No, no, no!" she repeated in soft, piping English, tightening her clutch as he tightened his; and presently he discovered that she had noticed his lameness, and with her free hand was making soft fierce dabs at the backs and ribs that blocked their advance.

"You're lame too. Did they do it?" she whispered, falling into French again; and he said chivalrously: "Oh, yes—but it wasn't their fault."

"The savages! I shall never feel in that way about them—though it's noble of you," she murmured; and the inconsequence of this ferocity toward her fellow sufferers struck him as rather refreshingly feminine. Like most shy men he was dazzled by unreasonable women.

"Are you in very great pain?" she continued as they reached the street.

"Oh, no—not at all. I beg you won't —— The trouble is ——" he broke off, confronted by an unforeseen difficulty.

"What is your trouble?" she sighed, leaning her little head toward him.

"Why—I—the fact is I don't know London; or England; *jamais été,*" he confessed, merging the two languages in a vain effort at fluency.

"But of course—why should you? Only trust me."

"Ah, you do know it, then?"

What luck to have found a refugee who could take care of him! He vowed her half his worldly goods on the spot.

She was busy signaling a hansom, and did not answer.

"Is all this your luggage?"

A porter had followed with it. He felt that he ought to have been asking her for hers, but dared not, fearing a tragic answer. He supposed she had been able to bring away nothing but her shabby cloak and the little knobby bag that had been prodding his ribs ever since they had linked arms.

"How lucky to have been able to save so much!" she sighed as his bags and boxes were laboriously hoisted to the hansom.

"Yes—in such a struggle," he agreed; and wondered if she was a little flighty as she added: "I suppose you didn't bring your mattress? Not that it matters in the very least. Quick, get in!" she shrieked out abruptly, pushing him past her into the hansom, and adding as she scrambled in and snapped the doors shut: "My sister-in-law—she's so grasping—I don't want her to see us."

She pushed up the lid and cried out a name unfamiliar to her companion, but to which horse and driver instantly responded.

Durand sank back without speaking. He was bewildered and disconcerted, and her last words had shocked him. "My sister-in-law—she's so grasping." The refugees, then, poor souls, were torn by the same family jealousies as more prosperous mortals. Affliction was supposed to soften, but apparently in such monstrous doses it had the opposite effect. He had noticed on the journey symptoms of this reciprocal distrust among the herded creatures. It was no doubt natural; but he wished his little refugee had not betrayed the weakness.

The thought of the sister-in-law they were deserting—perhaps as helpless and destitute as his own waif—brought a protest to his stammering tongue.

"Ought—oughtn't we to take her with us? Hadn't we better turn back?"

"For Caroline? Oh, no, *non,* no!" She screamed it in every tongue. "*Cher monsieur,* please! She's sure to have her own. Such heaps of them!"

Ah—it was jealousy then; jealousy of the more favored sister-in-law, who was no doubt younger and handsomer, and had been fought over by rival rescuers, while she, poor pet, had had to single one out for herself. Well, Durand felt he would not have exchanged her for a beauty—so frail, fluttered, plaintive did she seem, so small a vessel to contain so great a woe.

Suddenly it struck him that it was she who had given the order to the driver. He was more and more bewildered, and ashamed of his visible incompetence.

"Where are we going?" he faltered.

"For tea—there's plenty of time, I do assure you; and I'm fainting for a little food."

"So am I," he admitted; adding to himself: "I'll feed the poor thing, and then we'll see what's to be done."

How he wished he hadn't given away all but his last handful of shillings! His poverty had never been so humiliating to him. What right had he to be pretending to help a refugee? It was as much as he could do to pay the hansom and give her her tea. And then? A dampness of fear broke over him, and he cursed his cowardice in not having told her at once to make another choice.

"But supposing nobody else had taken her?" he thought, stealing a look at her small pointed profile and the pale wisps of hair under her draggled veil. Her insignificance was complete, and he decided that he had probably been her last expedient.

It would be odd if it proved that she was also his. He remembered hearing that some of the rich refugees had been able to bring their money with them, and his mind strayed away to the whimsical possibility of being offered a post with emoluments by the frightened creature who was so determined not to let him go.

"If only I knew London," he thought regretfully, "I might be worth a good salary to her. The queer thing is that she seems to know it herself."

Both sat silent, absorbed in their emotions.

It was certainly an odd way to be seeing London for the first time; but he was glad to be traveling at horse pace instead of whirling through his thronged sensations in a motor cab.

"Trafalgar Square—yes. How clever of you! *Les Lions de Milord Nelson!*" she explained.

They drove on, past palaces and parks.

"*Maison du Grand Duc. Arc de triomphe de marbre,*" she successively enlightened him, sounding like a gnat in a megaphone. He leaned and gazed, forgetting her and himself in an ecstasy of assimilation. In the golden autumn haze London loomed mightier and richer than his best dreams of it.

II

THE hansom stopped and they entered a modest tea room not too densely crowded.

"I wanted to get away from that awful mob," she explained, pushing back her veil as they seated themselves at a table with red-and-white napkins and a britannia sugar bowl.

"Crumpets—lots of crumpets and jam," she instructed a disdainful girl in a butterfly cap, who languished away with the order to the back of the shop.

Durand sat speechless, overwhelmed by his predicament. Tea and crumpets were all very well—but afterward, what?

He felt that his silence was becoming boorish, and leaned forward over the metal teapot. At the same instant his protégée leaned, too, and simultaneously they brought out the question:

"Where were you when it broke out?"

"At Louvain," he answered; and she shuddered.

"Louvain—how terrible!"

"And you, madame?"

"I? At Brussels."

"How terrible!" he echoed.

"Yes." Her eyes filled with tears. "I had such kind friends there."

"Ah, of course. Naturally."

She poured the tea and pushed his cup to him. The haughty girl reappeared with sodden crumpets, which looked to him like manna steeped in nectar. He tossed off his tea as if it had been champagne, and courage began to flow through his veins. Never would he desert the simple creature who had trusted him! Let no one tell him that an able-bodied man with brains and education could not earn enough in a city of this size to support himself and this poor sparrow.

The sparrow had emptied her cup, too, and a soft pink suffused her cheeks, effacing the wrinkles, which had perhaps been only lines of worry. He began to wonder if after all she was much more than forty. Rather absurd for a man of his age to have been calling a woman of forty an old lady!

Suddenly he saw that the sense of security, combined with the hot tea and the crumpets, was beginning to act on her famished system like a dangerous intoxicant, and that she was going to tell him everything—or nearly everything. She bent forward, her elbows on the table, the cotton gloves drawn off her thin hands, which were nervously clenched under her chin. He noticed a large sapphire on one of them.

"I can't tell you—I can't tell you how happy I am!" she faltered with swimming eyes.

He remained silent, through sheer embarrassment, and she went on: "You see, I'd so completely lost hope—so completely. I thought no one would ever want me. They all told me at home that no one would—my nieces did, and everybody. They taunted me with it." She broke off and glanced at him appealingly. "You do understand English, don't you?"

He assented, still more bewildered, and she went on: "Oh, then it's so much easier—then we can really talk! No—our train doesn't leave for nearly two hours. You don't mind my talking, do you? You'll let me make a clean breast of it? I must!"

She touched with a clawlike finger the narrow interval between her shoulders and added: "For weeks I've been simply suffocating with longing."

An uncomfortable redness rose to Charley Durand's forehead. With these foreign women you could never tell; his brief Continental experiences had taught him that. After all, he was not a monster, and several ladies had already attempted to prove it to him. There had been one adventure—on the way home to his hotel at Louvain, after dining with the curator of prehistoric antiquities—one adventure of which he could not think even now without feeling as if he were in a Turkish bath, with no marble slab to cool off on.

But this poor lady! Of course he was mistaken. He blushed anew at his mistake.

"They all laughed at me—jeered at me; Caroline and my nieces and all of them. They said it was no use trying—they'd failed, and how was I going to succeed? Even Caroline has failed hitherto—and she's so dreadfully determined. And of course for a married woman it's always easier, isn't it?"

She appealed to him with anxious eyes, and his own sank behind his protecting spectacles. Easier for a married woman! After all, perhaps he hadn't been mistaken. He had heard of course that in the highest society the laxity was even worse.

"It's true enough"—she seemed to be answering him—"that the young, good-looking women get everything away from us. There's nothing new in that; they always have. I don't know how they manage it; but I'm told they were on hand when the very first boatload of refugees arrived. I understand the young Duchess of Bolchester and Lady Ivy Trantham were down at Folkestone with all the Trantham motors—and from that day to this, though we've all had our names down on the government list, not one of us—not one human being at Lingerfield—has had so much as an application from the committee.

"And when I couldn't stand it any longer, and said I was going up to town myself, to wait at the station and seize one of the poor things before any of those unscrupulous women had got him they said it was just like me to make a show of myself for nothing. But, after all, you see Caroline sneaked off after me without saying anything, and was making a show of herself too. And when I saw her she evidently hadn't succeeded, for she was running about all alone, looking as wild as she does on sales days at Harrod's. Caroline is very extravagant, and doesn't mind what she spends; but she never can make up her mind between bargains, and rushes about like a madwoman till it's too late. But oh, how humiliating for her to go back to the hall without a single refugee!"

The speaker broke off with a faint laugh of triumph, and wiped away her tears.

Charley Durand sat speechless. The crumpet had fallen from his fork and his tea was turning gray; but he was unconscious of such minor misfortunes.

"I don't—I don't understand," he began; but as he spoke he perceived that he did.

It was as clear as daylight; he and his companion had taken each other for refugees, and she was passionately pressing upon him the assistance he had been wondering how on earth he should manage to offer her!

"Of course you don't, I explain so badly. They've always told me that," she answered eagerly. "Fancy asking you if you'd brought your mattress, for instance—what you must have thought! But the fact is I'd made up my mind you were going to be one of those poor old women in caps who take snuff and spill things, and who have always come away with nothing but their beds and a saucepan. They all said at Lingerfield: 'If you get even a deaf old woman you're lucky.' And so I arranged to give you—I mean her—one of the rooms in the postmistress' cottage, where I've put an old bedstead that the vicar's coachman's mother died in, but the mattress had to be burnt. Whereas of course you're coming to *me*—to the cottage, I mean. And I haven't even told you where it is or who I am! Oh, dear, it's so stupid of me; but you see Kathleen and Agatha and my sister-in-law all said 'Of course poor Audrey'll never get anybody'; and I've had the room standing ready for three weeks—all but the mattress—and even the vicar's wife had begun to joke about it with my brother. Oh, my brother's Lord Beausedge—didn't I tell you?"

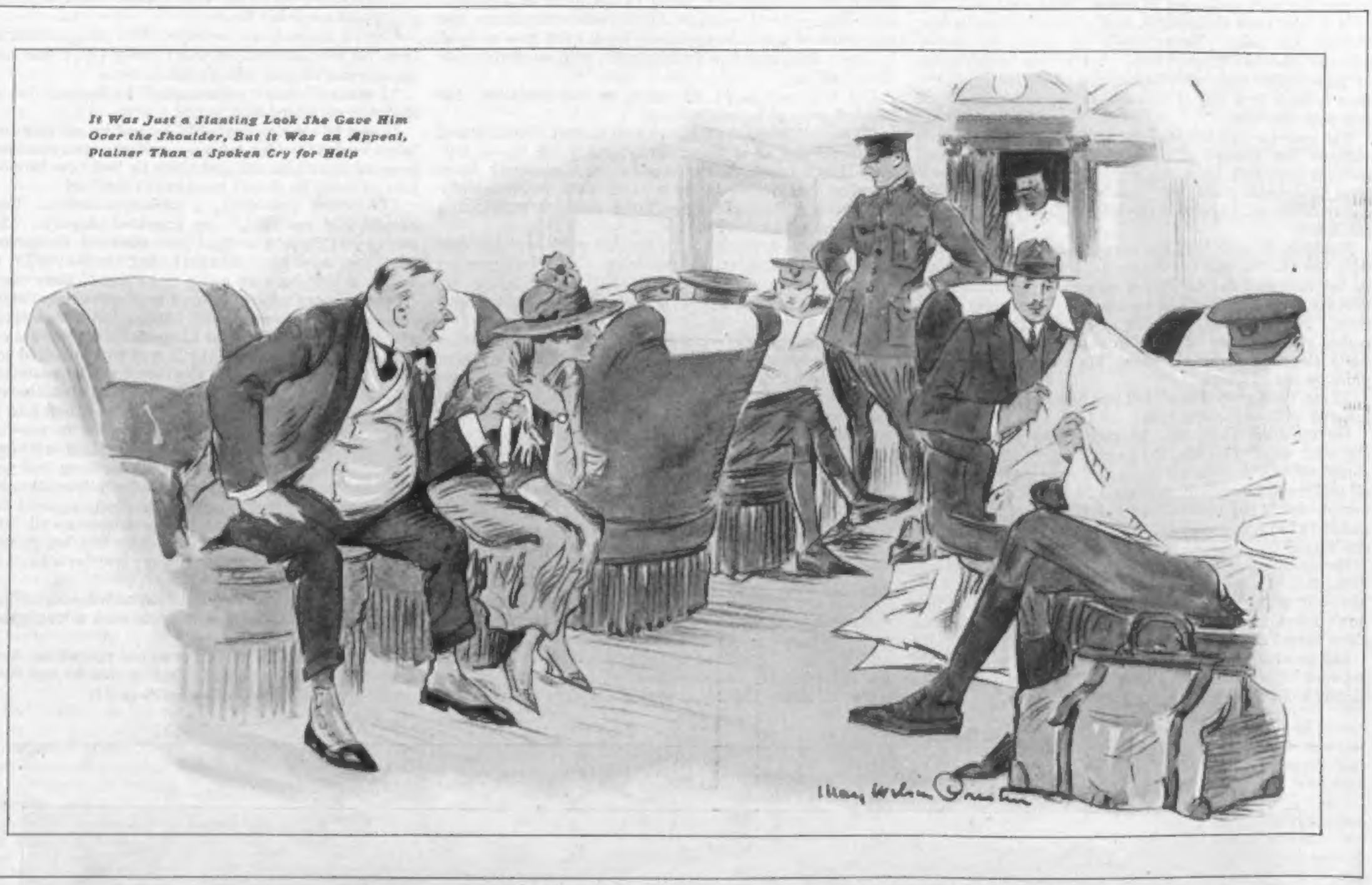
She paused, breathless, and then added with embarrassment: "I don't think I ever made such a long speech in my life."

He was sure she hadn't, for as she poured out her confession it had been borne in on him that he was listening

(Continued on Page 53)

"Not Another Refugee, Clio—Not One! I Absolutely Refuse. We've Not a Hole Left"

THE TRACKLESS WILDERNESS



It Was Just a Slanting Look She Gave Him Over the Shoulder, But it Was an Appeal, Plainer Than a Spoken Cry for Help

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

PROFESSOR LAFAYETTE STANDISH, the eminent explorer, stood waiting at the Hartford station with his sister, the most sensible woman who never got married, and as they drew aside from many navy-blue and khaki-colored groups of the military, Loretta touched her brother affectionately on the sleeve and hastened to finish what she had so well begun in the way of a lecture: "And don't stay any longer than necessary in New York. There's another hot spell due and it might bring back your tropical fever."

"If I lose my way I'll ask a policeman," said the F. R. G. S. with the superior good humor proper to one who had explored the Amazon twice in a twelve-foot boat, effected numerous escapes from hungry anthropophagi, and returned alone with a new species of beetle from the poisoned forests of New Guinea.

"You must," said she quite without humor as she looked up into her brother's sun-baked sandy face with its tightly rolled auburn mustache and dreamy blue eyes. "Something tells me you don't need to go at all. If you'd just say what it was I'd telephone and have it sent."

"Lorry, dear!" he said with a trace of impatience; "I couldn't, you know. I've left some specimens in Eddie Burke's apartment. He's away for the summer, and ——"

"Of course you know best." She hesitated, for his strawberry complexion was deepening to a cherry hue. Then because she heard the train roaring up the track and saw the semaphore waving its wild arm she hastened to complete the cycle of advice.

"Lafe," she said somewhat wistfully, "I wish you'd think over what I've said about serving your country. If the Government doesn't want you in a uniform there's no use of your trying to make yourself over. With your brains and your experience and gift of languages there are a thousand ways you can help right here at home."

"Of course. You can put Marco Polo to selling stationery, you know, but he won't like it."

"That's the most conceited thing you ever said. There is a dignity attached to being what you might call a fighting civilian in times like these. Somebody's got to buy and sell the Liberty Bonds and Savings Stamps, to run the hospitals over here, to teach English to the foreign-born recruits in the training camps."

"The cripples, the old men and the women." He permitted himself a sigh. "Anything else?"

"Well, since they have refused you for active service"—she gave him the look of a very patient woman—"why don't you console yourself with the thought that there's a difference between going over for excitement and just going to serve your country? If you can't carry a gun, why clutter up the transports with yourself?"

"Here's the train," said Professor Standish, as though she couldn't see or hear it. He removed his hat in order to administer the brotherly kiss; and since his return from South America the act of uncovering his head had been a painful ordeal. He did not fear for his head but for that which covered it. What if it should slip! Or, much worse, what if it should come off with his hat and leave the crown of his head stark naked to the tittering multitude! And yet this morning, as he leaned slightly to plant the family salute, the casual observer would have seen nothing grotesque or humorous about the auburn thatch above his thoughtful forehead. More a cause for admiration than for laughter, how artfully it matched the orange tinting of his eyebrows and his trim mustache! And who, outside the ranks of the professional barber, would have suspected that the modish and youthful Lafayette Standish had come back from the tropics wearing a toupee?

"Good-by, dear," said his sister, giving his shoulder a consoling pat ere she released him for the train. "Remember, there's plenty of good work to be done if you only make up your mind to settle down ——"

"And grow a family?" he inquired, making a face over the thought.

"Yes. That's part of it."

"Oh, well! For all you know I'll be coming back with a little wife in my wardrobe trunk."

So saying he pegged away, leaning jauntily on his cane after the manner of a man who is slightly lame and amuses himself with the delusion that it is his own secret. Poor Standish! His vanity bolstered by a wig and a cane, he wasn't a day over thirty-five, and his heart was still young with the adventure-love which had taken him up high mountains and over uncharted spaces. And as he got himself into Seat Twenty-four in the chair car he was aware of many military boots, canvas leggings, spiral putties sticking irritatingly out into the aisle as though to taunt him with the fact that in the land he loved there were millions of better legs than his, and that those better legs were bound overseas, strong for the destruction of that sacrilegious man who had crowned himself with blood in the name of God.

Standish kept his eyes on the Tribune most of the way down to New Haven; on the literary page there was a short, rather frivolous review of his book, The Trackless Wilderness. In times of peace the comment on his volume of adventure in a wonder-world of demons and sorcerers might have covered many columns. Under the shadow of the Great War it received a paragraph, which was all it was worth. The reviewer announced that Lafayette Standish was an eminent traveler who had got himself out of more tight fixes than ever plagued Sinbad the Sailor; that with his sense of direction and his luck, which had taken him from the South Seas to the Gulf of Mexico, he ought to make a fortune as a guide in wildest Brooklyn; that, seriously speaking, so fearless an explorer would be of inestimable value on the Western Front. Always the war! Jealously he glared up and down the aisle at those military legs kicking out under their bulwark of morning newspapers. It might have been an officers' club for all the civilian effect it gave. With the statistical passion of a morbid mind Standish began going over the car in search of fellow civilians. He discovered two besides himself. One was a drunken man, the other a woman.

He who alternately slept and shouted in Seat Nineteen, down across the aisle, was a modern version of old Silenus, that disgraceful demigod who wrecked his life trying to keep up with Bacchus. In his present aspect the alcoholic divinity had lost a button from his pearl-topped shoes and a tooth from the front of his loosely hanging jaw. His unpleasant mouth kept twisting itself to a grin as his bovine eyes attempted to focus themselves on Seat Twenty-one, over the top of which there bobbed a yellow flower from the crown of an invisible hat which, something told the observer, was young and frivolous. A little pointed

russet shoe below a discreet patch of ribbed stocking showed in the aisle; but it was by the contortions of Mr. Silenus' potato face and the gestures of his grubby hands that the importance of Number Twenty-one was impressed upon the mind of the beholder. Probably Mrs. Silenus or Miss Silenus, reflected Professor Lafayette Standish, whose feminine acquaintanceship was limited to cannibal queens with tortoise-shell ornaments through their noses and to schoolma'ams who encircled their eyes with the same horny substance and produced an equally savage effect.

With this perfunctory thought Standish got back to his paper, but he read nothing from its pages. Instead he read into them the moody color of his mind. In secretive defiance of his sister's common sense he was on his way to Washington to pull the one last wire which might get him into a uniform and overseas. His country had been at war over a year now, and a year before that declaration the continent had trembled with the approaching eruption. And where had Standish been keeping himself all this time, Standish of the patriotic name and ancestry? Writing a book in a cozy jungle somewhere or splashing through fascinating swamps, seeking one rare insect and avoiding a billion less rare but more enterprising. Giant siege guns had fired from the Forest of St. Gobain into the streets of Paris, the Czar of all the Russias had been murdered, America had sent an army—growing to millions—three thousand miles and was preparing another army twice as large and a fleet of ships to carry them—and Professor Lafayette Standish, seasoned to hardship and adventure, had been shooting birds of paradise in the Malay Archipelago, or loafing up and down the Chagres River merely to prove that a hypothetical gadfly, *Musca rhambodaria*, didn't exist!

The tipsy gentleman in Seat Nineteen continued his monologue in the direction of the invisible enchantress in Seat Twenty-one; above its plush-padded wall the little yellow flower nodded at Standish sharply and angrily as though it had been set there by an accusing conscience.

After all, he was being a bit cruel with himself, as we poor mortals are apt to be when conscience looks our way. There had been no evening papers issued in the jungles where Standish had been fly catching. It was June, 1917, before he got the news that his country was actually at war with Germany, and his first impulse had been to pack his belongings, return to Connecticut and offer himself for military service. But a German agent in the form of a mosquito had injected a microbe into the resolve, and ere poor Lafayette's kit bag was well packed he lay roaring with Chagres fever, raving forth a delirious jumble of scientific terms and oaths borrowed from the twenty-eight foreign languages which he spoke with fluency. When he had revived a jaundiced medicine man was trying to make him drink something nasty out of a gourd; Lafayette surveyed himself in a scrap of broken mirror and had been languidly amused to behold a living skeleton, yellowish in color and completely bald. The reflection had grinned a death's-head grin upon his hopes of military glory.

As soon as he was able to move, a matter of some indefinite weeks, he managed to fall down the ladder of his stilted hut and to break his ankle against the side of a native flatboat. The medicine man, who practiced surgery and witchcraft with equal skill, had patched him up and charged him fifty cents for the operation, which, under the circumstances, was worth it. When Standish got himself beneath the protecting wing of an army surgeon in the Canal Zone he was cheered by the very candid opinion that it would take several months to make red blood out of white, and that a broken ankle, which had been set wrong and required resetting, might get strong some day and then again it mightn't.

So Standish had gone a long way south to Buenos Aires. Something had told him that it would be a constant shame to him to sit sick and crippled among the stalwart warriors at home. Also he had a reason more pertinent to his peculiar shy vanity. His hair, which the fires of fever had completely burned away, was then beginning to come back in a most eccentric manner. Like the tonsure of a Capuchin monk the yellowish red forest bristled luxuriantly from the back of his neck to his bump of reverence, where it stopped and bifurcated into two slender rival peninsulas over his ears. The intervening surface, a small triangular desert whose base lay above his brows, showed the pinkish glossy patina which indicates an incurable baldness. Every morning it became his habit to hold a hand-mirror above his head and survey that arid region which glowed like polished coral. Trained in the hard facts of science, Lafayette Standish harbored no delusions. Though moss may grow upon the marbled Parthenon, Nature offers no kindly lichens for the human scalp once bare. Now there lives no man, however hideously deformed, who does not cherish some darling vanity. The ugliest man I ever knew was secretly in love with his own eyelashes; and although Standish was far from unpleasing of feature, it was upon the roseate carpet of his skull which he had permitted his physical self-esteem to settle. Therefore, he had ghastly visions of going back to New Haven and hearing freshmen whisper the insults which had caused poor old Elisha to call out his bears.

In Buenos Aires he had discovered that which seemed to simplify everything, just as a clever lie often will. A celebrated Parisian *coiffeur* had come to town, having toured the Latin republics in the noble work of rethatching hairless dons. Lafayette ordered a toupee at a fabulous price, put it on, was amazed at his restored beauty, ordered another; and with one scratch on his head and its mate in his trunk he returned to America with the idea of entering an officers' training camp.

His interview with a board of medical examiners had been inglorious both for pride and for ambition. He hadn't minded appearing in the nude, but the candid acrobatics had necessitated the removal of his toupee, and he had been rosy as Aurora when uniformed gentlemen with the wand of Hermes on their collars had stood round and commanded him to perform capers far beneath the dignity of a learned scientist. They didn't seem to mind his baldness in the least, but when their inspection had got as far as his left ankle bone he was curtly bidden to put on his clothes and not keep the line of stark young gladiators waiting. Could it be possible that his country didn't want him! It had seemed so. Upon the principle that an army is as good as its feet Lafayette Standish was fit for the scrap basket. An associate on the faculty had suggested his going to a cantonment as a civilian language instructor; Lafayette's retort had been such as would crack the cement on a lifelong friendship. Piffle! And this snarling d i s s y l l a b l e sounded the keynote of his disappointment in himself. His whole life of so-called scientific research had been one pretentious round of piffle. In the worship of piffle he had gone forth in search of an insect which didn't exist and nobody would have wanted if it had. Piffle had resulted in the loss of his hair and the crippling of a leg he should have given to Uncle Sam. And now in the name of piffle they had asked him to go forth and teach piffle to the soldiers in the training camps.

Professor Lafayette Standish reached up rather nervously and stroked the reddish and guilty secret over his bald spot. He was haunted by the fear that he would work it loose from its wax moorings, yet the more he feared the worse he fussed. He couldn't get used to his toupee any more than he could get used to the idea of being laid on the shelf. It changed his whole sense of perspective; he saw everything in terms of artificial hair. The possession of that false front bred in him a deceptiveness quite alien to his character. Otherwise he would never have stolen away like this, cheating his sister with the fib that he had left a valuable specimen in his trunk in Eddie Burke's apartment. As a matter of fact, he had left a valuable specimen there—but that specimen was his other auburn toupee, which, so the fiend of vanity told him, would make him look younger and more military when he went to Washington to wheedle himself into an army that didn't want him.

The yellow flower above Seat Twenty-one made one last despairing wigwag over its velvet-padded wall ere the hat from which it grew and the lady who wore the hat swiveled all of a sudden to such an angle that the despondent explorer was suddenly started into a sort of melancholy rapture. Being no dressmaker, by either taste or training, he was only aware that the delicate greenish summer suit she wore somehow became her fresh complexion, and that her eyes, which were large and gray and frightened, were winged above by dark eyebrows, which swept upward at the outer corners, giving her the appearance of a fluttering elf caught in the grubby hands of an ogre. It was just a slanting look she gave him over the shoulder, but it was an appeal, plainer than a spoken cry for help. Standish got a flash, too, of the misbehaving Mr. Silenus in Seat Nineteen; for the drunkenest of all the demigods was now leaning amiably toward the greenish gown, tendering dainty spats upon the elbow nearest him, the instrument employed for spatting being a girlish glove, all too evidently borrowed for the occasion. His grin was now terrific to behold, and as he whisked the glove with clocklike regularity up and down the slender elbow his chanting note became quite audible:

"Both going to N'York, birdie. N'York's the place, birdie. Nothin' like Boston. Boston ain't on the map. You can put anythin' over in N'York."

One of the enormous heavy lids closed over a dead eye with this last observation. Again Standish got the scared appeal under the elfin brows. He gathered his cane from a litter of newspapers and brought himself to a stand upon his weak ankle. In the q u i c k m o m e n t he thought of his reputation as one who rivaled Sinbad as an escaper from tight corners; he even recalled how he had once escaped from a Papuan chief by the simple device of reversing a tin bucket over his head and declaring himself immune from harm. The plan of strategy had not developed itself, however, until Standish had limped himself even with Seat Nineteen and its oblivious nuisance; and then

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He Had a Giddy Feeling That Someone Was Laughing at Him

The Franco-American Business Entente—By Isaac F. Marcosson

WAR, however hideous or prolonged, always ends, as we have lately discovered, but business, which makes war possible and which provides the universal meal ticket, goes on forever. For more than four years a stupendous and passionate energy was geared up to a monster endeavor regardless of price or sacrifice. Production meant destruction. All this is changed. The same titanic effort is now diverted to rehabilitation. Production must spell prosperity in the swift and bloodless transition. The time is at hand when the world must take stock of itself—make some inventory of the cost of conflict, and likewise appraise the inevitable economic compensations.

When you analyze the effect of war on trade you find in the afterglow of the conflagration which reddened the world that they have a curious affinity. The struggle which humbled the Kaiser was really rooted in the commercial aggression of Germany, no less arrogant than her ruthless military authority. No American need now be told that the Teutonic factory of peace was the full if silent partner of the arsenal that piled up the implements of death against the dawn of the great day that was to proclaim the undisputed might of Pan-Germanism. That might bore the stamp of the German mark.

With this dream shattered it is interesting to dissect the costly and tragic disillusion. The Pan-German—and by him I mean the German commercial and financial overlord of the type of Helfferich and Gwinner, the directors of the Deutsche Bank—looked upon the war as a definite piece of good business for Germany. Bulwarked by years of intensive preparation that put an unprecedented burden of taxation upon the German people, and with a characteristically Prussian confidence that was just another name for colossal stupidity they—and they were simply the stool pigeons of the Kaiser—held that with France at their feet, Britain humbled, Italy prostrate and America rebuked, the universe of profit was theirs. The whole far-flung, subtle and sinister German economic penetration of the last fifteen years had war in view, and that war the grim means to a world-wide economic mastery.

The Bad Guesser of Potsdam

GO BACK for a moment to the beginning of the bloody struggle and you realize that one reason for the Kaiser's collapse was his extraordinary lack of judgment. In the American vernacular, his "dope" was all wrong. He thought, for example, that while his gray hordes rushed like whirlwinds of fury through Belgium and France on the one hand, and tossed off Russian legions on the other, Britain would be helpless by reason of civil strife. But Britain gave him his first great jolt. She not only rushed to the relief of Belgium but the cubs of the Lioness rallied from the Seven Seas. Instead of rending the empire asunder the Kaiser bound it with bonds of blood. He made the same mistake with America. He looked upon us with scorn and contempt, only to find to his sorrow that the potential strength of our democracy was one of the vital contributors to his ruin.

Those smug Pan-Germans who, linking trade with militarism, looked upon war as good business got the surprise of their lives. In one way they were right. War did become a business, but with this difference—it became the business of the civilized world to overthrow the Prussian monster. In hurling him from his brutal eminence Europe has not only been sterilized against future military aggression but at the same time every nation on the ineffable roll of honor which bears the names of the Allies is emerging from the stupendous struggle, poorer in her man power, deeper in debt, yet richer in knowledge and better equipped to undertake the colossal work of economic regeneration which is henceforth the supreme task of the world.

In this gallery of reconstruction which must succeed the panorama of waste the premier nation in the minds and in the hearts of the Allied world is France. Upon her soil—rich with the dust of her own heroic dead—all the Allies have left the undying impress of their valor and their sacrifice. She is the imperishable battle abbey. Hence it is with France that we will inaugurate this study of an economic rehabilitation which, emerging from the ruins of mighty destruction, will affect the peace and prosperity of all the generations to come. It is the first chapter in the vast story of the rebirth of Europe.

Aside from the purely sentimental phase there is a definite and practical reason why this series should begin with France. Years before the first expeditionary force landed in that one-time French fishing village that will be forever famous, the intelligent Yankee who knew anything about Europe felt with that great statesman of other days that "Every American has two countries—his own and France." Fighting side by side with France and in France only intensified this feeling. Though there is no sentiment in business it is bound to have a tremendous effect on the future commercial relations between the two countries.

M. André Citroen, a French Combination of Schwab, Gary and Hurley

It is no exaggeration or eagle-screaming to say that no other Allied Power has left such a deep impression on French life, habits and commerce as has America. Millions of our soldiers have not only gone to France but literally have spread over the entire country. A comparison with British activities will show what I mean. The British have been confined to a comparatively small area of the country. I have made more than one trip through the whole zone of the British armies ranging from port to trench, and it was a brief journey. They entered the war at the start; they were able to secure the Channel ports, which made their lines of communication short. The British war section was therefore compact and accessible to the mother island.

America, on the other hand, came into the war last. The channel ports were already occupied. She had to take the Atlantic gateways in the south. The net result was that her lines of communication overseas had to extend practically from the Mediterranean to Alsace-Lorraine. It meant that the American Army was scattered over more than half of France. Our troops have been everywhere, and this is why I say that having touched so much of the land their influence will be felt throughout the nation.

The American soldier is a friendly being. He lacks the reserve of the British and he likes to make himself at home. This intercourse backed up by the wide range of his operations naturally gave him a decided social advantage over his British comrade. But this is only one reason why the Yankee impression in France will be the strongest and the most lasting. From sea almost up to where the guns boomed we have laid the hand of a galvanic endeavor upon the land. It is recorded in docks that grew out of swamps and marshes; in enormous supply cities that rose almost overnight where vineyards and farms had drowsed; in hundreds of miles of new railway tracks over which rushed great American locomotives. We speeded up output, dramatized the spirit of "do it now"; and all under the drive of an acute war necessity. Peace will reap the benefit.

Some of this work has been temporary and merely met the need of emergency. The wooden warehouses will fall away under the fierce onslaught of wind and weather; the average life of most of the docks such as we built is only forty years; the gridiron of tracks and switches will become part of the French railway systems in time, even as the record of the deeds of the doughboy will merge into the history of the Allied achievement. The really permanent thing will be the lesson of speed and efficiency registered by American engineers and American builders, which will inevitably shape and influence the social and industrial future of France. With this galvanization of factory and fireside, its effect upon the commerce of the country and, what is equally important, upon the foreign trade of America, we are mainly concerned.

Waiters and Barbers Put On Speed

ALL things begin with the human being, so we will first take the human element. The American, as we all know, is intensely human, and he finds a full blood brother in the volatile and emotional Gaul. We Americans have shown in countless ways—more especially in the swift elevation and almost immediate demolition of our popular heroes—that we are nearly as Latin as we are Anglo-Saxon.

A great Englishman whose name is inseparably bound up in the glories of the war once said that the Frenchman is "part child, part man and part woman." Knowing this you can readily understand how easy it has been for the American to get on with him. Despite this naïve quality the Frenchman's eye is always on the main business chance. He has given the American soldier concrete evidences of his thrift.

Yet the doughboy bears him no ill will for it. The war has been a great adventure for the overseas American, and whether he stays in France or goes home it has made him a world citizen. He is grateful for the opportunity to broaden and learn. He will be better equipped for whatever job he tackles after the war.

Go to a barber shop in Paris or any other big French city and if the barber speaks English he will say: "I'll give you a quick shave." In a country where shaving is almost as great a rite as eating this is revolutionary.

When you touch the matter of food—which is one of the glories of France—you touch the bailiwick that has been speeded up perhaps more than any other. Let me illustrate: For many years there was a certain restaurant in Paris famous for its food and for the distinction with which it was served. It was characteristically French in its atmosphere in that the rapid-fire American tourist had overlooked it in his hunt for a Continental lobster palace with gilt and noise. It was quiet and dignified. Each meal was a work of art to be reveled in.

One night last September I went there to dine. I had not visited the place since the American participation in the war. I ordered a modest dinner and sat back to indulge in the anticipation which is always the prelude to a real French meal. To my horror and almost before I realized it the waiter not only brought the food but everything I had ordered at the same time!

When I protested he said: "I thought you wanted your dinner in the American manner."

He was not to blame. The fault lay with the quick-lunch habit of the American.

Whole French communities show the effect of the American invasion, and more especially those towns that have been our ports of entry and in which we have established important supply headquarters. The shops are busy and bustling. The more enterprising have abandoned the archaic habit of closing their doors from twelve to two during the sacred hour of *déjeuner*. These communities will never go back to the old ways, because there will always be Americans to serve.

Scores of French towns have been economically reborn, thanks to the American occupation. They have had such a flood of prosperity that they are able to face peace with full pockets even though their hearts are saddened over the loss of loved ones. I am not exaggerating when I say that the money spent by the American and British expeditionary forces throughout France will help toward compensating the country for the cost of the war. Only the dead that sleep on the hillsides will never come back. The great and irreparable loss of France is the loss of her men, for which no material gain can ever compensate.

The French newspapers have thoroughly caught the spirit of American promise and exploitation. I have before me an advertisement cut out of a Parisian journal during the war, which might well have appeared in a New York daily. It begins like this: "O Boy! what can we send you?" The next lines are: "We can mail you to the trenches anything from a packet of gum to a grand piano. We give you a square deal, bed-rock prices, and your money back if we fail to please." Could anyone ask more?

Thanks to the American invasion the Frenchman is reforming his writing habit. It has been said that if you give a Frenchman a fountain pen and a ream of paper he will write himself to death. It is the favorite indoor sport. The traveler has innumerable evidences of this. Everything that used to happen in a French shop was carefully written in a big book. No one ever knew what became of this book, but there was a general impression, certainly among Americans, that it involved an immense amount of useless labor. Such was the so-called *bureau* habit. The French shopkeeper is not so keen about writing everything down now. The more advanced are using adding machines, cash registers and typewriters. Formerly they got some of these from their German neighbor, but it is not likely that this one-time source of supply will be resumed. France intends to manufacture these articles herself

Changing France is a marvel of adaptability. It found no more picturesque expression than an episode that happened in October at the château of a famous French prince whose name and title are almost as old as the nation itself. His country house, a center of fashion when Louis XIV was king, and across whose shining moat rode the beauty and chivalry of many generations of French nobility, was not far from a temporary camp of an American Signal Corps unit engaged in stringing a new telephone service from Tours to Paris.

An Americanized France

WHILE out riding one day the prince happened on this camp. He was so much impressed with the business-like manner and personality of the men that he invited them to his château for tea. They arrived in a five-ton truck that clattered noisily up the imposing tree-arched avenue and whose din was in sharp contrast with the exquisite aloofness of the place. The prince received the men in the stately salon where kings and princes had sat in state, praised their strong Virginia cigarettes, learned how to roll the army "smoke," and reveled in undiluted American slang. The soldiers had the time of their lives, and when they climbed up on the big gray truck to go away they united in giving their host an ear-splitting American college yell the like of which had never shaken the corridors of the old château.

Here is another instance of the mingling of the French aristocracy with American democracy: A certain marquis with a title as long and as ancient as a page in the Book of Kings was unable to occupy his summer home, located near one of the large base ports used by the Americans, because he could not get a van to transport his household effects. When the major in charge of the A. E. F. Motor Transport Depot near by—he was a reformed Indiana politician, by the way—heard of the predicament he loaned the marquis a five-ton army truck for the job. The old aristocrat was so delighted with this act of kindness that he made the trip on the truck himself. This led to a charming social relation between the French family and the officers of the port. The American has gone over the social top just as successfully as he has gone over the fighting top

I know of no better way to sum up the spectacle of changing France than to quote what a keen-witted Frenchwoman said to me at Tours. Not in complaint but almost in pride she remarked: "France will never be the same France again. Just as Ypres will henceforth be Wipers so will Paree be Paris—pronounced in the forceful

Symbolical Tablet Bearing the Cross of Lorraine. Below it Appears the Prophetic Sentiment: The Cross of Lorraine is Broken, But Not Forever

American way. We shall have electric bells and bathtubs everywhere, but the country will be the better for it."

This evolution is a direct result of the coming of the American millions. Before the war there were exactly 40,000 Americans residing permanently in France. Our participation in the war will undoubtedly extend this list up to a hundred thousand. Many of our men will return to France as soon as they are mustered out. Some have already intermarried with the French; others are engaged to marry French girls; still others have hopes. Intermarriage has reached the point where it is no uncommon experience to see in the papers advertisements of lawyers who specialize in arranging the legal details of Franco-American marriages. It all means that the two countries will or should understand each other as never before.

This understanding is not entirely born of kinship of the battle line. History shows that the allies of one year may and have become the foes of another. The greatest of all internationalizers is a common knowledge of language. Lack of this has always been the barrier in Franco-American trade, and now, thanks to the presence of millions of American fighting men in France, that barrier is removed. The old language obstacle between America and France was very much like the Channel obstacle between England and France. It was not Waterloo but the comparatively few miles of choppy sea that separate Dover and Calais that prevented a closer affinity between these two great neighbors now joined in the brotherhood of victory over a common foe. A famous Frenchman whose name was almost a household word in England was once asked by a British diplomat when he had last visited London. He replied: "I have not been in England for fifteen years. If it were not for the Channel, however, I should spend every week-end there." The almost inevitable construction of a tunnel under the English Channel will do more to cement the ties between England and France than a hundred years of diplomatic conversation. This, however, will be dealt with in a later article.

The ability with which the American soldier mastered the curves of the French language is one of the wonders of the war. Back in 1915 and 1916 when I spent some time with the British Army I used to marvel at the way Tommy and Jock got on with the French peasants. I frequently saw them seated at the firesides at night chatting away volubly with the old and the young, with whom they were great favorites. Despite the obvious mêlée of speech they seemed to understand each other. The same thing happened with the American. In one of my investigations in the Services of Supply of the A. E. F. I temporarily had a chauffeur who had been a fire-truck driver in an Ohio town and who had been in France only six weeks. Until he struck the shores of the land of battle he had not heard a word of French. Yet he was able to ask directions for our journey, and understood everything that was said to him.

The fact that millions of Americans will have a working knowledge of French will be an immense asset to them in world reconstruction. French has been and always will be the language of diplomacy. In the same way it is likely to be—with the exception of money—the universal speech of business after the war. In any event it will be a strong competitor of English.

Making Friends With Dictionaries

THIS bilingual performance operates both ways. Just as our men have secured a successful strangle hold on the French language so have the French made equal progress with English. With their eternal business instinct they were quick to realize that one first aid to quick commercial intercourse with the American soldier was ability to speak his language. The French were not so keen to learn English until after the American Army arrived in numbers and scattered itself throughout the country. It then became a sort of national passion. In dozens of French towns I have seen tradesmen poring at night over a French-English dictionary. Typical of this state of mind is the fact that one of the best-known French newspapers, Le Matin, conducted a daily lesson in English for the benefit of its readers. It took the Frenchman who had had contact with the British troops a considerable time, however, to understand the difference between the English language and American slang. More than one of them has had recourse to that bromidic but always interesting sign: "English and American spoken here."

So wide has become the desire among the French to speak English that I heard a clever Parisienne say: "If I don't leave France soon I'll forget all the French I know." There was more truth than wit in the remark.

This more or less airy persiflage—illuminating as it may be in reflecting the face of changing France—is merely the prelude to the real thing. The important questions are: "How has the American Expeditionary Force permanently benefited France, and what will be its effect upon our future relations?" America went into the war for the sake of a great ideal, but the inevitable and unsought by-product of that high participation will be something practical and permanent.

If you want to know how official France appraises the American influence ask any member of the cabinet and you will get full indorsement of all that I have hitherto written in this article and considerably more. Perhaps the most significant utterance on this subject was made to me by the one man in all France best qualified to speak. I refer to M. Clementel, the Minister of Commerce, who through this all-important post not only helped to mobilize French industry for the production of munitions of war but will have an equally important task in unifying it for the bloodless business battles of peace.

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M. Clementel, French Minister of Commerce

THE AMATEUR HERO

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

ELIAS CUMBEE woke to find himself a hero. His eyes flickered open upon a sea of anxious faces, ranging in color from uncompromising black to a rich, creamy yellow. Babel beat upon his water-soaked ear-drums:

"Stan' back, colored folks! Ain't yo'-all see he's comin' to?" "Giv' 'im air!" "Yo' Florian Slappey, quit that there trespassin' on my toes! Yo'-all want to t'row me over on him?" "Stan' back! Stan' back! Yonder comes Doc Simmons!"

Dr. Vivian Simmons, slender, immaculate, pompous, his rich chocolate complexion framed behind horn-rimmed spectacles, shouldered through the crowd, dropped to one knee beside the water-logged sufferer and produced a stethoscope. He fitted the tubes into his ears, opened Elias' near-silk shirt, palmed his watch and frowned portentously. Then he rose, shook his head gravely and summoned to his aid the dandified Florian Slappey.

Of what occurred immediately thereafter Elias Cumbee has an indistinct but decidedly painful recollection. Somebody magically produced a barrel and someone else placed Mr. Cumbee, face down, across it. Strong hands seized his feet; and, under the direction of Doctor Simmons, and without heed to the patient's wild yells, they proceeded to knead his tummy.

The treatment was heroic—the results more than satisfactory. Eventually Elias Cumbee stood on his own feet; very weak and infernally trembly. Water cascaded from his Sunday clothes, which were shrinking alarmingly, despite their nonshrinkable all-wool guaranty.

His eyes roved above the heads of the colored human mass to rest upon the amusement devices of Blue Lake Park—the shoot-the-chutes, the roller coaster, the blatant carrousel, and the dozen or more eating concessions. He was no longer even mildly interested—until his gaze lighted upon a crowd near by absorbedly engaged in a task that reminded him nauseatingly of the barrel experience he had just survived. Then remembrance of the wherefores returned.

There had been the hiring of a rowboat and a tentative poking about in the middle of the lake. He remembered watching with impersonal interest the bobbing head of a Venuslike young colored lady who had dared the deepest part of the lake; then a sudden facial twisting of terror; a plunge—and a long-drawn, whooshy howl from the shore.

He had leaped to the bow of his skiff in the attempt to seize the arm of the drowning girl; but she sank before he got there. His boat drifted away. Tough luck! But as he drew back his foot slipped and he found himself in the water. Thereupon he grabbed for whatever was nearest, and it proved to be Imogene. He clung to her frantically and both went down.

Once, many years before, Elias Cumbee had been able to swim. His little knowledge came to his aid, terror-spurred. He struggled like a madman to free himself from the girl's desperate clutch. He managed to remain above the surface long enough to grab the side of his boat. There he clung—and Fate itself couldn't have broken his clutch. He was pale green with terror. He was scarcely conscious of the woman whose plump, rounded arms clasped his thin neck. It was fortunate for Imogene that her head happened to be above water.

In the first place, he had not intended to be a hero. He was not of the stuff of which heroes are made. All his life he had been shy, wistful, retiring; keeping always in the rear ranks of a crowd, shunning leather-voiced, coarse-mouthed men, and finding himself excessively timid in the presence of women—especially beautiful ones.

The head of Dr. Vivian Simmons rose commandingly above the crowd about the prostrate Imogene. He beckoned authoritatively to Elias, and Elias sloshed uncertainly to the center of the circle.

He gazed down at the girl, and for the first time experienced a warm glow of satisfaction in the knowledge that he had saved her life. Truly she was a regal creature; a woman he had known only in his wildest imaginings. She was large and rounded and amply curved; and—well, he was not too ill to notice that the bathing suit she wore concealed none of her feminine charms.

Her dusky face was a bit paler than normal, but the look she bestowed upon Elias Cumbee's bedraggled figure was not hard to interpret. She questioned him direct!

"Is yo' him?"

"Is—is I who?"

"Is yo' the man what saved my life?"

Shy, bashful, Elias fidgeted.

"That warn't nothin'!"

"'Twas too!"

Elias was not an argumentative chap, which was why his disclaimer of intention never passed the tip of his tongue, where it momentarily hung trembling. Besides, he was beginning to take stock of himself.

All about him was the buzz of conversation. Each person of the thousands who had gathered at Blue Lake for their regular Sunday outing had been there for the special purpose of being an eyewitness to Elias' rescue of the radiant Imogene. And each eyewitness insisted on telling his story, feeling it incumbent upon him to supply some vital detail that the last story-teller had overlooked. Elias Cumbee listened popeyed to Florian Slappey, who at that moment held the center of the stage:

"Yo' folks ain't know what yo' is talkin' 'bout. I was sittin' by the boathouse a-lookin' at that Imigene, 'cause I had a hunch they was somethin' wrong, the way she was strokin' 'bout. I says to myself, I says: 'Florian, that thar woman is feelin' bad. Florian,' I says, 'she's gwine git in trouble.' An' sho' 'nough, jes' 'bout that time she gives a wiggle an' a twist, an' down she goes.

"That there—what yo'-all say his name is?"

"'Lias Cumbee. He come from Dothan."

"I know all 'bout whar he come from. Anyway, 'Lias Cumbee was rowing right by there, an' he give one look an' seen her go down. He jes' aleaped fo' the front of his boat an' grabbed at her. But he missed; an' then he stood up, jes' as ca'm an' cool, an' put his hands above his haid an' dove over. Purties' dive I ever did see! W'en he come up he had her; but she was a-fightin' somepin terrible. Any other man would of let go; but he didn't. Nossuh; not him! B'lieve me, folks, that was the terriblest fight I ev' did see.

"Now Git Outen My Path! Ise Walkin' Wid My Lady Frien', an' I Don't Wanna be Bothered Wid No Trash!"

"Fin'ly they come up agin, an' he jes' plumb grabbed her by the neck an' swum fo' that boat. How he got there is a puzzle to me, an' I'm tellin' yo' I was watchin' close. 'Twas a even break they was both gwine git drown'; but he nev' let loose—not fo' one minute! I'm tellin' yo', colored folks, that there 'Lias Cumbee, from Dothan, is a hero, right!"

Elias moved off meditatively in the direction of the carrousel. He felt a battery of approving eyes upon him. He heard the hum of enthusiastic remarks: "Thar he goes!" "Da's de man what rescued Imigene Carter; da's him!" "Ain't he de modestest man?" "Reckon dey ain't no real heroes goes boastin' 'bout what dey done!"

Elias Cumbee ceased to bemoan his soaked garments. They had become the habiliments of a hero. The discourse of Florian Slappey had converted him. Florian, in the first place, was the town's social mentor—a wealthy young negro, magnificent in self-importance. In the second place, Florian had convinced him of facts that he had not before realized. Of course he could have let go of Imogene had he cared to do so. But he wasn't that kind of a man—not him! 'Magine 'Lias Cumbee leavin' a woman to drowned jes' to save hisself! Why, he'd risk his life any day to save somebody else! It come jes' as easy!

A clerical-looking gentleman fell into step beside him.

"They tell me yo'r name is 'Lias Cumbee."

"Yassuh—da's me."

"Stranger here?"

"Been heah 'bout a month. Up from Dothan."

"Living here?"

"Yassuh. Sho is! Bought a half int'rest in the Pinetop Roller Pressin' Club."

An ebony hand came out to clutch Elias' skinny fingers. "I'm the Rev'end Plato Tubb, of the Fust African M. E. Chu'ch. It done me proud to see how come yo' to save that gal.

"I wisht you would come to services t'-night at eight o'clock, so's I c'n offer up a prayer of thanks fo' the d'liverance of yo' both."

Elias promised. He would have promised anything about then. He left the Reverend Tubb and found himself hedged in by a crowd that demanded a personal recital of his heroism.

"'Twarn't nothin'!" disclaimed the hero. "Over she go, an' over I go. Git in de water an' grab her. Hol' on. Swim in. Da's all! Ain't nothin' to make no fusses over."

"I 'clare to goodness! Heah dat man! Saves a 'ooman an' mos' dies, an' says 'tain't nothin'!"

Elias was expanded to the occasion.

"Co'se 'twarn't nothin'. Jes' savin' a woman from drownedin'? Sho'—dat ain't nothin' a-tall!"

"Y'ain't never saved no others befo' this, is yo'?"

"Save folks from drownedin'?" Elias' skinny chest protruded with indignation. "Woman, yo' talks foolish! Co'se Ise save folks befo'! Yo' reckon I acted like I wasn't use' to it?"

A deep basso boomed across the lot:

"Mi-i-isto' Cumbee! Misto' Cumbee-e!"

"Heah y'is!" shrilled a youngster in the group about Elias.

A large, bullet-headed, well-dressed negro strode across and towered above the diminutive hero.

"Is yo'-all 'Lias Cumbee?"

"I is."

"I'm Cla'nce Carter, brother of the gal what yo' done save her life. Lemme thank yo'!"

"Da's a' right, a' right! Jes' li'l' exercise," answered the exalted Elias, striving not to grimace under the bone-crushing grip of the grateful brother.

"Huh! Reckon any man what'll save a gal casyal like an' 'most drowned hisself doin' it ain't goin' to boast 'bout it. But what I want to ast yo' is what is yo' doin' this evenin'?"

"Nothin'. Why?"

"I got a cyar out heah. I was thinkin' mebbe yo'd drive home with Imigene an' me, an'"—with an owlish wink—"take a bit of a nip to keep yo'-all from catchin' col'."

Elias agreed readily, more than a little dazed at the nonchalance with which the brother of the girl he had saved spoke of his car. The car proved to be a very presentable six-cylinder, seven-passenger affair, and Elias

later learned that Clarence made an extremely good living with that car in his capacity of free-lance taxicabber.

With Clarence at the wheel, Elias settled shiveringly in the tonneau beside the still weak but openly adoring Imogene. As they rolled out of the gates of Blue Lake Park the crowd huzzaed a farewell.

If Imogene had appeared bewitching in her one-piece bathing suit she was bewildering now. A large red-and-white straw hat flopped tantalizingly about her well-shaped head; she wore a V-cut yellow crêpe-de-Chine waist and a white duck skirt. Her face had assumed an appealing pallor, and her lustrous black eyes shone into his with a frank avowal of adoration. And scarcely had Clarence let his gears in and sent the car rolling down the smooth, white road toward the city when Imogene nestled unashamedly against her damp hero and snuggled a warm hand into his.

It was a new experience for Elias Cumbee. Of course there had been women in his life; but this regal product of the city, this radiant creature of education and of culture, this this His skinny fingers closed tightly about hers and he sighed deeply.

"I ain't had no chancet to thank yo', Misto' Cumbee."

Elias was atremble from head to foot; his capitulation to this first grand passion was as thorough as it was nerve-racking.

"'Twarn't nothin'," he mumbled thickly. "'Twarn't nothin' a-tall!"

"Reckon I think different," she returned coyly. "Ef yo'-all hadn't risked yo'r life I'd of been dead."

"Humph! Reckon I ain't lettin' no wimmin drowned round whar Ise at."

She spoke very softly:

"I owes yo'-all my life—'Lias."

"G'wan wid yo'!" His eyes met hers. "Aw, sa-a-ay!"

"I does."

"I ain't done nothin' a-tall."

"I owes yo'-all my life. But"—wistfully—"I reckon they ain't no way I c'n pay ——"

"Yes; dey is."

"How so?"

"Yo'—yo' ——" The years of chronic self-effacement asserted themselves and Elias found himself tongue-tied on the verge of an avowal of love. "'Twarn't nothin' I done—not nothin' a-tall!"

"I owes yo' my life," she repeated doggedly. "They ain't nothin' yo'-all could ast me I woul'n't say yes to."

He flushed redly beneath his natural brunette.

"Y-y-yes; dey is."

"Not nothin'!"

"S-s-s-s'posin' I ast yo'-all to—to "

"To—what?" she cooed softly.

"To—to —— S'posin' I ast yo'-all to kiss me?"

Imogene flashed a quick glance round. The discreet Clarence was gazing straight ahead. They were speeding through a brief stretch of country—not a house within half a mile.

A pair of warm, plump arms wound suddenly about the thin neck of the delirious Elias; a pair of luscious lips came close—closer—and were pressed against his in a long, clinging kiss of surrender. He sighed mightily and shivered deliciously. Then the lips withdrew and the arms unwound.

"Reckon that ain't nothin' to do fo' the man what yo' owes yo' life to!" defended the lady.

"I—I ain't want no kiss ob gratitude," dared Elias.

"What is it yo'-all wants?"

"It—it's —— Reckon yo'-all woul'n't b'heve me ef I was to say—ef I was to say ——"

"Ye-e-es?"

"I—Ise pow'ful stuck on yo', Imigene. Co'se yo' is on'y jus' met me "

"Huh! 'Lias! Reckon they ain't no woman could help fallin' in love wid a man like you!"

During the three days that followed Elias Cumbee became aware of the fact that he had grossly underrated himself. All his life he had been shy and bashful and retiring. At social affairs in Dothan he had been a congenital wallflower.

The elderly women and the old men liked him, and children found him congenial; but among those of his age he had been supine—avoiding turmoil and strife and argument as one shuns the plague.

"It Ain't Healthy fo' No Man to Combat Wid Me W'en Ise Mad—an' Ise Plumb Mad Now. Ef 'Twas a He-Man Cut Me Out —— But a Shrimp Like Dis! Huh!"

In fact, when the opportunity of buying a half partnership in the Pinetop Roller Pressing Club for two hundred and fifty dollars, which amount included fees for Honorable Evans Chew, colored attorney and counselor at law, presented itself, Elias held back for some time because he was secretly afraid of the big city in which the business was located. That he had accepted eventually had been principally due to the professional efforts of the aforementioned Chew, whose fees from the parties of the first and second parts hung in the balance.

His unwilling rescue of the divine Imogene taught Elias many hitherto unsuspected things regarding himself. He had experienced, for one thing, the exquisite agony of requited love. He learned that he was a hero. He learned, furthermore, that, since he had proved his prowess in public, the same public was eager to believe anything he might say in private.

And whatever Elias may have lacked in bulk of body he more than made up in flexibility of imagination. His tales of derring do became wilder and more improbable with every telling; but his audiences had seen for themselves and were in no mood to doubt.

He was, figuratively speaking, handed round on a silver platter; and the girls of the society set were frankly envious of Imogene.

There was little secret about the fact that Imogene had engaged herself to Elias for better or worse, richer or poorer. Whereupon hero-worshiping society adopted him. He joined the exclusive First African M. E. Church and became a member of the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise. He was wined copiously and dined frequently. It was a unique experience, and he was not one to shun the spotlight at this late date of his hitherto back-stage life.

The business of the Pinetop Roller Pressing Club picked up overnight, and Elias, who handled the administrative end, was kept busy. His evenings were spent in the clinging arms of the delectable Imogene, who, by day, was nurse for three very young scions of a leading white-folk family. They planned rosily for the future; Imogene was to interest the quality folks in the Pinetop Roller Pressing Club; the business was to expand—move into larger quarters, have a red-and-white sign painted, install a steam presser, and ——

It was after dinner at the Carter homestead on the night of the fourth day after the rescue that something came up casually to disturb Elias Cumbee's blissful serenity. Clarence was puffing away at a rank pipe; Elias was dry-smoking a two-fer cheroot, with Imogene nestling at his side

Elias had completed a vivid recital of a fictitious experience, in the course of which he had valiantly saved the life of a certain Colonel Ransome, of Dothan. Imogene pressed the hand of her hero and Clarence nodded his bullet head approvingly.

"That's fine, 'Lias; that's fine! An' how 'bout them young bucks down to Dothan? Did yo'-all ever have any trouble with them?"

"Meanin' de men in Dothan, Cla'nce?"

"Meanin' that."

Elias laughed lightly.

"Sho 'nuff! Now, Cla'nce, yo'-all ain'ta'posin' I'd go round fightin' wid no men, is yo'?"

"You is little ——"

"Li'l' an' loud! Da's me, Cla'nce. Li'l' an' loud! They ain't none of them niggers down to Dothan nast fo' none of my game sence de day me an' Scipio Barrow mixed it up."

"How come 'bout that?"

"Me an' Scipio was a-shootin' high dice, an' they was plenty niggers round watchin'. Come Scipio shoot a 'leven an' I tickle a twelve. Den he mouth somepin' 'bout I ain't roll 'em honest. After dut ——" He paused dramatically.

"Yeh, honey; yeh? What happen' then?" breathed Imogene.

"Well, Ise heah, ain't I? An' after Scipio git out de horspital he ain't bother wid me much."

"Was he bigger'n yo'?"

"Bigger? Cla'nce, jes' as sho as hell's a mousetrap, dat nigger was so big I had to jump plumb offen de groun' to hit him. I jes' ain't fool wid nobody ain't twice my size. Ise skeered I might kill 'em by hittin' too hard. Ise small, Cla'nce, but Ise wiry—Ise pow'ful wiry."

"I'm plumb glad to hear yo' is a fighter, 'Lias, 'cause me an' Imigene was discussin' 'bout to-morrow bein' pay day out to the Madoc Mines."

"How come I interest' in dat?"

"They's a man out there by the name Cunjer Bill Johnson, an' me an' Imigene was kinder skeered that when Cunjer Bill foun' out 'bout you an' Imigene lovin' each other ——"

Elias Cumbee experienced a sudden sickening and sinking sensation in the region of the midriff.

"Whut dis yer Cunjer Bill pusson got to do wid Imigene?"

"Nothin'!" Clarence negatived tartly. "Big ol' brute!"

"Big man?"

"More'n six feet," confided Clarence cheerfully; "an' a pow'ful bad man! He's plumb jealous of Imigene."

"Yo'-all been 'gage' to him, Imigene?" questioned her fiancé pointedly.

"Me? Him? I ain't never have nothin' a-tall to do with no such trash."

"Den how come him to git sore wid me?"

"'Cause sence he's been lovin' Imigene they ain't no other man hereabouts dared fool with her. They's all skeered of Cunjer Bill."

"He's dat bad?"

"Worser!" Clarence gazed at his prospective brother-in-law sharply. "Yo'-all ain't skeered of him, is yo', 'Lias?"

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CROSS AND DOUBLE CROSS

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"Forward March!" or its Equivalent in the Language of a Hun, Rang Out Sharply, and a German Captain Stalked Off at the Head of His Company

HUNGRY? I'm so gol-darn hungry I could eat a boche!" grumbled Corporal Jack Evans as he huddled in a funk hole beyond the Vesle.

The regiment had been marching, digging or fighting, day and night for seventy-two hours, snatching moments of loglike slumber and gnawing ravenously from time to time upon its iron rations, as the compact reserve of food which each soldier carries upon his back is called, until now that was gone and for twelve hours the men had scarcely tasted food. And twelve hours foodless to a man who is alternately advancing bravely, digging desperately and holding on grimly, with shell fire ruthlessly pounding his nerves to pieces, is as a week to a man in ordinary occupation. To-night things seemed to have stabilized momentarily and it was deemed certain that the ration wagons would make a desperate effort to get up. Yet C Company's had obviously failed.

"When did we eat last anyhow?" queried Bomber Schmidt, his voice full of malign accusation against a hard and bitter fate.

"It's a holy wonder our chow cart wouldn't get up once in a while at least," moaned First-class Private John Davies. "I saw the M. G.'s ration wagon hove to back there in the woods a half hour ago when I was carrying that message to the regimental P. C."

"What was in it?" inquired Corporal Jack, largely by way of making himself more miserable and the gnawing void within him more ravenous through speculating thus fondly upon the unattainable.

"Food!" declared Private Davies recklessly. "There was bacon in it, there was tinned willie and goldfish, there were boxes of this and cases of that. 'Give me a can of tomatoes,' I said to the buck on the tail gate; 'I'm thirsty.' But he only bawled me out. '*Allez!*' he says. '*Allez!* Get to Germany out of here!'"

"The big *fromage!*" sympathized Schmidt.

"There was canned milk and asparagus ——"

"There was no asparagus, torturer!" reproved the corporal.

"Well, maybe there wasn't," admitted John quite easily, "but there was something better. There were cabbages! They must have spotted a garden somewhere up the road, and the top of the load was piled high with cabbages in sacks."

"Where was that wagon, Angeleno?" inquired a voice out of the darkness. This inquiry revealed two facts: One was that the place of enlistment of Private Davies was the center of the Pacific Coast orange belt; the other was that Top Sergeant Sim Ditty had been eavesdropping the conversation.

"It was right there in the edge of that pine grove by the pond," specified Davies with sudden hope in his voice, for Sergeant Ditty was a notoriously resourceful man. He acknowledged indeed but one ethics—a paternal duty to his men. He lied for them, he fought for them, and unhesitatingly, deliberately and with malice aforethought he stole for them. When in his judgment such felonious necessity arose he would possibly have preferred to steal from the enemy; yet no conscience had ever prevented him from stealing from whoever was handiest. Other companies, regiments, brigades, depots, quartermasters and commissaries generally became the victims of his predatory propensities; and though often a moral certainty as to the guilty party was created no man had yet successfully pinned the crime of larceny, grand or petty, on the proud bosom of crafty old Sim. He ranged and fought and stole, with the whole regiment arguing -half in admiration and half in envy, and always with his latest victims in a state of sore resentment—arguing that some day or other one of the veteran top's crimes would come down to roost upon his iron-gray head.

But Sim unworrying went his way, cool, calculating, humorously philosophical, as unafraid of his sins of commission as of enemy bullets. To-night, therefore, he hesitated only to formulate his plan. C Company's ration cart had either broken down or been caught in one of those traffic jams incidental to that flood of confusion which invariably attends the hurrying forward of an army after a rapidly retiring enemy; yet C Company must have food; ergo—it must be got from where food was.

"Jack!" the sergeant decided quickly, "take Davies and five men, make a sneak back to that M. G. wagon, and bring off enough grub of some kind for C Company's supper. Our wagon is sure to get in in time for breakfast."

"Yes, sir," said Corporal Jack.

He could not recall when he had obeyed a command with more alacrity; for besides his hunger there was one other thing which lent peculiar zest to the adventure in prospect. This was the fact that if there was a cannier, shrewder thief in the regiment than old Sim Ditty it was ancient Dan Riley, first sergeant of the machine-gun company whose ration wagon it was proposed to loot. Young Jack felt himself peculiarly honored in being chosen for this delicate and important mission, and carefully he picked his men—sinewy, rangy lads of acute perception and abundant initiative—and led them out into a night that was moonless but starlit.

A kind of velvety darkness prevailed in the woods and close to the ground in open spaces, but the American soldier is becoming cat-eyed. From so much travel at night when the aid of artificial light is denied him for fear of giving notice of his whereabouts and movements to the aërial observers of the enemy he comes to ken his way about in blackness almost as skillfully as in the broad of day, so that things ordinarily undiscernible take form and feature to his eye.

With the sureness, therefore, and the silence of a lion when he stalks his prey Corporal Jack and his detail approached the camp of the M. G. Company. Their noses indeed were a sufficient guide, once its general vicinity was gained, for the field cooker was in full operation and a delicious aroma of stewing beef and the undisguisable savor of boiling cabbage came through the night to them.

"Cabbage soup! Was I right?" inquired Davies excitedly.

"Angeleno, you sure were!" was the unanimously whispered verdict; and every member of the detail, his already avid appetite wildly stimulated by this teasing of his olfactories, straightened himself alertly and slipped forward like the prowling savage that hunger will make of any man.

There was a dim glow of light from about the doors of the camp cooker, and in this the envious eyes in the woods discerned the dark shadow of a queue of men drawn up, and they knew by that sign that chow time not only was imminent but had actually arrived and the machine-gun company, mess tins in hand, was filing by the cook and his assistants. With their attention so absorbed, a better moment for the ulterior purposes of C Company could hardly have been chosen.

Corporal Jack made out the chow cart standing in shadow well to one side, and maneuvering his force to that flank he advanced eagerly but stealthily till the snapping of a twig and the sound of low mumbling voices quite different from that merry chatter round the steaming kitchen warned him of something unexpected. Halting his detail with a whisper he watched with painful intensity till his eyes made out the figure of a man with a bayonet plodding stolidly to and fro beside the wagon. From time to time this figure exchanged morose undertoned comment with some other. Careful observation detected presently this second figure, also with a bayonet, leaning disconsolate against a wheel. Additional reconnoitering revealed the presence of other shadowy shapes to the total number of half a dozen.

"Bust me," whispered Corporal Jack; "bust me if old Dan hasn't got just six bayonets guarding his chuck wagon. They're all panning their luck because they don't get any chow till the rest of the company is fed so somebody can relieve 'em."

"Ancient Dan is some particular about his old chow cart," complained Private Davies, sadly disappointed and feeling that gnawing void within him swell suddenly to the full proportions of an observation balloon. "We only wanted supper off it for a couple of hundred men or so."

"Nothing doing," groaned Jack. "We can't smother six toad-stickers without reënforcements."

And he led his detail back to report the facts to his sergeant and receive further instructions.

But Sergeant Ditty, quite as if he had anticipated that all might not be smooth sailing when designs upon his ancient rival, Dan Riley, were on foot, had, so to speak, moved forward his post of command and was waiting for Corporal Jack in the edge of the pines.

"Six bayonets—six!" he ruminated with a grim smile when Evans had made his report. "Looks like he might have suspicioned we were coming."

"Even the mules are still hitched to the wagon," accused Jack; "as if he was going to put the team and all in a safe-deposit vault somewhere after the supper was over."

"Old Dan is awful cute," conceded Sim with his slow Missouri-born drawl, "but I don't know at that as he's any cuter'n what we are."

The veteran top of C Company paused to consider and reflect, with his detail of hungry men round him sniffing enviously at that aroma which drifted out to them so tantalizingly from the fleshpots of the machine-gun company.

But in the midst of these mere nasal sniffings there floated down to them a mightier sniffling from the sky—that sound so difficult to describe, but which once heard can never be mistaken for any other—the ghastly, ghostly hiss of a high-traveling shell, whispering in hoarse aspirates: "I am coming—I am coming. I am on my way, and I know almost exactly where I am going."

This particular whisper came down from far aloft, but there was not the comfort usual in that of a shell going far over, for this time it was merely because it had been launched with a very high trajectory in order to climb over the top of the hill on the right, and it pitched abruptly downward and landed with a very solemn p-pow! in the pine woods directly ahead.

"Not a hundred yards from the M. G.'s kitchen," chuckled Sergeant Sim as the woods echoed to the explosion of a German 77. "Let's wait and see what happens," he proposed hopefully.

This hope was quite as if Sim were guided by some sort of intuition, for when a few seconds later there was another sound of something ripping in the blue canopy of heaven it was followed in the woods by an instant clatter of mess tins and accouterments and calls of excited voices with something like panic in their tones.

"If this one only drops a little closer," calculated Sim with malicious joy, "they'll all take to cover."

"Didn't it, though?" squealed the sergeant a moment later. "It never missed 'em twenty yards. Every buck in the company is hunting a hole. Let's move up."

And while the third shell was still wirelessing premonitions of death and disaster from the high sky, Sergeant Ditty led his detail strategically nearer to the location of the M. G.'s chuck wagon.

This third shell coördinated brilliantly with the predatory sergeant's fondest hopes, for it seemed to land exactly on the field cooker. At any rate it blew smoke and ashes in all directions, and for a few seconds there was a rain of army slum pattering on branches and the carpet of pine needles.

"Good judgment those guys showed to get themselves holed up proper or some machine-gun men would have got their greedy selves killed," commented the sergeant considerately. "There isn't any six bayonets on that wagon now, Jack. Grab it quick and get out of there before the next doughnut comes over."

Corporal Evans, who had already outlined a new set of tactics for the new set of conditions, dashed forward. The camp was a deserted mass of shadows with a cloud of dust and ashes hanging in the center, invisible, of course, but making its presence manifest by a pungent tickling of nostrils, so the corporal and his men had difficulty in refraining from sneezing as they groped their way to the wagon, where Jack climbed immediately into the seat and gathered up the reins.

"Twist their tails and get 'em going on the jump without making a loud sound yourselves," he whispered. "The M. G.'s will think they've run away. Between you and me, they are going to run away."

As another shell searched the side of the hill beyond the camp two surprised mules whose tails had been wildly tweaked, whose flanks had been rudely visited by the toes of hobnailed boots, and whose mouths had been suddenly lifted from consideration of oats by a sure hand upon the reins, sprang off at a gallop, with the ration wagon lumbering after and Driver Jack exhorting them to all possible speed in every way that such exhortation could be conveyed without the use of the human voice. Private Davies and squad, throttling down to the point where they were all but smothered by their inclination to laugh uproariously, turned and dashed back through the woods lest the Hun alter his aim sufficiently to drop a pestiferous firecracker upon them.

At the edge of the open country they found Sergeant Ditty, also struggling with an inclination to boisterous and derisive laughter as he listened to the music of the rattling banging wheels.

But suddenly the song of the wheels was changed to another key, and a low note as of rumbling thunder came to the sergeant's ears, bringing ominous suggestion in its wake.

"Did you hear that!" he gasped, suddenly grave.

"What was it?" inquired Private Davies, breathless from his laughing and his running.

"Jack crossed the bridge," said the sergeant hollowly. "He took the wrong road in the dark. He's going hell-bent into Germany!"

"Germany?" echoed the privates, with a feeling of helplessness.

The rattling of the wagon on the stony roadway was audible again, but growing fainter and fainter.

"He's drove straight into the German lines," declared the sergeant with an awed note in his voice. "He's—he's halfway to Berlin by now."

By this time, too, all was confusion and clamor in the camp of the machine-gun company. The first sound of the rattling wheels had brought a yell from the old system of trenches and dugouts running everywhere through these woods, in which the men had taken refuge from the German shells.

"Stop the mules! Ho-old them mules! Who—who—where's that wagon guard?" the voice of Sergeant Dan Riley had rung out as he groped coughing and sputtering through the ash-laden atmosphere to where his chow cart stood, the calm and unruffled demeanor of the team being a further testimony to the comparative nervelessness of the genus mule—laying quite aside the biological question as to whether the mule is a genus or not. "Where's that guard, I say?" snarled Dan.

A half dozen men with bayonets in their hands got themselves up sheepishly from various depressions in the soil formed by old shell craters and the remains of trenches, and slunk forward to face the top's wrath; but it was a time for action now. Upbraidings and tongue-lashings could come later.

"Put out after 'em, quick! Your breakfast is on that wagon, you pigeon-livered fools!" scathed Riley.

As eager to escape the unpleasant proximity of the angry top as they were to retake the flying wagon, which, the sergeant may have forgotten to recall, contained this detail's supper as well as its breakfast, the six men set off after the clattering wheels like fresh hounds after a pack in full cry.

But ancient Dan could not think of bottling his wrath till the wagon guard's return. Besides, there was another guilty party to whom the justice of vitriolic denunciation must be meted out.

"Tom!" he bawled into the dark. "Tom! Where is that darned mule-skinner anyway?"

Eventually the person clamored for was produced from the bottom of the deepest dugout and pushed forward reluctantly in the general darkness and confusion—a confusion that was still punctuated by the explosion of shells; though mercifully these explosions now sounded farther and farther away, showing that the Hun artillery was ranging the slopes farther back.

"You're sure one lulu of a mule driver, ain't you now?" demanded the top sarcastically. "I'll just about put you on K. P. for this."

"I don't often get scared, top," apologized Tom sulkily out of the dark, "and when I do I claim the right to get scared good and plenty.

"Them little H. E.'s Jerry was pitching over to-night sure did get my goat."

"And you couldn't even stop to tie your team, hey? Let 'em run away with all our breakfast on the wagon, huh?"

"They never run away!" declared Tom with conviction. "They had the nose bags on. Somebody run 'em away."

"Surrender! You Do the Kamerad Stuff, You Fools! What the Blazes are You Monkeying Round Inside Our Lines For?"

"Wh-what's that?" demanded Sergeant Dan, catching himself up sharply as a new possibility dawned upon him.

"I say those mules never ran away with their dinner hanging to their noses unless somebody run 'em away; that's what I say," asseverated Tom. "Besides"—with an injured air—"what's a wagon guard for if it isn't to guard a wagon?"

"It's that darn Sim Ditty!" declared Sergeant Dan without another moment's hesitation. "Probably his wagon didn't get up and he's come over here and stole our chow. Just as like as not he got the boche to throw them few shells over here so's to shoo these gosling guards of ours off the wagon. Oh, what I'll do to them birds when they get back will be a plenty, all right, all right! Now get along out there after them! And you bring that wagon back yourself, guard and all. No—wait a minute!"

The sergeant's quick-thinking mind had ordered a halt for the necessary seconds to reconstruct his strategy.

"Don't trail the wagon!" he countermanded. "Here, Corporal Ellis!"

The voice of the sergeant bawling round outside and the increasing evidence that so far as the M. G. position was concerned the Hun's little evening serenade was over had brought the entire company out of its hiding places.

"Yes, sir," responded Corporal Ellis promptly.

"Take sixteen men and Teamster Billings, and hike out for C Company's outfit. It's down the left-hand road about half a kilometer. Lay in the woods till they drive our mess wagon into camp, which they will in the course of ten or fifteen minutes. Then just walk right in with your squad and identify it and take possession. Their conscience being guilty they'll wilt. That thievin' Missourian can't put anything like that over on the Irish—not to-night, he can't!"

"Yes, sir," said Corporal Ellis, who was accounted a good man by his sergeant.

Meanwhile the wagon guard, already hopelessly outdistanced by the careening vehicle, had been halted by a fork in the roads, and paused for conference and debate as to which way the mules had gone. Eventually, like good scouts, they separated, three going down one road and three another, till Private Emery found himself upon a low stone bridge.

"Come on, fellows!" he called. "I heard 'em rumble over this bridge."

This evoked more debate, but in the end the whole party reassembled about Private Emery and decided to push forward in accordance with his judgment. This discussion had of itself occasioned further delay, and the advance was to encounter other things along the highroad that would consume still more of the precious element called time.

On the other hand it was for only a second or so that the little group of men surrounding the sergeant of C Company had stood, sick and chill at the unhappy fate that opened its arms to receive their blithe young corporal in the very moment of his latest successful enterprise.

"We better organize a cavalry pursuit," suggested John Davies, who was always prompt to find his tongue.

"It'll be no cavalry pursuit," declared Sergeant Ditty emphatically, "but we've got to go and bring that boy back if it takes a regiment to do it!"

Reflecting upon the entire unfortunate eventuation Sergeant Sim began dolorously to recall and perhaps to exaggerate the virtues of the late Corporal Evans—for despite stout words it was hardly possible to avoid thinking of him as in the past tense—as well as generously to accuse himself of responsibility for the young man's present plight.

"I'd ought to have told Jack," he alleged. "The boy hasn't had any chance to study the maps. Brightest corporal we had in the company, young Jack Evans! Ought to have made him a sergeant before now. Resourceful, plenty of nerve, and the tighter the hole you get him in the surer he is to come out on top. Got a girl in Philadelphy too. Nice letters she writes him. And his mother sent him a fruit cake last Christmas. Gee, but I hate to have to take my pen in hand and tell her Jack's went over to the Germans—and more than half my fault too!"

This flow of language must have been regarded as a waste of valuable time but for the fact that all the while the sergeant was streaking it toward his own camp, closely surrounded by his men, and for the coincidence that while the sergeant's tongue rambled most loosely his mind often operated most cogently.

"Say, you!" he interrupted himself suddenly, "any of you that's got sand enough to go out with me and bring old Jack Evans back from the boche can come along. Any of you that haven't can get to your prairie-dog holes and spend the rest of the night making trench."

This was a needless challenge, and more by way of cranking up the spirits of his men than anything else. There wasn't a buck in the company who would have let Sergeant Ditty go alone into danger; nor was there a man in Jack Evans' squad who would have allowed him to rattle thus blindly to his fate behind a span of runaway mules without risking life and limb to prevent such an unnecessary sacrifice of buoyant enthusiasm and reckless youth. The squad intimated as much to Sergeant Ditty, and the sergeant intimated his satisfaction by this response.

"There's enough of us," he said, "and we're really not losing any time to go by the company position and pick up some bayonets and trench daggers and a few handy little grenades, because by the map that road takes a big bend out there directly, and before Jack hits the German line very hard he's going to be jogging along not so far from right over in front of us."

With this much of his plan divulged Sergeant Ditty cut into the road from the open field on which he had been traveling and became immediately aware of certain darkly silhouetted figures moving parallel to his line of march.

"What outfit's this?" demanded the sergeant.

"Shock troops of the American Army," answered a braggart voice. "Get out of the way!"

"Shucks, now," protested Sergeant Ditty with a drawling amiability that cunningly masked the irritation and anxiety in his heart. "That must be some of Dan Riley's men that goes round tootin' their own horn that-away."

"We admit it," responded Corporal Ellis jovially, himself putting on the mask of good nature when good nature was farthest from his mood.

"Where you going, poking round in the dark like this? Don't you know you're liable to get lost?" reproved Sergeant Ditty.

"Special assignment," retorted Corporal Ellis.

"What kind of special assignment?" persisted the sergeant, though far from being in doubt.

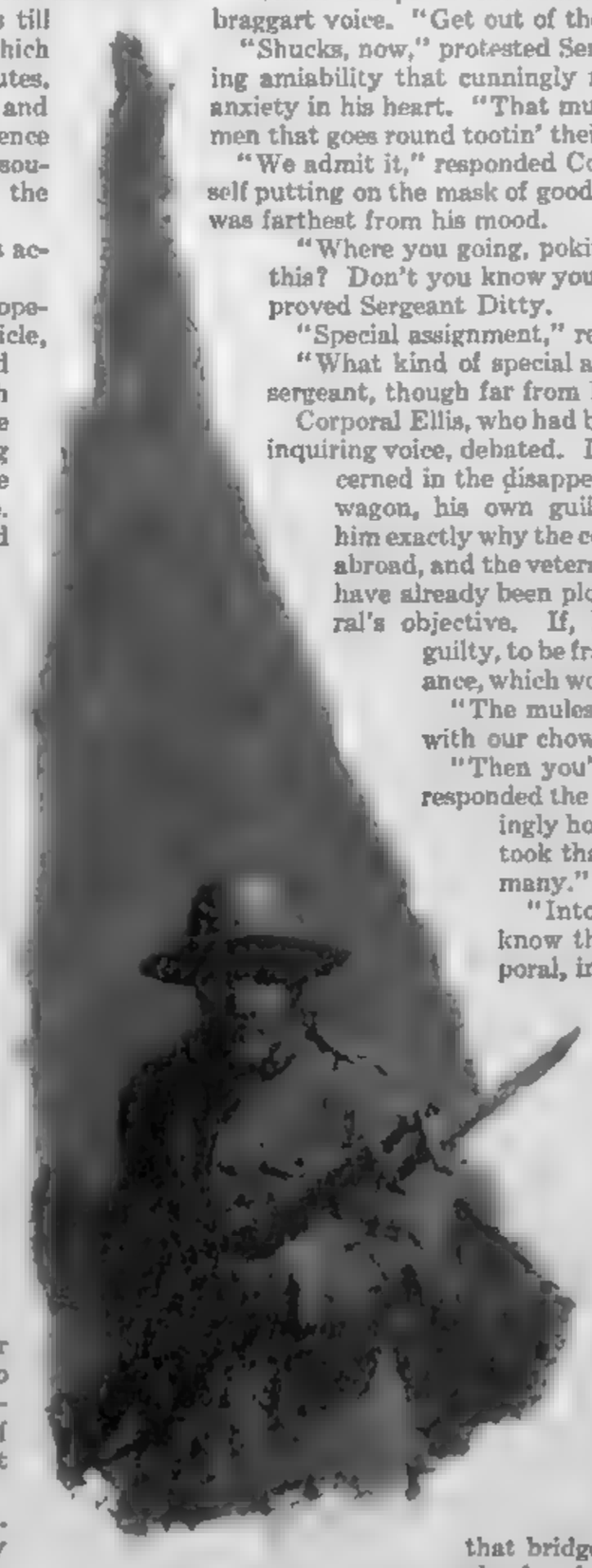
Corporal Ellis, who had by this time recognized the inquiring voice, debated. If Sergeant Ditty was concerned in the disappearance of the M. G. food wagon, his own guilty knowledge would tell him exactly why the corporal and his squad were abroad, and the veteran top's crafty brain would have already been plotting to defeat the corporal's objective. If, however, Ditty was not guilty, to be frank might enlist his assistance, which would doubtless be valuable.

"The mules got scared and ran away with our chow wagon," Ellis answered.

"Then you're out of luck, corporal," responded the sergeant in tones of seemingly honest sympathy, "for they took that wagon plumb into Germany."

"Into Germany? How'd you know that?" demanded the corporal, instantly suspicious.

"Because I heard 'em go. Our chow wagon's lost too, and I've had a detail out scouting for it. A while ago, when there was a little light shell coming over, a team of some kind got started from over yonder in the woods and went clattering down the road and over the bridge that leads to Nowhere Land. Hell-bent for 'lection they were going."



From Time to Time This Figure Exchanged Morose Undertoned Comment With Some Other

"The darn liar!" said Corporal Ellis under his breath. "Which way is that bridge, sergeant?" he inquired aloud and not disrespectfully.

"Off there to the right a piece; but you keep a peeled eye, buddy, because our last outpost is a hundred yards or so out to the right from the road, and the German lines are so close they may be this side of it for all I know."

"Thanks," said Corporal Ellis quite nicely. "I'll just take a scout over that way. The Kaiser can have the mules, but we've got to get our *déjeuner* back if there's any way to do it."

He put his squad about and marched it off in the direction of the bridge, carefully bringing up the rear himself, to make sure he was not followed. A hundred yards on he halted his column, and after a wait of five minutes executed a detour and planted a fan-shaped line in the darkness where it guarded every possible approach of a chow wagon to Company C's position.

And meanwhile Corporal Jack Evans careening madly over a supposedly familiar road had been intent for a time only on keeping his animals going rapidly until pursuit should be eluded. At the same time he scanned the left side of the road for signs of his own company's position. When these signs did not appear he slowed his animals to a trot, and then to a walk. Occasionally the walk was interrupted entirely by dead halts, in which to listen. These halts consumed a certain amount of time, which allowed the other movements already described to take place or get well under way.

From Jack's point of view as his eyes and his ears reached out into the darkness round him it seemed to be a fairly busy night so far as the operations of the two armies were concerned. Behind him at various distances the batteries of his own division thundered steadily at these back areas and roadways supposed to be blocked and jammed with the panicky transport of a frightened and fleeing enemy. Behind him too there sounded from time to time the heavy explosions that told where isolated German guns lingered long enough to try in a discouraged way for the positions of the advancing and never-to-be-denied Army from over the seas.

It was during this period of alternate walks and halts that the road had ceased to be good; the wheels momentarily poised and plunged and the tongue twisted and lurched as the mules tumbled in and scrambled out of treacherous pitlike excavations.

"Somebody's been shelling the tar out of this road," explained Jack to himself. "Funny I didn't notice that to-night when we came by on foot."

Far at the right a star shell ascended and hung inquisitive in the air. It kindled the sky but was too far away to light up for Jack the details of the terrain immediately about him. He only made out the usual labyrinth of scarred soil and noted acres and acres of a network of wire guarding the old trench that marked the fighting ground of earlier stages of the war—ground once firmly held by the invader, but back across which he was now reeling.

"Heck!" ejaculated the corporal. "Our company must have moved up again since I left 'em. This is sure some advance when they order supper in one place and you bring it to them in another."

Slightly irritated he lifted up his voice and shouted: "C Company? Cee-ee-ee Company? Is C Compane-ee-ee there?"

The result was rather astonishing. Out of dark holes, at his feet almost, rose a dozen dim shapes that practically surrounded him, while an officer, speaking English but with an accent, called upon him to surrender. For a moment it must be confessed that Corporal Evans was startled, even staggered; but he was a quick-thinking man.

Swiftly grasping the situation he responded boldly: "Surrender, hell! You do the *kamerad* stuff, you darned fools! What the blazes are you monkeying round inside our lines for? You got a nerve, now haven't you?"

And Corporal Jack, who had no weapon in his hand save only the mule skinner's whip, cracked it savagely.

Quite evidently the entire group was at least as much taken aback by this demeanor of the American teamster as Jack had been by their sudden appearance. Only their leader understood the American's language, but they all understood his tone. It was the tone of the man in command of the situation.

"Inside your lines?" inquired the accent in the vague voice of a man who is slightly dazed, for the speaker, whose rank as it afterward developed was that of a captain, had been shaken to his boot pegs by the American's air of solid assurance.

"You're two hundred yards inside of 'em now," retorted Jack with asperity; "and getting farther every minute. My company's right up there. I'm bringing grub to 'em now. There's a whole regiment of Yankees in between you and your happy home, and there's a machine-gun battalion back here that I just left. They're moving up in a few minutes and they'll mop you like a streak of water on the kitchen floor."

The German officer stood, nonplused. He knew that the lines of contact were uncertain and fluctuated momentarily; that the Americans advanced with surprising rapidity and that they seemed to have feline eyes which enabled them to prowl successfully in the dark. But more softening to his backbone than any conjectures as to the Americans was what he knew about his own command—about its habit of leaving machine-gun crews, squads, platoons and companies of infantry behind, ostensibly as the advance positions of a new line but actually the rear guard of a retreating army, meant to be sacrificed as the army moved on to safety. It was the consciousness of this custom that made a coward of the man.

The suspicion that he must have been made a victim of strategy of that sort grew into assurance as he inquired haltingly: "When did your regiment move in there?"

"Since dark," explained Jack, placidly enjoying the signs of shattering morale which the growing raggedness of that voice carried to him through the dark. "Our company has moved up again in the last half hour."

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FAIRYLANDS OF FINANCE

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Too Much Paternalism

NOW that business is freeing itself from the restraints to which it submitted so patriotically during the war many parts of the country are threatened again with one of those abhorrent floods of worthless stocks which periodically sweep hundreds of millions of dollars into the irrecoverable beyond. For it was only the strong-arm methods of governmental agencies, endowed by the very war emergency itself with unlimited power of life and death over industry, that saved our people from being mulcted on a scale to be described only by saying that it would have gone down in history as a stench in the nostrils of every patriotic American.

Never before had so many forces operated together at one time to enhance the natural gullibility of human nature. Never before was the fruit so ripe for plucking; or quite so near and juicy in the eyes of the faker, swindler, crook and thief. To-day the fruit is hardly less fat and luscious, but the bulldog, still growling and snapping, is likely to be pulled back lest he bite honest men as well.

The great Middlewestern, Northwestern and Southwestern sections of the country, with the exception of a few drought areas, have been enjoying an era of prosperity without precedent. High prices for wheat, corn, hogs, cattle, cotton and minerals, as well as enormous discoveries of oil in Oklahoma, Kansas and Texas, have been pouring money into those regions for several years now. It has been a flood so golden indeed in parts of Oklahoma, Kansas and Texas as to inflame many of the people of those parts into a blind, unreasoning money craze. Of course in such soil the microbe of the get-rich-quick stock flourishes to the full.

Thither went the stock salesmen, always following the motto: "Go where the money is." But that was not all. Wherever they went, no matter in what state, the lists of prospects were fully a hundred times as large as ever before. Always in the past history of stock promotion the almost insuperable obstacle had been to get a satisfactory list of prospective buyers, of untrained and ignorant or foolish persons who could be separated from real money.

Prospects by the Million

BUT through the Liberty Loans the whole American people had become investors, bond buyers, prospects. Lists were thrown to the winds. Nearly every adult with a fixed place of abode or employment was a Liberty Bond owner, millions of them with buttons on their coats to prove the fact. People might not have ready money, but they had Liberty Bonds, which were just as good as cash for the purposes of the stock salesman.

"We have spent our time, energy, money and gasoline putting a Liberty Bond in every home," said the chairman of the Council of Defense of one of the counties of Oklahoma not many months ago, "and we were followed by an oil-stock salesman who gathered up these bonds and gave for them oil stock which might be good and might not. He found out how many Liberty Bonds had been sold in a place, and he sold that much stock. It is going to stop."

And it did stop. For back of the county-defense committee was the State Council of Defense, back of that the Federal Reserve authorities of the district, back of that the Capital Issues Committee in Washington, and back of that the Treasury Department. Without any legal club in the way of punitive measures these authorities by means of education, publicity, persuasion, and that intangible but almost undisputed power that government enjoys in time of war were able for the time being literally to strangle the thousands upon thousands of get-rich-quick operators.

In Oklahoma they erected dipping vats with tar on the inside and yellow paint on the outside. This was shown to the stock salesmen, who were at the same time instructed as to the hours of departing trains. In other places salesmen were thrown into jail until the hour when the trains left. Sometimes they were furnished with return tickets by members of the committee. Banks refused to honor written orders from the owners of Liberty Bonds to turn them over to stock salesmen. A subscriber to a Liberty Bond which had not yet been delivered to him signed it over to a stock salesman and died three days later. The administrator of the estate was notified by the defense committee not to deliver the bond to the stock salesman, and if the salesman wished to kick he could do it to the committee's lawyer.

In these and countless other ways the results were obtained. It became unhealthy to sell stock, and so literally did the local authorities enforce the rule that they drove all salesmen out of the townships. It was a reign of terror for financial evildoers, necessary and justifiable.

"This state has no blue-sky law," said one of the officials recently. "There isn't any limit to the extent to which the citizen with a dollar is willing to be gulled. We now have $130,000,000 worth of government securities, with the war coming to an end and no way to conserve this capital for the legitimate development purposes of the state."

Now that peace has come, how can the twenty-odd million owners of Liberty Bonds in this country be protected from the wiles of the swindlers? Never was there such easy money in the entire history of the world, such easy pickings, and in such fabulous amounts. Of the twenty million only a tiny fraction have any financial knowledge, education and sophistication. They are lambs fat for the slaughter, not because the American people are fools, but solely because it takes the utmost experience and judgment of a specialized nature to resist direct personal solicitation and salesmanship.

Many Fall

ASIDE from all questions of patriotism the American people fell for the splendid salesmanship in the good cause of Liberty Loans, and now alas many of them are going to fall for the salesmanship of the swindlers who follow in the wake of the loans. Probably only a national, a Federal, blue-sky law, controlling the sale of securities the country over, can save the people from the loss of many hundreds of millions in the next year or two.

For there is no crooked game to-day that begins to equal the stock game in its possibilities. Prohibition, the suppression of race-track gambling, crooked prize fights and confidence games have released great numbers of denizens of the lower world. Even the closing down of ocean travel during the war had an influence in throwing many card sharps upon their uppers. All these men, it would seem, have entered the bunk-stock game. There is no other place for them to go. In 1916 when the stock market in New York was booming they gathered there. But when we entered the war the big market slumped and that particular game was over. Then the bunch followed the oil booms mostly. They wandered through Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas, trailing through this city and then through that.

It is in no spirit of invidious distinction or criticism that I am led to say that the Southwest has enjoyed too much oil prosperity. The evils could not be avoided. When one's neighbors are suddenly enriched overnight it is only natural that one should be crazed and excited and try to do likewise. It is impossible in such surroundings to think of anything else. For after all in any state or county, or even in any township, only a few individuals actually make the big killings. The majority are not so much better off than before. What is more natural than that they should try to imitate their friends and acquaintances and eagerly bite at anything which has even the look of oil?

It is especially true that people in adjoining townships and counties have become inflamed by the oil discoveries, even more than the residents themselves. In towns and cities anywhere from fifteen to a few hundred miles away people are just as excited as those in the oil fields, and they express their feelings by buying oil stocks right and left with but little knowledge of their value. It is the faker's supreme opportunity and he is wide-awake to it.

All it seems necessary to do is to mention the Trapshooter, or Shumway, or now the McCleskey and Fowler wells, and people will fall for anything. In such an atmosphere it is almost beyond the weak limits of human nature for people to retain their Liberty Bonds. Each one reasons

that by a lucky thousand-to-one shot he will turn his few hundreds into a modest fortune and then in turn will transform that into a big fortune. Then of course he will buy all the Liberty Bonds that Uncle Sam wants him to take.

"But just let me make this killing. Don't stop me," is the way they all feel about it, consciously or unconsciously.

"There are men in this town," said a wise, experienced oil operator in one of the frantic centers of stock speculation in the Southwest, "who would put $25,000 in oil without knowing anything about it but wouldn't contribute twenty-five dollars to the Red Cross, and who literally wouldn't give twenty-five dollars to move the Baldwin Locomotive Works here. As for investing in local bank stock or in a prosperous local newspaper which they know all about they wouldn't dream of it."

I met a young man who held a good position in a bank and who had invested about $6000 in twenty different oil stocks. He seemed to regard it as a mad sort of game, a huge joke which might prove profitable or might turn out to be a total loss. He was in a position to lose it all. He admitted knowing very little about the companies and could not, in fact, remember the names of most of them. He laughingly said that most people who were buying those stocks would take a month to investigate any other investment proposition. But they buy oil stocks, he said, whenever anyone calls them up on the telephone with a suggestion.

"They would fiddle round a month with anything else trying to find out the reliability of the people who were running it."

In another place the manager of the Chamber of Commerce was complaining that no one would subscribe to stock in a new water company because everybody wanted to put all they had in the oil business. Yet because of the rapid growth of the town and the possibility of charging high rates the water company was sure to be successful. In two different places I found an almost angry controversy going on between local and outside capitalists over the erection of new hotels. The local people expected the outsiders to put up all the money, for while the local people were moving heaven and earth to interest outsiders in a hotel they were utterly opposed to putting in any of their own money, because of the desire to confine their investments entirely to oil.

Money Wheedled Out of the Poor

AT A CLUB I met in the most casual manner three prosperous business men—one a large grain dealer, the second a banker and big cattle breeder, and the third the largest owner of real estate in a city of some fifty thousand population, a thriving, successful place. All three admitted in turn having purchased considerable oil stock and knowing nothing whatever about the oil business.

"I go in because my friends ask me," said one of these men. "I think it is a joke and I can afford to lose every cent. It is just a gamble with me."

It is not only in the neighborhood of the oil fields that men invest in this reckless way. A group or syndicate of twenty business men in a little suburb of New York City had, curiously enough, two propositions up for consideration at about the same time. They had just been offered control of the local bank for $50,000, which was well within their means. If they had purchased it and turned business its way they would have been sure within a very few years of dividends of nearly fifteen per cent, in addition to which they would have had complete knowledge of what was going on every minute and a solid permanent investment.

But one of the syndicate members had a brother-in-law in Oklahoma who was said to be in the oil business. Lured by the chance of big profits the syndicate put its $50,000 in an Oklahoma oil company. For a time the company was fortunate. Quite a considerable sum was earned from wells which proved moderately productive. The syndicate did not get its capital back, but it was receiving good dividends. Then the promoter suggested the purchase of a large tract of land at a considerable cost. This proved wholly unproductive and the capital was exhausted, though total dividends of perhaps twenty-five per cent had been paid. A lawyer was sent out into the field, and he discovered that the promoter, the brother-in-law person, had been grafting on the company and had got away with all the rest of the capital which had not been sunk in the unproductive field. It was good-by to the entire investment.

But we need waste no sympathy on the successful business men who lose money in oil. They know they are gambling and can usually afford to gamble. The great tragedy of the oil-stock craze, both in the Southwest and in other parts of the country to-day, as well as the craze for other dubious stocks, is the loss which it brings upon the lower middle classes, financially speaking, and to a smaller extent upon the wage earners.

A widow in a small Oklahoma town gave her note for $750 and $250 cash to buy stock in a lead and zinc mine, a form of promotion which has been almost as popular in parts of the country as oil. She was a poor woman and had two small sons to support.

"A salesman came to my house and talked and talked and persuaded me to buy," she wrote to the state authorities. "Now I want to know whether this is a fake or what he represented it to be. He said with his right hand raised to heaven: 'So help me God, everything I have said is true,' and that he had $3500 of his own money in the mine, which is paying forty per cent in dividends to the stockholders every year. I told him I was afraid, and he gave such strong talk on his Christian character, truthfulness, manhood and parenthood that I was overpersuaded, and invested upon his assertion that he would lay his right hand upon the Holy Bible and swear that it was all true."

This woman also admitted that two other arguments of the salesman had influenced her. He had said that if the company was not all right the post office would not permit its letters to go through the mails, and he added that the State Council of Defense had held a meeting three weeks before and decided to put all fakers out of business, and therefore his company must be all right. Of course the woman did not know that it often takes months and even years for the post office to get enough evidence to put any company out of business, and meanwhile thousands of concerns may spring up, sell stock and die. Nor was she sophisticated enough to know that no matter how vigilant the Council of Defense might be it could hardly get rid of all the fake companies in the state in three weeks, or in three years for that matter.

"Don't buy oil stock. Letter follows," telegraphed Governor Williams, of Oklahoma, to a woman in Newark, New Jersey, who wrote him asking about an oil company in Oklahoma whose stock she had been urged to buy. The name of the governor had been given to the woman and she wrote him asking for a reply by June 10, 1918. He sent the telegram on June fourth and a letter the next day:

"I know nothing of the oil company of which you speak. I did not authorize this company or any other to use my name, and I suggest that you follow the same plan as I—that is, don't buy stock in any of them. A few of these companies are all right, but a very large number of them are irresponsible. The wise thing to do is not to invest in a company unless you know personally that it is sound."

But the warning came too late despite the fact that it came six days earlier than she had asked for it. The salesman had been too much for her.

"I never wrote to so high a man as governor of a state before," she confided in a letter of thanks for his promptness, "and therefore beg your pardon if I have taken too much liberty. If I were to write you all the inducements they gave me they would fill a book. The day after I wrote you I gave them sixty dollars and my husband gave them another sixty dollars the next day in a check. When your telegram came I tried to stop payment at the bank, but one of the checks had been collected. They promised to give me my money back, but it never came.

"The funny part of it is that every time someone came it was a different man. I have never seen the same man twice. So far five different ones were here to see me. Of course I have no right to say this, but I really think it was a flimflam. Senator Owen's name also was used as reference, and he said he gave no authority to use it and knew nothing of the company, so I guess I was humbugged all right."

Mushroom Oil Exchanges

A CAREFUL investigation in various parts of the country leads to the conclusion that with the exception to some extent of domestic, hotel and restaurant help, the bulk of the victims of the get-rich-quick mania is not recruited from the wage-earning or laboring classes, but from the farmers, clerks, small business men and a portion of the professional classes. Despite the high wages of the last year or two the bulk of the daily wage earners, especially of the unskilled variety, do not yet take much interest in stock promotions. There are innumerable exceptions of course, but it is generally found that most of the members of this class who sell their Liberty Bonds use the money to spend on what they at least consider the necessities of life. It is usually the groups above them financially that fall for the get-rich-quick stuff. It is usually the man or woman that has from $500 to $1500 or so in the bank.

A man of about thirty, intelligent looking enough, and obviously a clerk of some sort, walked into the office of a county prosecuting attorney with whom I was talking.

"What chance have I to recover anything from ——— & Co.?" he asked.

"Not a chance," said the district attorney. "They haven't enough money to hire a lawyer. How much did you lose?" this as the young man started to leave.

"About $250." And with a "thank you" the victim went his way. It is men of this type that haunt the so-called oil exchanges in the cities bordering the oil fields of the Southwest. They even form little excited groups on the streets, in hotel lobbies and interurban cars, poring over blue-print maps and talking eagerly and excitedly about them.

These oil exchanges are strange and wonderful places. In every new oil field they spring up like mushrooms overnight, and sometimes they disappear almost as quickly. I visited one town of twelve thousand population in which I counted six "stock exchanges," though London and New York with their six or seven million populations manage to worry along with one or two apiece. One of these stock exchanges was hard to find, because it was over an ice plant. Another was behind a hotel cigar stand.

Several keep open at night. The prices of the stocks are either chalked up on the outside of the window panes or depicted in red ink on sheets of paper pasted on the windows. It reminds one of the prices of lamb for stewing on a cheap butcher-shop window in the ghetto quarters of New York.

Somehow one has the faint suspicion that not all the oil exchanges are exchanges in the strictest sense of the word, so much as they are places where promoters sell stocks to the public. At a certain stage in every great oil boom people will buy stocks without making any inquiries whatever. In one oil city the wildest of these exchanges is directly opposite an old and solid bank.

(Continued on Page 66)

The Town of Ranger, About Which the Larger Developments Appear to be Centered

THE CITY OF COMRADES

"This is No Time for Love. We're in a World Where Love and Marriage are No Longer the Burning Questions. Don't You See?"

By BASIL KING

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

XXVIII

IT WAS not Regina Barry who was waiting for me, but it was the next best thing.

Lovey stood off and pointed to it as it lay, white and oblong, on the sitting-room table.

"Give it to me with 'er own 'and," he said mysteriously. "Druv up to the door and asked the janitor to call me down. Told me to tell you that it wouldn't be at 'alf past four, as she says in the note, but at five, and 'oped you wouldn't keep 'er waitin'."

I held it in my hand, turning it over. I felt sure of what was in it, but I didn't know whether I was sorry or glad. Of course I should be glad from one point of view; but the points of view were so many. It would be all over now with the mission, for which my enthusiasm had so suddenly revived. When we had done this thing we should be discredited and ostracized by the people we knew best, and for some time to come.

I stood fingering the thing, feeling as I had felt now and then when we had given up a trench or a vantage point we had been holding against odds. Wise as it might be to yield it was, nevertheless, a pity, and only left ground that would have to be regained. There was moral strength, too, in the mere fact of holding. Not to hold any longer was a sign of weakness, however good the reason.

I broke the seal slowly, saying as I did so: "Did she say where?"

"No, Slim; she didn't say nowhere."

"Only that I was not to keep her waiting."

He thought again.

"Punctial was 'er word."

She needn't, however, have said that. Of course I should be punctual. All might depend on my being on the spot at the moment when the clock struck. I still hesitated at drawing out the sheet. As a matter of fact I was wondering if she had received the sign she had talked about, and if so what it was.

After all it was an unimportant note:

Dear Frank: Mother has allowed me to ask Doctor Feltring—a lady—who retreated with the Serbian Army into Albania to speak at our house at half past four to-morrow afternoon. Will you come? We shall all be glad to see you. Yours, REGINA.

That was all. I should have felt a certain relief that nothing was irrevocably settled had there not been in the envelope another page. On it were written the words:

"Are you trying the indirect method? If so I think you will find it unwise."

If I read this once I must have read it twenty times, trying to fathom its meaning.

I could only think that she was gently charging me with my apathy. The indirect method was the inactive method. I had let weeks go by not only without saying the word which she had told me she would obey but without making any attempt to get speech with her.

And yet it seemed to me that any other woman in the world might have resented this but Regina. It was a kind of resentment unlike her. She was too proud, too intense. Even in the hypnotic state induced by the knowledge, after years of doubt, that we cared for each other she had kept her power of resistance. She would come with me if I made her, but she hoped I wouldn't make her. That hope made it difficult for me to impose myself on anyone so willing and so reluctant. Of what, from different angles, each of us owed to Cantyre—not to mention anyone else—she was as sensitively aware as I was.

I could hardly believe, therefore, that she was reproaching me; and yet what else did she mean?

I tried to learn that on the following day, but found access to her difficult. Since she was hostess to the speaker of the afternoon as well as to some sixty or eighty guests, mostly ladies, this was scarcely strange. I was limited, therefore, to the two or three seconds during which I was placing in her hands a cup of tea. Even then there was a subject as to which I more pressingly desired information.

"I see Stephen isn't here."

She couldn't keep out of her eyes what I read as a kind of crossfire, expressive of contradictory emotions.

"He wouldn't come."

"Why not?"

"He didn't like the subject."

"Because it was medicine?"

"Because it was war."

"But if this country goes in?"

"He doesn't believe it will. He thinks the breaking off of our relations with Germany will do all for which we can be called on. We'll never fight, he says. Even if we declare war he's sure it will only be in name."

I was not so much interested in Cantyre's opinions as in the way in which she would take them.

"And you?"

"Oh, I think he's only kicking against the pricks. He can't think like that."

I gave her a look which I tried to make significant.

"You mean that he's taking the indirect method?"

She gazed off to the other side of the room.

"Oh, that isn't the indirect method."

"What does the indirect method involve?"

But here Mrs. Endsleigh Jarrott butted in—I have no other term for it—with a question, which she asked as if her life depended on the answer: "Regina, didn't you think the action of that English nurse in going over the mountains with the band of little Serbian boys the most heroic thing you ever heard of?"

So I came away without having learned what it was I was doing, but not less determined to find out.

I resolved to try Cantyre. My meetings with him had become not exactly rare but certainly infrequent. I had hardly noticed the decline of our intimacy while it was going on; I only came to a sudden realization of it when I said to myself I would look in on him that night.

It occurred to me in the first place that I had not looked in on him of my own accord since I had come home. I had gone round the elbow of the corridor once or twice when he had invited me, but never of my own initiative. Then it struck me that it was some time since he himself had come knocking at my door.

"Lovey, when was the doctor last in here?"

He was in the "kitchingette" and came to the threshold slowly. When he did so there was that scared look on his face I had seen on the previous afternoon.

"I don't rightly know, Slim."

"Isn't it more than a week ago?"

He considered.

"It might be."

"Do you know any reason why he doesn't come?"

He seemed to be defending himself against an accusation.

"Why, Slim! 'Ow sh'd I know?"

"Well, you see him every day—in and out of his room with his boots and things."

"'E don't 'ardly ever speak to me."

"And don't you ever speak to him?

He fidgeted nervously.

"Oh, I passes the time o' day like, and tells 'im if 'is pants need pressin' and little things like that."

"Does he ever say anything about me?"

"Not lately he don't."

"Have you any idea why not?"

"I might 'ave a hidea, Slim; but what's servants' gossip, after all?"

As he had me there I dropped the subject, stealing round to Cantyre's quarters about eleven that night.

To my knock, which was timid and self-conscious, he responded with a low "Come in" that lacked the heartiness to which he had accustomed me. As usual at this hour

he was in an elaborate dressing gown, and also as usual the room was heavy with the scent of flowers. He was not lounging, but sitting at his desk with his back to me, writing checks. "Oh, it's you!" he said without turning his head.

"Thought I'd drop in on you."

He went on writing.

"Do you want to sit down?"

"Not if you're busy."

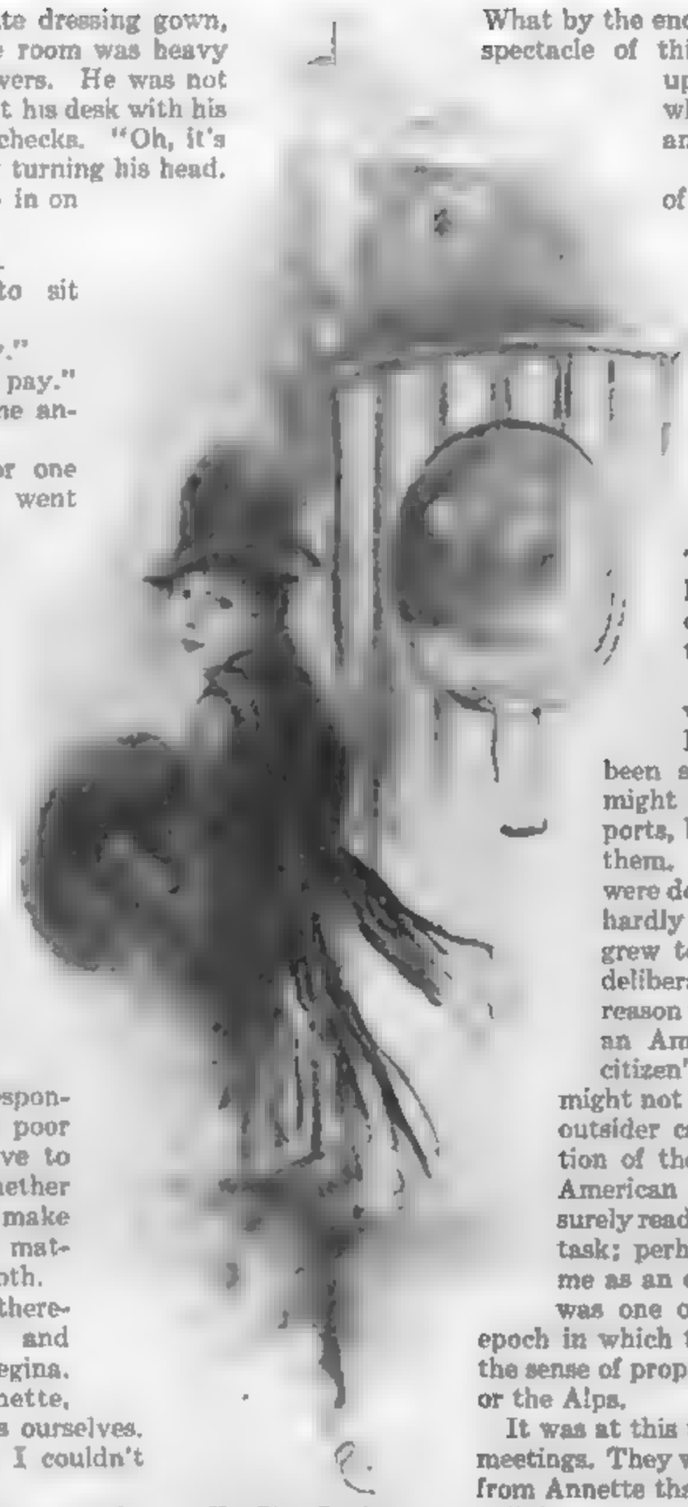
"Got some bills to pay."

"Oh, then, I'll come another time."

Having gone in for one bit of information I went out with another: Cantyre knew.

I was not only sorry for his knowing, I was surprised at it. During the two months and more that we had been in New York both Regina and I had been notably discreet. We had been discreet for the reasons that all the strings were in our own hands, and it depended solely on ourselves as to which we pulled. We alone were the responsible parties. That poor Cantyre shouldn't have to suffer before we knew whether or not we meant to make him suffer had been a matter of concern to us both.

If he knew, it was, therefore, not from me; and neither was it from Regina. There remained Annette, but she was as safe as ourselves. Further than Annette I couldn't think of anyone.



Her First Exclamation Was: "How Well You Look! You're Almost as You Were Before the War"

I should have been more absorbed by this question had I not waked to new elements in the world drama, as one wakes to a sudden change in the weather. My surprise came not from any knowledge of new facts but from the revival of my own faculty for putting two and two together. There had been a period in which depression had produced a kind of mental hibernation. When at the end of February I emerged from it the new world in particular had moved immeasurably far forward.

Now that I came to notice it I saw a change as perceptible as that in the wind in the whole American national position. As silently as the wind shifts to a new point of the compass a hundred millions of people had shifted their point of view. They were moving it onward day by day, with a rapidity of which they themselves were unconscious.

The titanic facts were to the undercurrent of events but as the volcano to the fire at the heart of the earth. The heart of all human life being now ablaze there was here and there a stupendous outburst which was but a symptom of the raging flame beneath. There was the U-boat blockade of Great Britain, endangering all the maritime nations of the world. There was the American diplomatic break with Germany. There was the guarding of the German ships interned in American ports. There was the torpedoing of an American steamer off the Scilly Isles. There was Mr. Wilson's invitation to the neutral nations to join him in the breach with the German emperor. And then on the twenty-sixth the President went before Congress to ask authority to use armed force to protect American rights.

These, I say, were but volcanic incidents. The impressive thing to me was the transformation of a people by a process as subtle as enchantment.

Two months earlier they had been neutral, and sitting tight on their neutrality. The war was three thousand miles away. It had been brewed in the cursed vendettas of nations of some of which the everyday American hardly knew the names. It was tragic for those peoples; but they whose lives were poisoned by no hereditary venom were not called on to take part. Zebulon and Naphtali from sheer geographical position might be obliged to hazard their lives to the death; but Asher could abide in his ports, and Gilead beyond Jordan. That had been the kind of reasoning I heard as late as the time of my arrival.

On my return to New York in November, I had found a nation holding its judgments and energies in suspense. What by the end of February interested me most was the spectacle of this same people urging forward, surging upward, striving, straining toward a goal which everyone knew it would take strength and sacrifice to reach.

Between this approach to war and that of any of the other great powers there was this difference: They had taken the inevitable step while in the grip of a great stress. They sprang to their arms overnight. They had no more choice than a man whose house is on fire as to whether or not he will extinguish it. Out of the bed of their luxurious existence they were called as if by conflagration. Whether they would lose their lives or escape with them was a question they had no time to consider. They went up to the top notch of the heroic in an instant, not knowing the danger they were facing or the courage they displayed.

Here, on the other hand, was a people who saw everything from a long way off. For nearly three years their souls had been sickened with the tale of blood. Gilead might abide beyond Jordan and Asher in his ports, but no atrocious detail had been spared them. They knew, therefore, just what they were doing, exactly what was before them. I can hardly say that they made their choice; they grew toward it. They grew toward it calmly, deliberately, clear-sightedly; and for this very reason with an incomparable bravery. If I were an American citizen instead of the American citizen's blood-brother I might not say this; I might not have been aware of it. In any family the outsider can see that which escapes the observation of the daughter or the son. I heard no born American comment on this splendid, tranquil, leisurely readjustment of the spirit to a new, Herculean task; perhaps no born American noticed it; but to me as an onlooker, interested and yet detached, it was one of the most grandiose movements of an epoch in which the repetition of the grandiose bewilders the sense of proportion, as on the first days in the Selkirks or the Alps.

It was at this time I heard that Regina was addressing meetings. They were women's club meetings, and I learned from Annette that she was speaking with success.

"She seems to have come out of a sort of trance," Annette observed of her, using the word I had used myself. "Ever since she came home she's been like a girl walking in her sleep. Now she's waked and is like her old self."

Since Annette knew my story, or part of it, I thought it no harm to ask: "To what do you attribute it?"

But Annette refused to lend herself to my game.

"I attribute it to her getting over the long strain. It's natural that you people who've been over there should be dazed or jumpy or something. She's been dazed."

"And what do you think I've been?"

"Oh, you've been the same," she laughed; "but, then, you're always queer."

XXIX

THE news with regard to Regina acted on me as a twofold stimulus. In the first place it sent me back at last to the Down and Out. If she had waked I, too, would wake; and since she was actively pleading the great cause I would do the same. I didn't go to a meeting, but dropped in during a forenoon. The house was even humbler and dingier than I remembered it, but as scrupulously neat and clean. In the back sitting room were half a dozen men, all of the type to which I had once belonged and with whom I felt a sympathy so overwhelming as to surprise myself. Perhaps because I had seen so much of what could be made of human material even when it was destined to be no more than cannon fodder in the end, I was sorry to see this waste.

"You'd Kick Me Out, Slim?"

With one exception I placed them as all under thirty. They were good-looking fellows in the main, who would respond amazingly to drill. After that impetus to the inner self, of which the Down and Out had the secret, plenty of work, a regular life, food, water and sleep would renew them as the earth is renewed by spring. No missionary ever longed to bring a half dozen promising pagans into the Christian fold more ardently than I to see these five or six poor wastrels transformed into fighting men.

For the minute there was no official there but little Spender, whose bliss in life was in opening the Down and Out door. Having led me across the empty front sitting room he said, as I stood in the gap of the folding doors: "Say, brothers! This is Slim. Come in here four or five years ago just as low down as any of you; and look at him now!"

I did feel enormously tall, in spite of the high studding of the room, as well as enormously big in my ample military overcoat. To the six who sat in that woeful outward idleness, of which I knew the inner secret preoccupation, I must have been an astonishing apparition. Only a very commanding presence could summon these men from the desolate land into which their spirits were wandering; but for once in my life I did it. All eyes were fixed on me; every jaw dropped in a kind of awe.

Knowing the habits and needs of such a stupor I merely threw off my overcoat, entered and sat down. Any greeting I made was general and offhand. Apart from that I sat and said nothing.

I sat and said nothing because I knew it was what they liked. They liked the companionship, as babies and dogs like companionship, though their aching minds could not have responded to talk. There was no embarrassment in this silence, no expectation. It was a stupefied pleasure to them to stare at the uniform, to speculate inchoately as to the patch on my eye; and that little was enough.

Nobody read; nobody smoked. I neither smoked nor read; I only sat as in a Quaker meeting, waiting for the first movement of the spirit.

It came when a husky voice, that seemed to travel from across a gulf, said, without any particular reason: "I'm Spud."

I turned to my right, to see a good-looking, brown-eyed fellow, of perhaps twenty-eight, trying to reach me, as it were, with his pathetic, despairing gaze.

I knew what was behind this self-introduction. The lost identity was trying to find itself; the man who was worthy of something was doing his utmost to get out of the abyss by reaching up his hands to the man who had got out.

"All right, Spud," I said heartily, "put it there! We're going to be friends."

Silence for another five minutes was broken when a high voice recited in a sort of litany: "I'm Jimmy McKeever, traveler for Grubbe & Oates, gents' furnishers."

Sharp-faced, wiry, catlike, agile, tough as wire, I could see this fellow creeping out into the darkness of No Man's Land, and creeping back with information of the enemy.

I broke in on the litany to say: "Good for you, Jimmy, old boy! Glad to know you. Let's shake hands."

He sprang from his seat on the outskirts of the group, but before he could reach me a great, brawny paw was stretched forward by a blue-eyed young Hercules sitting nearer me, which grasped my fingers as if in a vise. There was then a scramble of handshaking, each of the bunch asserting his claim for recognition, like very small children. The older man alone held aloof, sitting by himself, scowling, hard-faced, cross-legged, kicking out a big foot with a rapid, nervous rhythm.

It was he who, when the handshaking was over, snarled out the question: "What's the matter with your eye?"

I told them the story of how I lost it.

I told it as simply as I could, while working in a fair share of the strong color which I hoped would arrest their attention. It did. In all my experience of men coming back into life from the state which is so expressively known as dead drunk it was the first time I ever saw them listen with avidity to any voice but that of the inner man.

What is there about war which speaks with this authority? Where did it get its power to go to the hidden man of the heart, that subliminal self with which modern speculation has been so busy, and shift him from off his age-long base? It is commonly said that whatever our personal vicissitudes human nature remains the same; but though that may be true of the past I doubt if it will be true of the future. War on the scale on which we are waging it has already

changed human nature. It has changed it as the years change a baby to a boy and a boy to a man. It has lifted human nature up, drawn out of it what we never supposed to be there, freed it from its slavery to time. It has to a large degree reversed the processes of time as it has reversed the usages of sex. We have seen youth doing the work of maturity, maturity that of youth, women that of men, men that of women. We have seen cowards transformed into heroes, rotters into saints, stupid, idiotic ne'er-do-wells into saviors of mankind.

We shall never go back again to the helpless conviction that youth must grow slowly into age only to have age decay into ugliness and senility. This kind of foolish, useless progress may still go on for an indefinite time to come, but we shall work against it as against something contrary to the highest possibilities of Nature. Since we have thrown off our mental shackles in great moments we shall see that we can do the same in small, and having emerged on a higher plane we shall stay there. Staying there we shall doubtless go on in time to a higher plane still—a plane on which the mighty works that are now wrought in war will become feasible in peace. We are not on that plane yet; but if the advance of the human race means anything we shall get there. It may take a thousand years; it may take more; it may take less; but in the meantime we must seize our blessings as we may

So these fellows listened to my tale as raptly as if a trumpet were sounding in their ears. It was like a summons to them to come out of stupefaction. They asked questions not only as to my own experiences but as to the causes and purposes of the war in general. I do not affirm that they were the most intelligent questions that could be asked; but for men in their condition they were astonishing.

That they were not of necessity to be easy converts I could see when the old chap sitting apart asked again in his bitter voice: "Did you ever kill a fellow creetur that had the same right to live as yourself?"

As we discussed that aspect of the subject, too, I found it difficult to restrain my audience from the free fight for which at the Down and Out there was always an inclination. I accomplished this, however, and as I rose to go the brawny Hercules sidled shyly up to me with the words: "Say! I'm a Canuck. Petersfield, Ontario, is where I hail from. Why ain't I in this here war?"

He was my first recruit. A few weeks later he was in uniform in Montreal. My object in telling you about him is to point out the fact that I made a beginning, and that from the beginning the sympathy of the City of Comrades upheld me. Little by little that movement by which the whole of America was being shaken out of its materialism, its provincialism and its mental isolation reached us in Vandiver Street, and we began to see that there were subjects of conversation more commanding than that of drink. What I may call a war party rose among us, and the sentiment that we ought to be in it was expressed.

"We shall be in it when the time comes," Andrew Christian said to me when we were alone for a few minutes after I had been talking with the men one day. "One of the great mistakes human impatience makes is in trying to hurry the methods by which the divine mind counteracts human errors. We forget that it is not for us to know the times or the seasons that the Father hath put into his own power. Things that take place in their own way generally take place in his. And the overruling force of his way, when we let it alone, working simply, naturally and as a matter of course, is one of the extraordinary features of history."

I was the more impressed by these quiet words for the reason that I saw that he, too, was one of the Americans chafing under the long holding back of his country. No one I had seen since my return was more changed in this respect than he. I had left a man who had but one object in his life, the salvation of other men from drink. I found a man marvelously broadened, heightened, illumined, almost transfigured by a set of larger purposes.

But he spoke so calmly!

"We shall go into this thing the more thoroughly when our people as a whole are convinced of its necessity. And for a hundred millions of people to be convinced is a matter that takes time. It isn't many months ago that they elected a President on the slogan 'He kept us out of war.' Had it not been for that slogan it's doubtful whether or not he would have been elected. All politics apart we can say that had he not been elected it's doubtful whether any other candidate could carry with him a united Congress when we came to the moment of decision. Were the President not to have a united Congress behind him there would be no united people. As it is we're all forging forward together, President, Congress and people, as surely as winter forges forward into spring; and when the minute arrives ——"

He broke off with a smile I can only call exalted. With a hasty pressure of my hand he was off to some other fellow with some other needful word.

xxx

MY PURPOSE in telling you all this is to show you why I reacted so slightly to Regina's charge of the indirect method. Though my curiosity as to what she meant was keen enough the pressure of other interests allowed it no time to work. That is to say, as soon as I got back into the current of great events personal concerns became relatively unimportant. They had to wait. One developed the capacity to keep them waiting

But toward the middle of March I met her one day in Fifth Avenue. Even from a distance I could see that her step was vigor and her look animation. The haunting sadness had fled from her eyes, while the generous smile, spontaneous and flashing, had returned to her scarlet lips. It was a new Regina because it was the old one.

To me her first exclamation was: "How well you look! You're almost as you were before the war."

Though I was conscious of a pang at seeing her so far from pining away I endeavored to play up.

"Mayn't I say the same of you? What's done it?"

She laughed.

"Oh, I don't know. Work, I suppose—and the knowledge that things are marching."

"I hear you're very busy."

"I hear you're busy too."

"People do seem to want to be told things at first hand "

"I find the same."

"And so one has to be on the job."

"There's nothing like it, is there? It"—she flung me one of her old, quick, daring glances—"it fills all the needs. Nothing else becomes urgent."

"You mean that one's personal affairs "

"Oh, one has no personal affairs. I remember a man who was in the San Francisco earthquake telling me that for forty-eight hours he hardly needed to eat or sleep."

"I've seen that doubled and trebled."

"Of course you have. It simply means that when we get out of ourselves we can make supermen of the commonest material."

I ventured to say: "You look happy, Regina. Are you?"

"Are you?"

I weighed this in order to answer her truthfully.

"If I'm not happy I'm—I'm content—content to be doing something—the least little bit—to urge things forward."

"And I can say the same. If I look well, as you put it, that's the reason. And so long as that's the reason other things can—wait." She added quickly: "I must go now or I shall be late. I'm speaking to the women at the Mary Chilton Club, and I'm overdue."

She had actually passed on when I stopped her to say: "What do you mean by the indirect method?"

She called back over her shoulder: "Ask Stephen."

And I asked him that night. Having heard him come into his room between eight and nine o'clock I marched in boldly, bearding him without beating about the bush:

"I say, old Stephen, what have you been saying to Regina about me?"

His hat had been thrown on the table: his arms were outstretched in the act of taking off his overcoat.

(Continued on Page 84)

"We Must Get a Little Farther On—We Must Give Still More—We Must at Least Offer All Even if it Isn't All Taken Away From Us—Before it's Given Back to Us—Renewed—Purified"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG U S PAT OFF

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 18, 1919

If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

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The Mistakes of Moses

YEARS ago Bob Ingersoll had a lecture that delighted an enthusiastic following of agnostics. It was called Some Mistakes of Moses. But in his anxiety to discredit the lawgiver Bob overlooked a vital point. In spite of all his mistakes Moses brought back the law from Sinai, greatly to the moral profit of his people. And in the face of that achievement no one except Bob and his fellow knockers attached any special importance to the mistakes of Moses.

With all his achievements President Wilson has a very generous list of mistakes to his debit, but we do not believe that he went to France to hear the bands play him down the Champs-Elysées and the populace roar out a welcome. If he made a mistake in going he made a greater one in not telling the American people just why he went. But if he brings back what we fought for many mistakes can be forgiven him.

To anyone who could read between the lines of foreign press dispatches during late November and early December the compelling motive that took the President abroad was fairly clear. To anyone who talked with well-informed pro-American Americans returning from Europe at the same time the reason was crystal clear. Whether the President might not have exerted greater influence from America is another question. There are possible advantages and quite obvious embarrassments arising from his being in France.

As the military censorship lifted after the armistice the political censorship settled down like a fog bank between America and Europe and between Paris and the people of the Allied countries. Americans were kept in total ignorance of what was really going on abroad. We walked around in a soft blue haze of sentimentality, without the slightest notion that powerful reactionary influences were at work trying to shape up in advance a peace that would be to their liking. The things for which we and the people of the Allied countries had fought were in grave danger of being lost in the shuffle of secret diplomacy. Over here we were all so busy being pro-British, pro-French, pro-Italian and pro-Belgian that we had small time for being pro-American where our national interests were involved. Things had reached the point among our expatriates—the fifty-eighth and lowest form of cootie—and in certain home circles that to be pro-American was really bad form. These folk were tiptoeing round with finger on lip, whispering "Hush!" whenever anyone so far forgot his manners. By a *reductio ad absurdum* it became unpatriotic to hint that any word or action of one of our Allies could fall short of absolute perfection. In short, it was an orgy of soothing sirup.

We need a good strong reaction to common sense. There is plenty of it about us among the Allies. It is time for us to recognize facts and to weigh them calmly and sanely. Among other things let us have done with this silly stuff about forgiving the Entente nations their borrowings from us. They do not want it, and our mush-head talk about it is humiliating to them as hard-headed business men. Besides, when we get through settling our bills abroad—and we have paid our way liberally, even prodigally—the balance in our favor will not be so large as some of us think. All this sort of agitation simply tends to nullify the good impression that the work done by Hoover and the Red Cross created. There is and there should be no limit to what individuals can give through the Red Cross to alleviate actual want and suffering in Europe. That is the proper way to express our sympathy and to extend our help.

Much of our nonsense and hysteria is the direct result of censorship and the consequent withholding of the truth about conditions from the people. If there ever was a time in the history of the world when there should be pitiless publicity and an uncensored press, an open peace table and the whole truth for the whole world, this is the time. There must be no scrambling for spoils, no old-fashioned hog peace, with every nation crowding to get its feet in the trough—and there will be no peace of that sort if the men who did the fighting know what is going on. The soldiers of the Entente and of America laid down their lives for an ideal. And any peace that is not made in the open, that involves secret understandings and agreements, that distributes spoils and that is not guarded by a League of Nations—with teeth—is simply the prelude to a new and unthinkably horrible war—a war to be preceded for us, as for the others, by conscription, competitive armaments, by everything that we fought to escape, by the sacrifice of everything that has made America the most worth-while country in the world. Unless, as is more than likely, such a peace is followed by a world uprising of the deceived and overburdened people—a blind plunge from the age-long deviltries of king-made and politician-made wars into the bloody excesses of anarchy and Bolshevism.

If there is the slightest danger that the Peace Conference may become a Congress of Vienna the people of every nation should know the facts. Any secrecy in settling the affairs of the world would be the one great irretrievable mistake. With a fully informed public behind them, there is little doubt that the Allied and American leaders who are working for a just and permanent peace will triumph over the reactionaries.

Taxing Corporations

THERE is good reason for a graded tax on individual incomes. An individual with an income of a million dollars ought to pay a greater proportion of it to the support of the Government than an individual with an income of five thousand. There is no good reason for a graded tax on corporations. Corporation A has an income of a million dollars; Corporation B has only half a million. But if A is taxed at a higher rate its small stockholders pay more proportionately than the large stockholders in B. Particularly, there is no good reason to grade taxes on corporations according to the percentage they earn on the actual money invested.

One haberdashery shop by abler management turns its goods over twice as fast as another and earns twice as much on the actual investment. Its income may go to twice as many stockholders or partners. There is no good reason for penalizing it by a higher tax rate.

In taxing war profits the Senate's revenue bill levies a flat rate of eighty per cent. Whether a concern makes one dollar of war profits or a million dollars it pays eighty per cent; which is the right principle, for profits that are due to war ought to go back to the public treasury—one dollar as much as a million dollars. But if a concern shows no war profits at all, yet earns more than eight per cent on the invested capital, the Senate bill taxes it progresively; the more it earns on the actual investment, the higher the rate of tax. This whole excess-profits scheme is wrong—based on the false theory that profits above a given percentage on the actual investment are excessive and ought to be progressively penalized.

The Sordid Motive

YOU hear continually that French statements and opinions concerning the present régime in Russia are not trustworthy, for France is prejudiced against the Bolsheviki because they repudiated Russia's debts to France. Very likely France is prejudiced. We should be in France's place. France holds a great quantity of Russian debts, which means substantially that Jean, being industrious, prudent and abstemious, laid by part of his income every year; while Ivan, being in a more backward state, was constantly needing money. When he wanted to fence his farm, get a better breed of cattle and build a larger barn, he borrowed the money of Jean. But, having suffered a great misfortune and taken a grievous overdose of literary vodka, he burned the barn, allowed the cattle to get into the oats, painted his house red, and announced that he had embraced a new dispensation, whose first tenet forbade the payment of debts.

Probably Jean was sore. You would have been in his place. It may be true enough that Ivan's hired man was half lunatic and half rascal, and wasted much of the borrowed money; but that was not Jean's fault. All of those Russian bonds held in France represent French diligence, thrift and abstemiousness. France produced the money that bought them by her labor and prudence. Every franc of them stands for some French man or woman's effort to produce and save. And, with all the huge wastes of the Czardom, much of the money built railroads, and the like, which the Bolsheviki are using now—if they have not wrecked them.

Of course France wants her money back, or the interest on it, and is prejudiced against the régime that blandly proposes to bilk her. You are prejudiced against the man who borrows money of you and coolly refuses to pay. You ought to be. A person who has no prejudice against dead beats is himself a proper object of prejudice.

Fight or Coöperate?

THE French Minister of Commerce spoke recently about his country's situation. There is a huge wastage to be made good, a heavy debt to be borne. In that respect other countries find themselves in much the same position, so stiff competition should be expected, for raw materials on the one hand and for markets for finished goods on the other. Besides dislocation of her industries, due to war, France's man power or labor power is seriously diminished.

That, briefly put, is the nation's problem—a hard problem, certainly. But M. Clementel turned to the other side of the account—namely, to the mighty things France had accomplished during more than four years of a life-and-death struggle. The great achievements of war, he said, had been possible by united effort—all working heartily together. And to solve the problem of reconstruction France must reject the German idea of implacable division along class lines and adopt a French idea of coöperation of all classes in the common interest.

The Socialist theory is that all those who engage in production must align themselves in two implacably hostile classes and fight until one destroys the other. It is founded on as false and shallow a notion as ever gained extensive currency among men—the notion of an inveterate hostility between the interests of capital and the interests of labor, so that one can prosper only at the expense of the other. If there were no Russian example common sense and common experience could still affirm positively that reconstruction would fail to make progress in any country exactly in proportion as that destructive idea prevailed; for if there is anything common sense and common experience know it is that men prosper by cooperating and not by fighting.

Buyers and sellers represent opposing interests: one wants the goods cheap; the other wants them dear. They do not fight, but sit down and dicker until they reach a point where they can agree; and at that point, by and large, both of them profit by trading. The interests of capital and labor are in opposition to the same degree. Socialism's stock in trade is to prevent them from agreeing. It would be difficult to imagine a less serviceable doctrine—especially in this juncture of the world's affairs.

HOW MANY SEEDS IN A POMEGRANATE?—By Rob Wagner

WHEN it finally leaked out that I Steve Sturgess was writing the story of the property man, the news stirred up all the latent comedy on our lot. From the indulgent and pitying grin of the director general, down through the ribald laughter of the actors, to the insulting giggles of the camera kids, my threatened literary eruption met with hilarious disrespect. The horned toads in the scenario dump were especially jocose.

"Hey, Eddie, Steve, here, is writing the memoirs of a junk collector. It'll be some classic—eh, what? Oh, I say, Steve, can you parse an antepenult or conjugate the verb bunk? What are you going to tell about—stuffed birds?" All of which comes under the head of humor in cultured scenario circles.

"Well," said I, "I've read all the bunk you birds have written and I haven't noticed any William Cullen Bryants among you!"

Now that insults are even, I can go ahead with my tale; and, whether I'm to be classed with Henry James or Henry Dubb, here is my contribution to letters.

The title seems queer, no doubt, but the question is: Did it arrest your eye and intrigue your interest? If so, then my little manual on How to Write a Short Story is correct. However, the apparently foolish query about seeds is not asked merely to provoke attention; it is symbolic of curious questions that constantly confront the property man. That one, in fact, nearly shook an empire to its artistic foundations, as you will learn if you count this rope of literary pearls to the end.

But the titling is as far as I shall obey the little manual; for if I followed that splendid teacher—or the grand old rules of the scenariowls—I should have to end the story with the actual or prospective nuptials of the hero and heroine. But I'm going to back-crank on the rules, begin with the wedding, and then wander round whither I hateth; for the big end of my adventures dates from my marriage, that happy event actually marking an epoch of colossal artistic importance in the photodrama.

The Hollywood Librarianette

FIRST, let us iris in on a brown-haired girl of about twenty-six, sitting behind a desk in the Hollywood Public Library. As the diaphragm opens up we see she is a perfect quince; wonderful complexion and all that. I could make the picture stronger; but as she is the girl I married it might sound like boasting.

However, I'll say this: No five-reeler ever faded in on a better looker.

Anyway, there she sat, one beautiful day in January, when I happened to stroll in; and as soon as I saw her the other librarianettes became simply blurs. Beating it right up to her corner, I said:

"Pardon me; but can you tell me if at Dutch weddings they throw wooden shoes at the bride and groom?"

Such a queer plaintive look came into her fawnlike eyes, as though she was thinking "Poor nut!" And then she began to laugh.

"On the square, I'm not kidding," I broke in. "I'm Steve Sturgess, property man at the Filmart, and the script calls for a Dutch wedding. As my union believes all leading men should be killed on principle, I'd like to get this bird beaned with a wooden shoe if the technic is correct."

"Well, Mr. Sturgess," she smiled back, "I know little about weddings—Dutch or any other kind; but I'll look it up for you and let you know within an hour if you'll phone me."

And—would you believe it?—I stuck round that mausoleum for an even sixty minutes just to lamp her as she waded through a great pile of books. Here I was, an old —— Well, I had come through the Spanish War romantically intact, and yet my spine was tingling like your foot's asleep. I thought of a title: Nicked at Forty-two! These scenario fellows play this first-sight stuff pretty strong; but it can happen!

After that it was marvelous the things I had to look up in the library; but I'm going to show my literary speed by stating right here that six weeks after the opening episode we were married.

You might wonder how a girl like Elizabeth Brentwood, a graduate of Berkeley, well-born and all that, could marry a property man; but, to tell the truth, the lady had little to say about it, for I hadn't watched the work of the movie cave men for nothing, and I simply used the regular strong-arm technic. It was brutal, but necessary; for one of the rules of the cave is: Don't give 'em a chance to think!

So I married Bessie; but, instead of carrying her off to my lair, she stayed on at the library, for this was part of the plot we were hatching. In other words, I was to draw the big salary for being the wisest property man in Movieland, while she was to furnish the brains. It was cheating; but so is all art.

Studio Teamwork

RIGHT away Bess began to equip herself by boning up on costumes, utensils, customs, and all the strange encyclopedic things we're called upon to know; and it was a pretty tough studio problem I couldn't solve if they'd only let me get to the telephone long enough to connect with my brains.

Our scheme ripened six months later, when Bessie Sturgess was made librarian of the Filmart Studio and immediately organized the first research department in the moving-picture business. And, curiously enough, my stock went way up; for, between my experience with things in general and our magnificent researcher, we became the most authoritative studio in the country.

And now just a word about the functions of my office. When the phrase "property man" is heard the average person conjures in his mind a certain profane and vulgar creature of the stage who goes about after the show packing up the guns, lost papers, wooden drinking cups and paper snow, and repeating the same gesture in the same way, night after night, throughout the season. And the picture is fairly faithful to fact; for that is about all he has to do. If he is traveling with a repertoire company he'll have more trunks—that's all. But the same old props go right through the season, with the possible exception of a few big ones, such as a table and a stove, which he may rent from a secondhand store in each town, giving passes by way of compensation. The last time I made the grade I had nine

The Wind Machine and the Garden Hose Producing a Dark and Stormy Night

Above—In Some Studios a Goat is Classed as an Actor

Going Out Again to Lay Down Their Sawdust Lives Upon the Battlefield

trunks, and my position was raised almost to the dignity of labor.

But when I joined the pictures, ten years ago, I found that the prop man had added to his janitorial duties the job of messenger boy, professional glad-handing and the art of burglary. No longer was it just nine trunks of definite props for one show; performances on the lot changed every day and every hour, and often as many as seven companies were working at once. Every scene needed props at once. Having no prop plots in advance, our sets were inspirationalized, and those men who purveyed to the hectic and colorful demands of the first directors were the founders of the modern order of go-getters.

In those grand old days the whole world was our prop room, and we just went forth and took whatever we wished with but slight opposition from the villagers. The pictures were so new and fascinating that millionaires would lend us their buckeye Corots or cut-glass cuspidors just for the fun of having a look-in at our mysterious game. We might have to argue a few minutes to get a private car or a steam yacht off one of them; and in extreme cases, if pushed real hard, we would offer to pay for our *objet d'art*.

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THE ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS

A Rogues' Gallery is One of the Wickedest Props We Have

However, when it came to a show-down, and the stingy old things wouldn't contribute their treasures to the cause, we must perforce burgle. If it wasn't that I was never in a prison I really liked I should go more into detail.

There was one capitalist of Watts who advertised in the Lost and Found columns for the return of a large iron dog that had disappeared from his velvet lawn; and after ten days of terrible suspense he peeked out of the front window and darned if Rover hadn't returned! I'll say this for the dog: He acted with much more repose than the actors who supported him. Yes, sir-ree! If a prop man was told to go and get a left-handed monkey wrench he would do so if it required a thorough search of every ship in the United States Navy, the only place where such wrenches are reputed to be in existence.

With most road companies the drapes could be doubled for gunny sacks, they were that tough; but here we might use the finest textiles borrowable. On the other hand, where much of the stage furniture was built of light stuff, and could be knocked down so as to pack compactly, in the picture we used it solid and full size.

In the Old Days

WHEN I look back upon my first prop room it seems more like an arsenal or a corral; for, as most of our films were Westerns, about all we needed in the way of permanent props were saddles, guns, canoes, hair pants, Indian baskets and a stagecoach.

Our early directors were virile outdoor men who despised interior sets, largely because they did not permit of enough violence, dramatically known as action. True, every studio had a kitchen table and six chairs; one red plush suite for the sheriff's parlor, which could be doubled for a swell set by simply adding a potted palm, a chenille curtain and a plaster Cupid and Psyche.

Gradually we began to gather and build quite a number of things, but they were pretty crude and cheap. Whenever we tackled the domestic drama and city stuff we rented our furniture from the stores, they charging us ten per cent of the retail price for a week's use. The renting of props has become one grand little business.

From these small beginnings of a few years ago have grown the most amazing departments of our strange enterprise. Every prop in our studio of eight years ago could have been bought for a thousand dollars; now the rugs and drapes alone at the Filmart are valued at twenty-five thousand or more. The single room has expanded into huge warehouses that literally cover acres of ground, with gallery after gallery crowded with the treasures of five continents.

What do they contain? It would be easier to enumerate the things that are missing. As the endless galleries pass in mental review I see Egyptian settees, boxing gloves, hairpins, mahogany twin beds, windmills, butterflies, billheads, tombstones, gas stoves, stuffed birds, billiard tables, Indian blankets, roller skates, imitation fruit, marble statuary, jig-saw walnut furniture of a day gone by and the haircloth sets of an earlier epoch, trench mortars, tallyhos, saloon bars, telephone switchboards, roulette wheels, lanterns, Florentine frames, silver toilet sets, anvils, Paisley shawls, barber poles, snakes and wax cloak models.

One room will have nothing but porcelain automobile signs from every state and for every year; another will contain a complete set of roll-top desks, beginning with those huge things full of secret panels and drawers so dear to our granddads, barber chairs from every land, and To Rent signs in every language. Suppose the script should say: "Hortense sees by the clock that the fatal hour has arrived." We have a salon containing four hundred timepieces capable of registering that calamity; everything from the kind the mouse ran up to the alarming dollar ones.

An Endless Job

SHOULD we wish to set an operating room, we have the whole bazazzus, from the oxygen tanks to the porcelain tables. Why a great bin of empty tomato cans? you ask. Well, some day we may wish to shoot a slum picture. Old hats, cricket bats, clotheshorses, books by the thousand, cords of wood, weather vanes and bathtubs. Things, things, things—and then more things; things you would never dream of, and then other things besides! Sometimes I've gone home mentally swamped with the things of this world; yet I know there are many, many things lacking in my collection. One of our inmates dug this out of the motto room and placed it over the office door. It reads: "The world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.—R. L. S." And underneath he added: "Robert Louis was no prop man!"

No; this is a vastly different job from guarding nine trunks with a road show, or acting as chambermaid to a pile of hair pants and a stagecoach. I am at once the curator of the most amazing and colossal museum, and the greatest junk dealer in the world, one of the biggest buyers on the coast, and a trafficker in safety pins. I have the handling of huge sums and the care of intrinsically worthless rubbish. And, so long as humans persist in making things and more things, there is no end to my job.

It's like the fellows who paint the Brooklyn Bridge; when they get to the other side they have to begin all over again. I sympathize with the window washer of the Crystal Palace. Nor does the warehouse encompass all my props.

"Zat you, Steve? Say, we're gonna shoot that snow stuff at the studio and I'll need at least a carload of rock salt. Howarya off? An' say, Steve, I've gotta have them six tons of soft coal for that mine story delivered down to the ranch by 'leven tomorra mornin'. Now don't go an' gum up the schedule—willya, Steve?"

Studio manager, over the telephone: "Steve, Gower"—he's the director of production—"tells me you are crazy with the heat! You have given a figure of six hundred dollars for shooting that cattle picture. He says if he can't get a simple privilege like that for fifty dollars he'll eat his hat. How about it?"

Me: "Well, I hope he likes hats; for listen to me: If you chase a thousand head of cattle all over the landscape just to make a picture do you know how much beef they'll lose? Just five pounds apiece. That's five thousand pounds at twelve cents on the hoof, making six hundred dollars, or my slate is wrong. And don't think the calculation is original

(Continued on Page 101)

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE HENRY LEHRMAN PRODUCTION

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The Prop Man Often Shows an Enthusiasm in His Bombardments Out of Proportion to Art's Necessities Above—Making a Monkey of Him

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FABRICATED

By HENRY LEVERAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

A Racking Roar Ripped the Night Wide Open. A Lurid Light Streamed Upward From the Bow of the Freighter

MANY shops had assisted in building the freighter Aguia. She was assembled in the great fabricating yard of McGovern & Sterne, at Tyneside. The experience gained by the sharps of the American Shipping Board had brought about a revolution on the part of British shipbuilders.

No longer did ships rust on the ways while each plate and beam and rib was bulldozed out of stubborn metal and fitted as a Bond Street tailor fits a suit. They were cut to a pattern in a hundred shops and assembled like serviceable hand-me-down clothes, which were preferable and most cheap to repair.

The Aguia, which followed her sister ship, the Aphrodite, by two weeks, was a five-thousand-gross-ton freighter, with British-built engines and a single squat funnel that rose just aft the combination deck house, bridge and chart room.

She was brought round to the Thames and the Pool, and there she loaded with flour and American canned meats for the famine-stricken population of the White Sea littoral and the Archangel District. War, pestilence and broken rail communications had called the Aguia upon this errand of mercy.

Her pilot was dropped off the Nore. She turned her straight bow up the Channel and took the first leg of her passage with three men gathered on her bridge, who were overly curious to open the sealed orders that had been sent out by the British Admiralty.

These three men had figured in dispatches over the years of the Red War. They had been picked by the owners for their experience and reliability. No one of them had ever been over the dark shoulder of the North Cape. They had believed—until told to the contrary—that the White Sea was closed by ice in the winter.

Compiled charts, picked crews in the stokehold and engine room, standardized engines of moderate horse power, and a general recklessness of consequences were expected to place the Aguia where she would do the most good for a suffering people.

Micky McMasters, skipper of the freighter, and his Yankee mate, Red Landyard, worked together like a hand and a glove

Mike Monkey, the scrawny and freckled first engineer, fought the upper guard tooth and nail; and for this reason he was tolerated on the ship.

These were the three men who clustered on the narrow bridge of the Aguia and analyzed the sealed orders. The envelope, with the red seals of Great Britain, lay on the bridge deck. The paper it contained was plastered against the chart rack, where a comber from out of the Channel had reached and licked and receded.

"And may Gawd strike me pink!" said Micky McMasters irreverently. "We 'ave reached the limit. We 'ave!"

Mike Monkey placed his greasy hands on the well-sewed patches that marked his thin knees and stared at the paper. He shifted a chew and blinked his lashless eyebrows like a chimpanzee regarding a jungle proclamation.

"The same being my opinion," he concurred as he straightened himself and eyed the skipper. "If the Aphrodite has gone an' done it, wot's to prevent us doin' likewise? Ah minds a part ov that coast. Fog, sleet an' the winds ov meanness. White Sea—wot! It's th' coldest hole on th' chart. Ah was at Hammerfest once—when th' third mate's shadow froze to th' deck!"

This astonishing announcement passed unnoticed. The first engineer gulped part of his chew and glared over the rail at the pea-soup fog that blotted out all save the broad, businesslike prow of the freighter and the deck aft the break of the forecastle.

"Translated into sea talk," drawled the Yankee mate, "the orders are to rush the cargo to Archangel and save the day. The Aphrodite was a well-built ship. She's gone! We're carrying a duplicate consignment from consignor to consignee. That's clear!"

"Where'd she go?" asked Mike Monkey.

Micky McMasters pointed a twisted finger toward the planks of the bridge.

"Down there," he said sepulchrally.

"Sunk?"

"There's no blyme' trace of her!"

"Ah rather be sunk than ashore. Ah minds that coast well."

Micky rubbed his eyes with a vigorous wrist. He glided toward the binnacle, squinted at the compass and then sniffed the salt sea air.

"You mark the orders," he said to Red Landyard. "Enter them in the log. I want my duty done with no loose reef points. D'ye mind Old Ury of the Aphrodite? 'E was with Gringem & Bell, goint on ten seasons. A careful skipper! It's 'ard to think that 'e went ashore."

"Ah thought she sunk," said Mike Monkey.

Micky glared at his first engineer.

"You thought so?" he said. "'Ow you goint to sink these ships? With eight compartments—all riveted and seamed. The Aphrodite was a sister to us. She was as like us as two tins of salt beef."

Mike Monkey ran a skinny finger inside his mouth and extracted his chew. He eyed it and popped it back again. His scrawny neck lengthened above an oil-rimmed collar as he said:

"Twa sisters; and one is gone. Ah hae no doot we'll follow her."

Micky stared at the engineer.

"What brought hout that remark?" he asked snappily.

Mike revolved the chew in his mouth before he answered by a profound wink and side leer toward the tall Yankee mate

"Wot way is this to build a ship?" he exclaimed. "Ah hae been in Disko freighters—an' ye know their breed. Ah hae steamed an' sailed in whaleback contraptions out ov the Great Lakes. Ah hae been first on a river boat up the Hugli. But in all o' these there was some modicum ov sanity. This patent cellular coffin, with American crown-rivets an' no curves from knightheads to the boss ov the tail shaft, is not a ship. It's a chambered, lap-welded, under-engined, overrated object of scorn!"

Mike paused and shot a yellow stream of tobacco juice over the green—or starboard—side light.

"Sister ship—wot?" he rasped, like a file on the edge of a plate. "Sister to Old Davy Jones! Wot with a leak forrard the third bulkhead, and no packin' wot fits the bilge pumps, an' the miserable slag they dumped in the bunkers, Ah hae lost faith in the works ov man. Like as not we'll be posted as missing soon after the first blow. Ah hae been to Hammerfest—a buttock south ov the North Cape. 'Tis the graveyard ov lost ships!"

Mr. McMasters was a tolerant man at times. He did not flare at the doleful prophecies of his first engineer. The errand of mercy upon which they had embarked had softened his soul.

"We're 'ere to do our best," he said softly. "Try to remember that. Old Ury is gone—listed as lost. We've five thousand dead-weight tons of provisions for the Russians up there." Micky paused and pointed northward through the Channel fog. "Remember that," he repeated. "Recall what England expects of every man."

The lack of fire in the little skipper's voice caused Mike Monkey to close his thin lips and clamp his yellow teeth upon his tongue. He knew the symptoms of danger. Micky was doubly dangerous when soft. The safety valve of the captain's emotions was screwed down. An explosion might follow that would be disastrous.

Mike scratched his unshaved chin, rolled the chew from starboard cheek to port and glided off the bridge. He disappeared in the general direction of the engine-room companion, out of which an iron ladder was thrust in a curving handrail. *(Continued on Page 26)*

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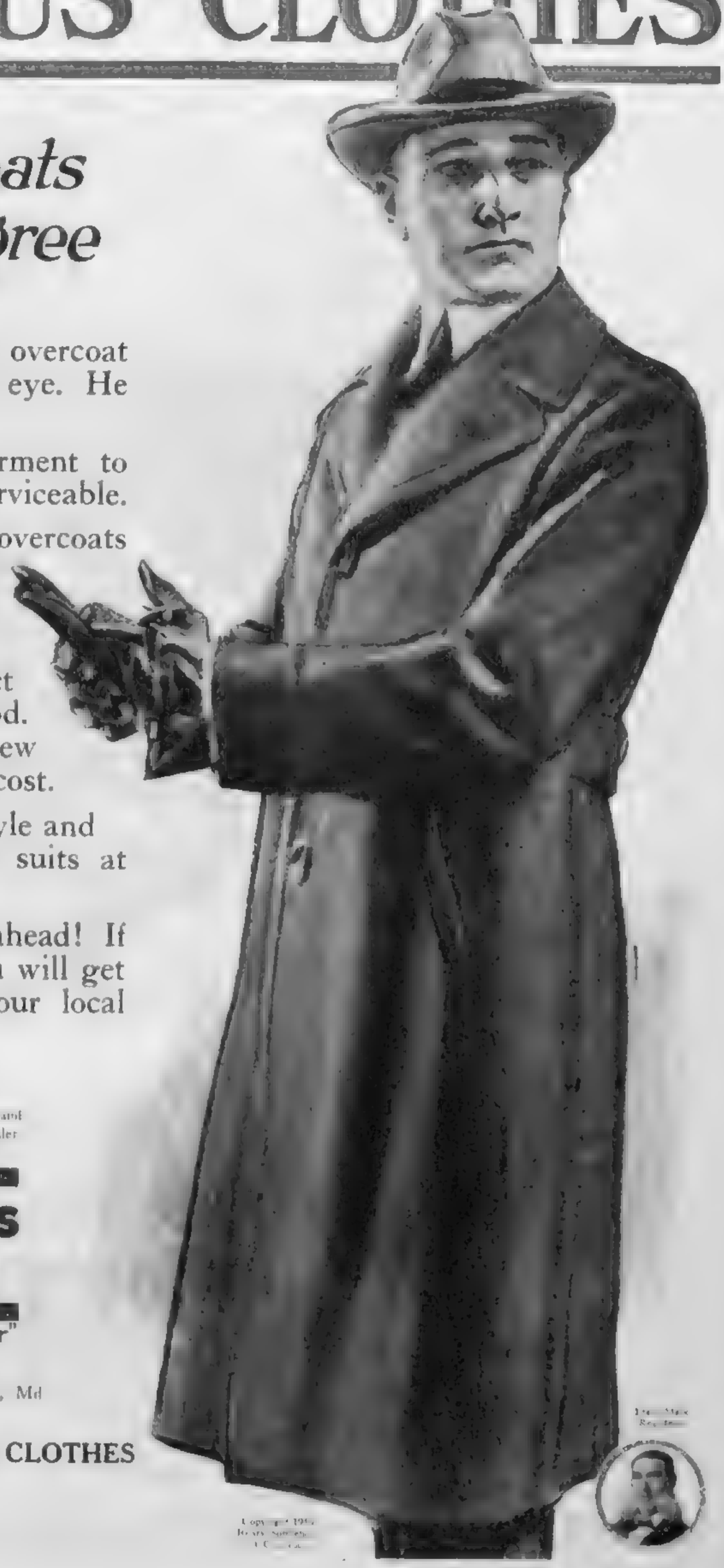

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(Continued from Page 24)

The freighter wallowed on through the pea-soup fog. Yellow vapors swirled and coiled the two spars and the Samson posts. Bells tolled their warning. Hoarse sirens blared the night. A boatswain in the chains called the fathoms. Red Landyard, the Yankee, held the bridge alone as opal dawn crept over the face of the waters and turned the fog to a murky veil, through which he could sense, without seeing, his course.

The Aguia found herself over the day and the clear night that followed the day. The leak forward the third bulkhead rusted, or otherwise closed itself. The second engineer discovered the missing packing, stored by mistake with the boiler compound and lamp wicks, in a cubby-hole.

The little skipper appeared and snapped his orders like a terrier through a picket fence. A tail-shaft bearing suddenly decided to run cool after fruitless applications of grease and tallow.

Contentedly clamping her way, the freighter veered out from the narrow funnel of the Channel and took the first of the long rollers of the North Sea like a ship that had been tried and trusted through all the things that are liable to happen upon the face of the deep. It was as if the very purpose of her voyage to the White Sea had brought down a blessing from on high.

The wireless of the Aguia kept the bridge in constant communication with the shore stations. It also served to correct time and check the chronometer's variation. Micky pricked his position from day to day on the chart. He also kept well out from the rocky coast of Norway.

Came more fog and a swelter of ice particles that resembled snow. Through these phenomena there flashed on the sixth day a single message, weighted with tragedy. The Aphrodite, the Aguia's sister ship, had been found. Native reports, sent through Red Russia and down the Baltic, had placed the scene of her going ashore at Varanger Fjord—well above the Arctic Circle.

Mike Monkey was on the bridge when this message was handed to the little skipper by the operator. The first engineer took one sharp squint over the captain's shoulder and then exclaimed:

"Ah hae no doot ye're satisfied now! Ye said she was sunk!"

"She's as good as sunk," said Micky mildly. "Varanger Fjord is a 'orrible outpost of death. We'll steer clear of it."

Mike held his tongue and sidled away from the quiet skipper. For the second time in that voyage he had been unable to bring a rise from the cockney's risibilities. He chewed over this matter and finally dropped from the bridge. He stood at the starboard rail, just forward the bridge ladder.

Micky, with the message still in his hand, was consulting with the Yankee mate.

The two seamen glanced up suddenly and both stepped to the canvas weatherbreak.

"Double the watch forward!" shouted Red Landyard. "Another man in the crow's nest! Keep a sharp lookout and report anything you see ahead."

Mike blinked his lashless eyelids at this order. The Aguia was making grand headway in a sea as bare as the palm of a beggar.

The North Cape was reached and weathered. The freighter swung due east along the cloud-wreathed coast. The aurora flared the night and the moon had a double ring. A silence was on the surface of the waters. It gripped the crew and the after guard of the ship with a reaching hand of mystery. They walked on tiptoes and prayed for a safe passage.

Ice showed in the form of floes. The great bergs had not yet been brought down by the southern current. Bears and walruses and hair seals sported. Once a bowhead whale blowed and gallied at sight of the lumbering ship.

Four watches and a dogwatch from the time of passing the North Cape, Micky McMasters called his mate's attention to a rocky point over the shoulder of which they were gliding.

"Behint that lies Varanger Fjord," he said simply. "That's where poor Old Ury and the Aph ——"

He never finished the sentence. A racking roar ripped the night wide open. A lurid light streamed upward from the bow of the freighter. A wave welled and lifted and cascaded down upon the deck. A shudder passed from forecastle to fantail. The ship was seized in the grip of a giant who vented his lurking spite. Then, afterward, came silence and the running feet of men on the shattered decks.

"Wot happened?" screamed Mike Monkey as he popped out of the engine-room companion and clutched at the ladder's handrail.

Micky braced himself on the rocking bridge and took time to answer the first engineer.

"We're Goint to Archangel and the Starving Russians!" He Declared. "'Ow D'ye Think England's Name Got Round This Bloody World, You Muckers?"

"We struck a whackin' mine," he said. "Govern yourself accordingly. Get forrard with your stokehold crew and shore up the last bulkhead that's 'olding. Sing out if you can't keep the sea back with your pumps. We'll stand the bridge until we 'ear from you."

Micky did not raise his voice as he turned toward the mate.

"Keep 'er 'ead away from the seas," he ordered. "Stern on and 'old 'er there! We'll wait for Mike's report."

This report came in a series of oaths and sputters from the grimy engineer as he crawled out of the companion and climbed to the bridge.

"Forehold, chain locker and hold number twa are flooded with water. Bulkhead smashed! All that preserves the hooker is the third bulkhead, wot's leakin'. Ah hae no doot we'll sink."

Micky was made of better stuff. He placed a thin rasp on his voice as he seized the engineer's wet shoulder and spun him round like a vertical spindle.

"Below with you!" he said. "Calk, seam, plug up that bulk'ead! Shore it with timbers. We're 'way down by the bow; but she's floating!"

"Ah mark that," said Mike with a leer forward, where the northern seas were lapping as far aft as the stump of the Samson post. "Ah mark it weel! But only by the threads ov Providence!" he added as he leaped from the bridge.

The Arctic dawn found the Aguia, with reversed engines and slow-speed screw, crashing through the thin ice that had formed over the shoal water of Varanger Fjord. It would not have done to drive the ship stem foremost. The shored bulkhead was on the verge of giving way. This would have carried the sea water up to hold number three and the boilers.

Micky had ample time to pick his beach. He chose a soft tundra between a jutting ledge of Silurian rock and the rusting hulk of the freighter Aphrodite which had missed her bearings in a fog and had gone ashore within two miles of the spot where the natives had reported her to be resting.

Red Landyard nodded his head as the high stern glided up the beach. The little skipper's choice of position, so near the Aphrodite, was more than a coincidence. It savored of forethought and expedience.

The tide was high and Micky took care that the freighter did not touch the rocks. He watched her cant to starboard as much as seven degrees before she found a resting place. Then, and in a clear-cut voice, he gave the orders to unbatten the hatch covers on the main and after holds and get the bulk of the cargo ashore.

This cargo consisted of relief supplies for the starving people of the Archangel district. It was in barrels and boxes. Watch tackles, winches and inclines were rigged. The crew, pestered with mosquitoes and Arctic flies, labored valiantly. They cleaned the holds under the soft lash of Micky's voice and the strident clap of the mate's.

The wireless antennæ had been destroyed by the explosion of the floating mine. The batteries and coils were ruined by sea water. It was impossible to acquaint the outside world with their predicament.

Mike, after removing the shoring from the leaking bulkhead, made a careful and frugal inspection of the forward damage. He brought a long paper and a longer face to Micky.

"Wot with bottom plates and frames twisted," began the engineer, squinting at the paper, "and with twa compartments flooded and the rivets pulled, and the side plates smashed on the port side, and the forepeak gone with the stem, and the capstan and patent winches nowhere, and ——"

"'Vast that!" snapped Micky. "'Ow soon can you 'ave the wreckage cleared away?"

Mike glared at the little skipper.

"How soon?" he asked indignantly. "Wot's the use ov that? Ain't we safe ashore? Can't we winter here? We've got plenty ov flour and tinned horse ——"

"You take my orders! 'Ear that? Get your stokehold and engine-room crew forrard and clear away everything that's smashed. Cut the plates where they lap. Split the keel and keelson. Make a clean fracture—and then come to me."

"Wot for?"

"What for?" shouted Micky. "Why, because I gave the order! Because we are British and American seamen! D'ye think I'd let those poor devils starve at Archangel without tryin' to save them?"

Mike crumpled up the paper he had been holding.

"Anybody wot lives in this God-forsaken country ought to ——" he started to say when Micky reached for his scrawny throat.

The fire in the little skipper's eyes blazed and burned to the engineer's brain. He felt himself hurled across the bridge and up against the timber shoring that had taken the place of the iron stanchion.

The clenched fist that landed between his eyes might have been the mainmast falling. Mike went down and out. He came to in the engine room, where a grinning coal passer had sluiced him with bilge water.

(Continued on Page 29)

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RAVISHED ARMENIA

Production directed by Oscar Apfel from the scenario by Nora Waln and made by Wm. N. Selig.

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(Continued from Page 26)

Rising, he gathered his senses, felt of the lump between his eyes, glared at the Arctic light which came through the deck companion, and then spat to the gratings.

An hour later he led his gang forward and started work on the stubborn, twisted plates, which were curved inward and lapped about the hold beams, ribs and bottom plates. The rat-tap of air drills, the click of cold chisels, the tortured cries of the crew as Mike flailed to left and right were music to Micky's ears. He thrust out his jaw and turned toward the mate.

"Now that 'e's occupied," he said, "we'll proceed with judgment and dispatch. Get the able seamen and common tribe to work on a cofferdam. You can use some of the stores we 'oisted hout! You can be ready when the tide goes away to clear the muck forrard and give Mike room to work in. I 'ave 'opes we'll 'ave no trouble on this shore. If we 'ave I'll Mike Monkey 'im! That lump of slag givin' better men his back slack!"

Red Landyard nodded understandingly.

"What of the Aphrodite?" he asked after turning and staring toward the rusty hulk of the freighter which had gone ashore between two dark crags and pounded her stern and afterworks into a twisted snarl of scrap iron.

"What of 'er?" said Micky. "She's a weepin' ruin! Let 'er be one till I'm ready for Mike Monkey to proceed. Like as not Old Ury, 'er skipper, and the crew what got ashore are hup there somewhere." Micky leaned over the twisted bridge rail and pointed to the highland which thrust a series of snow-white crags up into the Arctic sky. "They left the Fjord," he added, "and steered inland. Maybe they'll never be 'eard from again."

Red Landyard swung from the bridge and went forward. He gathered the crew and started overside with them. Their number was over thirty. They had served in the merchant marine over the years of the war. Better men never lived. The American knew this as he gave his orders concerning the cofferdam Micky had ordered built round the shattered bow of the freighter.

Night and day the work went on. The dam took form and reared its walls above the line of high tide. It was braced with piles and stopped with stores and tundra mud. Great rocks were brought down the beach by a cradle mounted on a double track of light rails. These rails had been jettisoned from the main hold. They were consigned to the Relief Committee at Archangel.

Mike had the hardest part of saving the ship. His gang was recruited from the rakings and scrapings of Rotherhithe and the Isle of Dogs. The oilers and water tenders and coal passers saw no merit in toiling naked beneath an Arctic sun and taking an engineer's insults, which were tinged with venom toward all mankind. Also—for the tundra had not frozen—there were winged insects on the coast that were ravenous for a taste of human blood.

The cold metal of the plates and ribs was a stubborn thing. Rivets that went in hot had to come out by reaming and drilling. The twisted keel and keelson and stem piece was a task for a Titan or a Thor. It was broken loose by handsaws and sticks of dynamite.

There followed then, in the second week, a period of snow flurries, and once the tail of a northwester. This storm brought floe ice through the entrance of the Fjord. A huge berg grounded on the bar. It seemed to leer at their efforts. Micky shook his fist at it and cursed the day he had entered the Arctic. Also—for the engine-room and stokehold crews showed signs of mutiny—the little skipper finished his anathema on their cringing backs as they lazed between the walls of the cofferdam and the gaunt ribs of the freighter.

All the plates were stripped as far aft as the straight lap that marked the position of the third bulkhead. This had leaked, but it held after the explosion of the mine. It was Micky's intention to cut the bow from the freighter. He called Red Landyard and ordered him to gather the crew who had been working on the dam and stores. This flying reënforcement was added to Mike Monkey's charges.

The deck beams and a fragment of the keel were severed finally. The last of the wreckage was cleared away and lifted over the dam. A short watch was given to the men. Grog was passed when they woke. Then Micky sweetly called the crew and acquainted them with the snapping declaration that their work was less than half done. He pointed toward the hulk of the Aphrodite.

"What you took off this 'ooker," he shouted over the bridge rail, "you go and get from 'er—plate for plate, rib for rib, beam for beam."

Mike Monkey leaped at least a foot upward.

"Ah hae no doot ye're daft!" he sputtered.

"Not a bit o' it!" smiled Micky. "They're sister ships."

"Wot ov that?"

"What of hit? Why, I'll 'ave you know what of hit! Get your gang over there! Take hout them rivets. Bring the stem back with you. We're goint to replace the damage you done to the Aguia by sections from the Aphrodite. What d'ye think I came ashore 'ere for?"

Mike gulped and glared at the little skipper.

"Damage!" he rasped.

"Yes—damage! You removed the pieces of the bow and the plates. There's others over there as like what you took hoff as fabrication could make them. Rivet hole meets rivet hole. Seam laps over seam. Fishplates and beams and angle irons are in duplicate. We're goint to borrow Old Ury's bow—that's all!"

Mike turned to his men. They were mosquito-bitten and frost-nipped. They had sweated and frozen in the Arctic air. They had been fed on welts and promises. Some few of them showed broken teeth. One at least was crippled. Now they were asked to rip off the plates of the derelict and fashion a new bow to the freighter. They were openly mutinous.

Micky leaped to the rail and glared down at them like a terrier on a fence. He snapped, as he brandished a brass belaying pin snatched from the pinrail:

"I'll flatten out the man that speaks! Over with you—all! We ain't goint to winter 'ere! We're goint hout with these stores for the Russians. D'ye think England sent babies and children on this ship? She sent men! Show hit!"

"Come on!" drawled Red Landyard. "Come on, Mike! I guess the skipper is right. We ain't beat until we say we are. The bow of one fabricated sister ship will do as well as the bow of another. The deck crowd will help you out. What do you say?"

Mike's answer was a venomous squint toward the wreck of the Aphrodite.

He started off over the cofferdam. The beaten and work-weary crew followed him. As the day progressed there came down the wind certain sounds that denoted some degree of work.

Men staggered over the tundra and returned with forges and hammers. Fires glowed that night. The half-moon bay that inclosed the two ships became an inferno of toiling men who would get done with their madness.

Red Landyard, aided by the seamen, laid a track between the derelict and the freighter. Over this track the three-eighths-inch plates were wheeled. Beams, ribs, parts of the keel and keelson, elbows, hold knees and angle irons followed the plates. The Aphrodite's bow had been thrust conveniently high up the beach. Her stem showed fully ten feet aft the cutwater.

Micky received the salvage and took charge of a riveting gang on a platform laid across the cofferdam. The parts fitted to a hole. They had been made in many English shops from the same set of templates. This was a shipbuilding trick borrowed from America. It had driven the last spike into Von Tirpitz's U-boat warfare.

After the plates and beams and ribs had been set, Mike, seized with a spirit of destruction, glutted the Aphrodite. He sent over a patent capstan, two rusty winches, piping, deck planks, Samson post, and all the movable articles of the derelict that had survived the wreck.

In the general confusion his last contribution was obtained from the flooded and doubly rusted engine room. It was a perfectly good set of dials and gauges and indicators. They had cost a pretty penny in London. They were useless on the Aguia. Mike tagged each one with his name. He knew a half fence, half ship chandler on the Isle of Dogs who would buy them at a discount.

He climbed aboard the Aguia and first saw that his plunder was safely stored in the spare bunker, to which he alone had a key; then he mounted to the bridge and drew himself up before the little skipper.

"To-morrow," he said, "will be time enough for the muckers to start work on the forrard plates and calkin' th' many seams. They have reached the limit ov human endurance. They have!"

Micky smiled sweetly at the engineer. Mike had not been shaved in three weeks. The stubble of straw-colored hair that quilled his neck and chin would have frightened a walrus. The chew he rolled in his mouth ballooned his cheeks like a gale of wind.

"Get below," suggested Micky, "and take a slant at yourself in the glass. You look like a Laplander."

"I'm a lap-welder," said Mike through dripping lips. "The likes of this voyage was never known."

He stumbled off the bridge with his knees bowing beneath his spindlelike body. He disappeared through the engine-room companion. Snorts and gasping intakes came up through the ventilators. Micky was satisfied that he had made the first engineer eat his former words.

The engine-room and stokehold crews finished the plates on the bow and calked the seams. They rigged the capstan and the two winches. They placed the deck planks and brought aboard a hatch. Afterward, with red lead and a gummy brush, Mike was lowered over the rail on a boatswain's chair, where he daubed and painted and otherwise amused himself while the crew were removing the cofferdam.

The morning dawned when the freighter was pronounced water-tight and ready to take up the remainder of the passage for the White Sea port of Archangel. The frostbitten and haggard crew gathered beneath the bridge and watched for developments from the after guard.

Micky awaited the high tide and also an on-shore wind that drove the ice floes well within the Fjord. The Aguia had been lightened by the removal of most of her stores. There remained but the coal in the bunkers and one thousand tons of flour in barrels.

He ordered a bridle rigged through the hawse holes in the bow and round the forecleats and capstan. A spring shackle connected this bridle to three steel hawsers, which were carried out in the longboat and passed round the strongest hummocks on the ice. The crew wondered at this suggestion, which came from Red Landyard.

They had not long to wait. The afternoon drift of the ice from the shore straightened the hawsers and started straining the cleats and capstan. The ship moved through the tundra's slime. Mike Monkey, with a shout of astonishment, dived below and edged the steam on the engines. The screw revolved in the air until it caught the first of the sea. It bit deeply and assisted the ice. The freighter was launched by the combined efforts of Nature and man.

The stores were rafted out after Micky had ordered the anchor dropped and the hawsers freed from the ice hummocks. The holds were filled, and a deck load was added by salvaging part of the Aphrodite's cargo.

"We'll make it henough!" Micky told the mate. "We'll stagger hinto Archangel with the Plimsoll mark under. Them poor Russians need bread this winter!"

It was two days after the launching when the freighter wore round and started for the mouth of the Fjord. Her pumps clanked as her stem cleft through the surface ice. Leaks had appeared in most of her forward seams. The poorly driven rivets gave trouble. She went on and out to sea with a decided list to port. Her bow swung toward the east, while at her stern was flung the British merchant flag, which showed blood-red against the white coast she had quitted.

The winter was coming on in those latitudes with a frosty breath. The ice floes churned and crashed against the freighter's rusty sides. Polar bears and walruses stared at the ship as it drove eastward between the white islands.

The deck load and the poorly stored cargo gave trouble. The haggard crew, which had been worn thin by the work on the beach, was called upon for superhuman endeavor. They rebelled; they mutinied. They were driven to their tasks by the menace of a short-barreled revolver in the unswerving hand of Micky McMasters.

"We're goint to Archangel and the starving Russians!" he declared. "'Ow d'ye think England's name got round this bloody

Get Two Pairs of Red Devil Pliers

"John dear, where are those Red Devil Pliers?"

"Sonny has them, he is fixing the lawn mower. He promised to give them to Sister when he gets through; she wants to put a new belt on the sewing machine and then I'll need them to put up this bell wiring. Your hat frame will simply have to wait."

Suppose you get *two* pairs of Red Devil Pliers—

Of course you already have No. 999 for tightening nuts and bolts on machines; repairing plumbing, gas fixtures and wire fencing; and removing or straightening tacks and nails.

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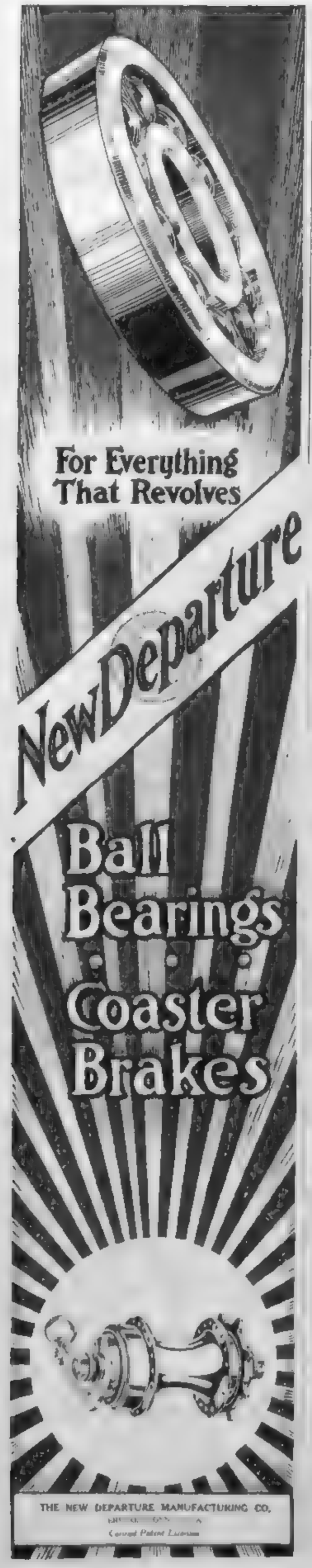


world, you muckers? Why d'we keep the blood-and-guts to the fore, you swabs?" The blood-and-guts was the little skipper's name for the Union Jack.

The wide wind-swept and ice-free opening to the White Sea was reached. The ship's bow was turned southward. She steered in a fashion toward the port of Archangel, which was some little distance inland.

Good news, in famine regions, travels fast. A skin boat, filled with Lapps and Russian fishermen, sighted the freighter. They paddled frantically to a station from which stretched a weirdly constructed telegraph line. A schooner hoisted signals as the Aguia passed. It up-anchored and ran for the coast. The word went out that the famine was being lifted by a tramp ship whose rusty sides and gaping hatches were bulging with American and British relief stores.

Mike Monkey felt some of the elation of a conquering hero. He shaved and otherwise made himself presentable. He borrowed a shore suit from the second engineer. Mounting to the bridge as the freighter edged up the river, he took up a position near the starboard sidelight, which was calculated to make the natives believe that he owned the deck, the sky above and some portion of the White Sea littoral.

The population had come down to the docks and river's edge to meet the relief ship. Soldiers thronged the water-front streets. Russians, in heavy garb, cheered manfully. The freighter proceeded to her point of anchorage in a continuous ovation.

A governor-general, with more medals than an ace aviator, had prepared for the coming of the needed relief. The word had arrived by wire and schooner. The depleted storehouses and pinched faces of the people under him called for higher thanksgiving. This was sent out to the freighter by an under governor, who climbed over the rail at the waist, stared at the deck load of American flour and tinned meat, and then mounted to the bridge and bowed most humbly as he handed Micky McMasters a sealed envelope.

Micky could not speak Russian. He stared at the under governor, touched his forelock with a twisted finger, and then tore the envelope open and glanced at its contents, which were written in English.

There was a big seal at the top of the paper. There was a blue ribbon under this seal. Also there followed, down the line of the ribbon, a masterly series of words all praising in unstinted warmth the gallant action and courage and determination of the captain, mates, crew and engine-room force of the relief ship that had saved the situation for the starving population of the Archangel district.

The second clause went on to say that the freedom of the city, the key to the governor's house and the Order of the Russian Eagle had been voted to the brave master who had been long overdue with the good ship Aphrodite.

Micky puckered his mouth at this. He felt Mike Monkey's prickly chin on his shoulder. The engineer's breath reeked with plug tobacco and elation.

"Ah hae no doot ye're satisfied!" said Mike craftily.

Micky glared at the word Aphrodite.

"It's been cabled and wired and wirelessed," Mike suggested raspingly. "The gude news flew fast! All ov the Old Country is talkin' to-night ov the wonderful arrival ov the overdue freighter Aphrodite at the sufferin' port ov Archangel. Ye should be proud to have Old Ury brought back from the dead and missing. Ah'm proud, after wot ye did to me and the stokehold crew wot were eaten by mosquitoes and frosted and branded by yer evil words!"

"Gawd strike hus!" snapped the little skipper. "What are you getting at?"

"Come with me. Ah'll show ye!"

Micky gripped the manifesto and held it to the breast of his pea-jacket as he followed the lean form of the grinning engineer off the bridge and forward to the forecastle deck of the freighter. He grasped an anchor davit and leaned outboard at Mike's suggestion. His eyes widened and flashed fire as he realized what had happened.

"She's the gude ship Aphrodite!" said Mike. "It's the same to port as it is to starboard. Ye stole Old Ury's bow! D'ye think ye could take the plates from the other ship without taking the name? Ah was careful not to efface it with my brush when Ah gave it a touch ov red lead."

Micky straightened and let go the anchor davit. He stared at the shore and the waiting Russians. His mind was above Mike's little victory.

"What's in a name?" he said softly. "Aguia or Aphrodite? We've salvaged six thousand dead-weight tons of food for the starving. We did our duty. And that's what England and the States expect of every man."

Ace Low

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is in receipt of many letters from France regarding Harold E. Wright's articles, Aces High. We reprint below the essential portions of one of them, which is self-explanatory:

Escadrille Spa 94
Groupe de Combat 18
Secteur Postal 25
Escadre 1

4 August, 1918.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING CO.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

RE: Articles appearing in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST written by Sergeant-Pilot Harold E. Wright.

Dear Sirs: Due to the fact that I am the only American now left in Groupe de Combat 18 of the French Army I have been requested by Capitaine George, as well as by the other French officers and pilots of Harold E. Wright's former Escadrille, to write the American press and have the true facts concerning former Pilot Wright's performances brought to light.

The articles appearing in your widely circulated magazine have caused a good deal of comment among the pilots on the Front here, who knew Harold E. Wright and his history while connected with the French aviation.

This letter is addressed to you in the hope that you will correct the impressions given by Wright in his articles. There is nothing secret in this letter and you will observe that the facts and statements made herein are vouched for by Capitaine George, of Wright's old Escadrille.

Besides the many untruths in the articles, the insulting fact is that a pilot, who did not enjoy the confidence and esteem of his comrades, should go to America and, by means of cleverly written articles appearing in a widely circulated magazine, set himself up as the performer and hero of many adventures which were not lived by him at all, but were really achievements of other pilots.

In the first place, "Sergeant" Wright was a corporal while in the Escadrille and left that squadron during December, 1917.

While with the Escadrille he never flew over the enemy lines for more than a total time of ten hours and was a participant in but *one* combat during his ten hours.

We also declare as false the statement that in one morning he had seven fights or combats. No wonder he can't remember the details. Why a fellow with *one* combat's experience should say he once held the American record for having fought seven in two hours is also far from being clear to us.

Now he is and apparently has been in America for about three or four months, writing, we admit, interesting articles but ones that contain many large and small absolute falsehoods.

We send this contradiction to you as the publishers of these articles and, in view of the facts of the case, feel we have a right to expect official comment on the subject by you in one of your next issues.

We assure you we understand the matter in the articles is published as submitted and bargained for by you in good faith.

Thanking you in advance for your courtesy and a reply, I am,

Very truly yours,

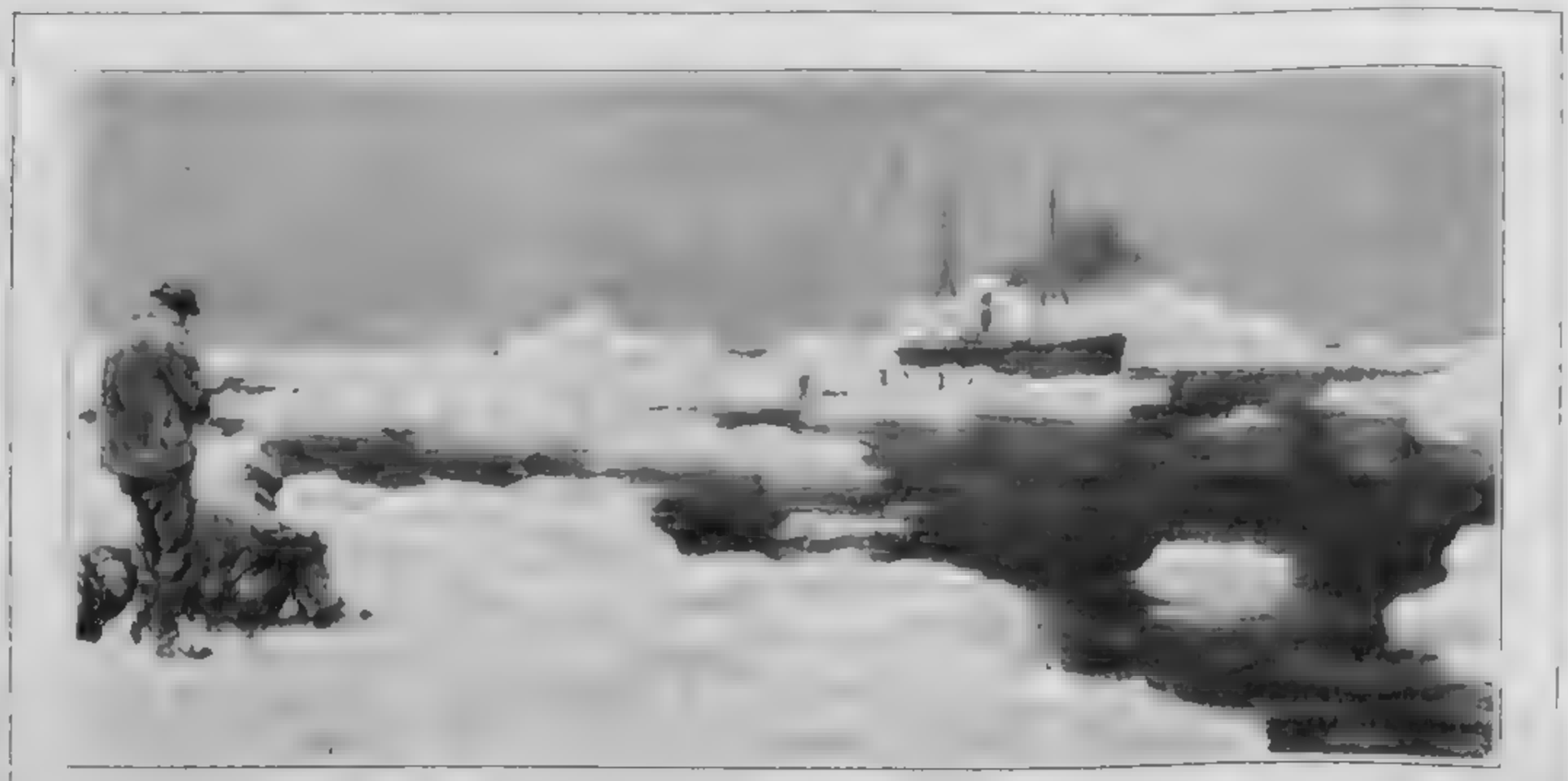
SERGENT AUSTEN B. CREHORE,
(Pilote Spa 94)

Representing Escadrilles Spa 155 and Spa 94.

I hereby certify that the facts and statements made herein concerning the actions and history of said Harold E. Wright to be truthful and correct.

Signed) M. LE CAPITAINE, Commandant
Escadrille Spa 155. GEORGE.

Mr. Wright was introduced to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and vouched for by a former New York newspaper man, who has recently been conducting aëroplane meets, and by a Brooklyn newspaper man. The publication of the above letter was delayed in order to give Mr. Wright every opportunity to answer the statements made in it, but he has failed to do so.



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THE TRACKLESS WILDERNESS

(Continued from Page 7)

the key to victory became apparent in the form of a small green Pullman coupon lying on the floor somewhat to the rear of the unpleasant old philanderer. Fate was working for Lafayette Standish that day, as we are to see; and it was in accordance with Fate's plan that Lafayette should have stooped lamely, picked up the scrap of paper and discovered its penciled markings, "Car A, Seat 19." Mr. Silenus had lost his number, which greatly simplified matters for the rescuing party.

"I beg your pardon, sir" said young Professor Standish in his gentle voice as he touched the fat shoulder. "I think you have the wrong seat. The coupon I have here is marked nineteen."

The jagged mouth was open and the glassy eyes were attempting to focus into an expression of devouring indignation. To Standish's mind it was much as the Papuan chief had looked just before his undoing.

"What's that, young fella?" bawled the thick voice.

"The wrong seat," mildly intimated the explorer, making a somewhat ostentatious display of the little green coupon.

"No, you don't!" Mr. Silenus was ever so harsh in his tone, and his saggy features grew sly as his fingers went straying through the series of pockets which fledged his enormous person. But as the straying continued it grew frantic, then aimless. The great face gradually blanked into a mass of stupidity.

"Had it!" he was raging. "Course I had it."

As a last desperate resort he was fumbling with the brim of his soiled gray fedora.

Meanwhile the girl in the pale green dress, seeking to remove herself as far as possible from the scene of strife, had turned her chair until it jammed and stuck against a pile of baggage. Standish got this out of a corner of his eye; for being bashful by nature he seldom looked upon females who were young and pretty and by appearance frivolous.

"Possibly you've dropped it." In his most engaging tone he suggested this to the monster.

"What should I drop it for?" spluttered the loose lips.

"It sometimes happens," Standish reminded him quite amiably. "Please don't disturb yourself. Just let me look round and see if I can find it for you."

At a slight sacrifice of the dignity he so highly valued Standish got down on his knees and made a hypocritical search of the floor behind Seat Nineteen. What he accomplished under that temporary shelter was unworthy of his high character, but he came up smiling and flourishing a second little coupon, which latter he had smuggled out of his waistcoat pocket.

"Here it is, sir!" he cried triumphantly. "You see you had dropped it." His scholarly forefinger was pointing to the indelible-penciled "24" on the second coupon. "And it's just as I said, you'll observe—you've got the wrong seat."

The features of Silenus had now taken on the color and general contour of a ripe eggplant touched with morning dew.

"Ain't I got a right to go N'York?" he confusedly inquired.

"Seat Twenty-four is going to New York," Standish informed him with a touch of firmness. "Now if you'll let me call the porter for you ——"

The obliging Standish attended personally to seeking out the porter, and the advance of a dollar effected a quick transfer of baggage and passengers. Mr. Silenus, whose mood was languorous, required some helping into Seat Twenty-four, but once there he shook hands several times with his deliverer and confided that the mistake was entirely due to Boston, a cold town and uninspired

Whereupon he linked his fingers across himself and sank into a coma.

Now the next step in the romance of Lafayette Standish was far more difficult of accomplishment than what had gone before He might have gone into the smoking car and fortified himself against the smell of other people's tobacco by inhaling quantities of his own. But does a knight who delivers a princess from the hands of an ogre go away and smoke cigarettes in another part of the realm? The chronicler of high romance does not record any such case; and the nature of man changeth not with the ages.

She looked up at him as he paused in the aisle. It was a serious, grateful look she gave him, and the scholarly wanderer was abashed to see how lovely a creature had appealed to his chivalry. About twenty, he should say, with a sort of tragic resolve in the crystal clearness of her eyes. He had a feeling that all the car was looking at them—among the uniformed youths were several who, as Yale sophomores, had often touched their hats to him—but in all this embarrassment he was called upon to say something. Therefore, he blushed to the roots of his wig as he raised his hat and began:

"There is a chance of his coming back, you know. Possibly it would be safer if I took his seat."

"Do!" he thought he heard her saying in a soft little voice. So he slid into the place opposite her and began to fidget with the book-review column of the Tribune.

"It wasn't your seat after all, was it?"

He lowered his protective sheet and saw that a dimple had appeared in the corner of her mouth as she sat regarding him solemnly.

He hoped his toupee hadn't come crooked from his recent exercises. He longed to reach up and pat it straight, but caution saved him from the impulse.

"Oh, no, it wasn't," he floundered. "I picked up his ticket and claimed it, that wasall. Butifyouthink I'mintruding ——"

"Please don't go!" Her hand went out as though she would snatch him by the coat and pull him down. "It was dreadful. I didn't think such a thing could happen in a whole car full of people."

"I've been about the world a great deal," Standish was surprised to find himself boasting, "and I have found that in traveling one should be especially careful about the acquaintances one makes."

"I didn't make his acquaintance!" she announced, showing fire under the crystal of her eyes. "I never saw him before. He was there when I got on. It was dreadful and ——"

"Please forgive me!" he pleaded, already reduced to a pulp. "I was very clumsy with my advice. But, you see, I've spent most of my time knocking about the world."

"Oh." Her eyes widened adorably. "And I've never been five miles away from home—not alone like this."

"Of course."

It wasn't of course; but what could he say? He was ready to ask how this helpless young thing with the wide-eyed view of life and the yellow flower in her hat should be wandering alone and unprotected. It was the protective instinct that got him first—it often does, they say.

"Do you travel for a business?" he found her asking in her naïve little way.

"Well, not exactly that." He saw no reason for remaining anonymous. "I'm a college professor, and when I get a leave of absence I spend it in queer corners of the world following my ologies."

"A college professor! You're not middle-aged enough for that!"

Standish reached up to doff his hat, but found that he was already uncovered, save for that discomforting toupee.

"My name's Standish, Lafayette Standish," he volunteered clumsily enough. It was easy to see that she was no reader of travel books, for she seemed not the least impressed as she smiled back.

"And my name's Finch, Barbara Finch. It doesn't seem quite right, does it, that we should be sitting here swapping names?"

"It doesn't," he agreed, assuming the seriousness with which he weighed most matters.

"But now that we have, would you mind telling me what sort of ologies you've got on your list?"

"Two or three," he managed to stammer "I—I've been trained as a biologist and a zoologist. I've done a little work as a mineralogist, just as a pastime—a lot of it has been an excuse to satisfy my wandering feet, I think Archæology too I was on the Pratt Archæological Expedition into Syria in 1911."

"Arch-ee-ology." She said this over stumblingly as a child might. "Hasn't that science got something to do with collecting old things?"

"A great deal" He tried not to be patronizing. "In a popular sense archæology might be known as picking up antique junk and labeling it for museums"

"Oh, how fortunate!" she cried, bringing her little hands together in a sudden and most disconcerting rapture. "It seems too good to be true. You're the very man I'm looking for!"

And before she had allowed the intoxication of her confidence to take full effect she had popped out the question: "Do you know anything about old fans?"

"Fans?" He was going to scratch his head, but he remembered just in time. "I have one or two ceremonial fans of the Second Dynasty ——"

"Not awfully old like that! But French fans—Watteau fans."

He was about to explain to her that to the archæological mind Watteau was but a foolish modern trifler; however, her quick fingers were already unsnapping the clasps of a morocco bag from which she took a wedge-shaped article carefully swaddled in blue tissue paper.

"Please tell me about this," she besought after unwrapping a frivolous bundle of carven ivory slats and handing it over to him. Despite the disconcerting abruptness of her appeal there was something flattering about it too. It was as though she had looked him straight in the toupee and said gently: "Please tell me what you put on your hair to make it so beautiful!" As a matter of fact Lafayette Standish knew less about French fans than he did about human life. But the little caressing toy she had laid across his fingers seemed as dainty and as precious as her girlish confidences.

"H'm!" said Professor Standish; then, turning it over, "Haw!"

He had divided the ivory staves, spreading the painted thing before him. It was very skillfully done, very complicated and ornate—that he could see. Trained as he was in primitive coloring and perspective of Theban frescoes, he could have wished it a trifle simpler. There was a flounced and languid duchess in the center smirking upon a kneeling duke who lived in the happy epoch when it was the style to wear handsome periwigs to cover bald spots. A mess of cupids, descending from the zenith, were standing on their heads above a testimonial bouquet of magenta roses. Had such a theme been executed by a priest of Ra upon a sacrificial tablet, Lafayette Standish could have read it glibly and passed on to some more learned topic of conversation. But to him Watteau was a parvenu so lightly to be considered that he would have ignored him utterly had not those crystal eyes besought him so earnestly from Seat Twenty-one. To one of his own sex he would have said tartly: "Turn such stuff over to the curio dealer." But it was not to his own sex that he must needs address himself; it was to one of that divine multitude who make fibbing a fine art and flattery an everyday necessity.

"It's a most interesting little fan," he informed her with a rich note in his voice; "most beautifully colored; and I shouldn't be at all surprised if it were a genuine Watteau."

"Oh, really?" Again she evinced such hopeful surprise that Standish prayed for magic powers whereby it could be made genuine at a stroke. Secretly he had his doubts. There was an infinite amount of pretentious trash floating round clamoring for backdoor recognition.

"The only art objects I know how to prize are the kind you dig up out of a desert," he explained defensively. "But I dare say an authentic Watteau fan would be quite valuable to a collector."

"How valuable, do you think?"

The question came like the crack of a whip, and regarding her more closely this time he thought he could read all sorts of tragic impulses stirring behind this mask of youth.

Curiosity began tickling the corners of his brain, making doubly dangerous the protective instinct which had brought him thus far.

"Thinking of selling it?" he asked as lightly as he knew how.

"Oh, yes. That's what I've come away—from home—to do. I should so like to sell it."

"For yourself?"

"It's mine, if that's what you mean." It was easy to see that she was withholding much that could be explained. "It's a family heirloom and very old."

"Eighteenth century," he told her rather patronizingly.

"That's old enough for me," she confessed.

"H'm! Have you any idea where you will offer it for sale?"

"No. I heard there were plenty of antique dealers in New York, so I just came."

"You just came." Standish puzzled over her case for quite a long moment. It was evident that, in the guise of a friendly providence, his work was cut out for him.

"Would you mind my—directing you a little in selling this?" he managed to ask.

"Oh, will you?"

She blessed him with her crystal eyes. Again he enjoyed the heady sensation which one must experience while basking under a shower bath of nectar. Or, to express a mixed mood with a mixed metaphor, it was as though a dove had flown to his breast and snuggled there purring while he stroked its fur.

"If you don't mind my telling you"—here he put on his best classroom manner—"the specimen you have here may be of great value, or again it may be worth nothing. In modern works of art as in ancient, I should imagine, the same standards of valuation hold good—rarity, state of preservation, period and æsthetic merit. This may be merely a pretty bit of silk and carved ivory, or again it may be a museum piece." He studied it with his keen young eyes, then the inspiration came which bounced him up from his seat and back again on the cushions. "By Jove, I've thought of something—Alessandro Solomon!"

"Alessandro Solomon?" she repeated, puzzled, and quite naturally.

"He's curator of Carlepont Mallon's eighteenth-century collection. We were Rhodes scholarship men at Oxford. Solomon could tell us in a minute."

"Where do we find this—this Solomon?" Quite reverentially she pronounced the name of Biblical wisdom.

"You see I've gotten rather out of touch with New York—two years away," he mused. "Solomon used to have a studio near Fifth Avenue in the Fifties somewhere. I fancy he'll be easy to find if he's in town."

As he said this he shut the fan which had lain open in his lap; but when he held it out to her she motioned it back with a gesture of complete confidence.

"Please!" she said. "Won't you take it to this—this Solomon for me?"

"Oh, will you let me?"

The commission flattered him from the tip of his toupee to the toe of his game leg.

"You don't know what a service you'll be doing me and—and my cause," she told him with a smile which brought a delirium as wild as Chagres fever and far more pleasant to the heart.

With a new respect he folded the fan into its blue tissue paper and thrust it into the inside pocket which would be nearest that organ now knocking a danger signal upon his ribs.

"Then it's for some cause that you're working?" he found himself asking her, naïve as any freshman he had ever browbeaten.

"Oh, yes - that is please, you won't ask me, will you? It's all so hard to explain"

The train had now shuttled through Harlem and was sinking into the blackness of the tunnel Under the dim overhead light her face was shadowed; was the change in it merely atmospheric? What was the cause to which this young thing was devoting her treasure? He hoped she wouldn't turn out to be a White House picket, for he detested that comic breed with all the contempt of a wholesome patriot. When the hissing airbrakes brought the train upstanding beside the concrete platforms of the Grand Central Station he made a great show of looking at his watch and pretended amazement at the time of day.

"Half past one!" he exclaimed. "It won't be possible to catch anybody in an office now. What do you say we go round to Tanquay's and have something to eat. I'm quite famished."

"You're awfully kind," she said, turning her beautiful, candid face up to her protector.

He feed the porter extravagantly for the service of carrying Miss Finch's two-pound bag from Chair Twenty-one to the platform,

(Continued on Page 35)

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(Continued from Page 32)

a matter of twenty steps. Standish could feel her fan resting lightly against his ribs. Everything she owned began to assume a vast importance for him. She herself was a sacred trust, delivered into his hands by Fate, who, it is assumed, had felt confident in his ability. Standish was ever so grateful to Fate at the moment when he walked very close to the girl in the greenish gown along the crowded platform.

"It's been so long since I've seen New York," said he in as nearly a bantering tone as professional dignity would allow, "that I may need a guide to show me from place to place."

"We mustn't get lost!" she chimed, taking him quite seriously.

Professor Lafayette Standish merely smiled. Should he tell her of the tour he had once made round the Malay Peninsula, the only white man in a native proa; of how he had brought the expedition into port after the opium-crazed skipper had thrown away the compass? Superstitious blackamoors had called him The Hunting Dog because of his uncanny sense of direction. Had he confided these things to the beautiful creature under his protection she might quite reasonably have accused him of boasting. But the thought of Lafayette Standish's getting himself lost in New York was indeed far-fetching a joke beyond the limits of extravaganza.

On the platform they passed the partially revived Mr. Silenus leaning upon the arm of a porter and pouring out his soul in monologue.

"George, here we are in N'York!" he explained, and met no contradiction. "Nothin' like Boston. Bummest place y'ever saw, Boston. Ain't so, George? Sure it is. Nothin' like N'York. All sorts games goin' all time. I want a lil' trouble in *my* life. An' y' can find it in N'York—any kind you want. What say, George?"

II

PERHAPS it was a reaction from his two years of knocking about the world and eating things out of tin cans; at any rate Tanquay's splendid dining room, exquisite with flowers, both botanical and human, melodious with the chirpings of a stringed quartet, moving with the picture of metropolitan life at luncheon, combined to-day into a heavenly rapture for Lafayette Standish. They had got themselves a table a fragrant distance from the orchestral gallery, and in a mood of exalted extravagance he had tried to order everything expensive on the menu card; only the soft protestations of the pretty girl on the other edge of the cloth had restrained him. Standish sat in a dream, awaking now and then to upbraid himself that he had so utterly neglected the social graces which might long ago have led him into the company of angels such as the one he was entertaining not unaware.

After all, she had displayed somewhat a robust appetite, had this angel. She had taken kindly to Tanquay's special *hors d'œuvres*, then to jellied *consommé;* nor had she refused a second helping of boneless duck, combined with Tanquay's *salade printemps*. In view of the earnest skill with which her little fingers plied the fork, he came to the conclusion that her desire to part with the Watteau fan had something to do with the growing food shortage. Those fingers, naturally slender, were positively thin, and the sight of each new delicacy brought to her lovely eyes a yearning look which wrung the heart of the well-wishing adventurer. . . . The advance on his new book was still intact, he reflected, and he didn't care to-day if his food bill ran several hundred per cent beyond his average weekly expenditure.

"I was famished," she said at last, looking up with a satisfied smile. This was thanks enough for him.

"Let me see." He tried to appear very wise and businesslike as he looked at his watch. "Come to think of it, Alessandro Solomon might be here in this very restaurant. He was a regular patron of Tanquay's some years ago when I last saw him."

"Oh, wouldn't it be splendid!" chimed his temporary ward.

Pierre, the dean of America's head waiters, chanced at that moment to be stalking down center aisle. The look with which he responded to Standish's beckoning forefinger indicated that he did not know Standish, although everybody in New York was supposed to know Pierre.

"Pierre!"

"Monsieur?"

Intelligent, doglike eyes and a balder spot than Standish ever hoped to show leaned over the chair in an attitude of carefully shaded respect.

"Does Mr. Solomon, Alessandro Solomon, still lunch here?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur. He is here every day."

"In this dining room?"

"Oh, no!" Well-marked eyebrows indicated the absurdity of such a thought. "In the grill room."

"Is he there now?"

"Unless he has gone. It's a little late for him, I think."

Pierre had bowed himself to the next table ere Standish permitted himself his song of praise.

"The plot thickens!" he grinned, little knowing what arrows of Fate he was calling down upon his head.

"It's like a fairy story!" jubilated the girl across the table. But when he had arisen for his errand he was somewhat disturbed to see that look of fright and irresolution come back into her eyes.

"You needn't think I'll get lost," he said with a kindly intent to reassure her.

"No, I won't," she told him in the queerest voice. "Explorers don't, do they?"

"Not in New York," he replied with a touch of disdain, and went limping out in search of Alessandro Solomon.

The captain of waiters told him that Mr. Solomon had left less than five minutes ago. He might be in the foyer, as he often stopped to talk on his way out. Standish caught sight of what appeared to be Solomon centering several groups, but they proved to be simulacra, ghosts planted to deceive his eyes. His search took him past the hat room, down the marble steps almost as far as the whirligigging glass doors which, in honor of the mild weather, had folded their wings and stood obligingly open to the street. Here the explorer took his stand and surveyed the sidewalk. There was nobody of the appearance of Solomon within hailing distance of the taxi-line. The boy bandit who handled the hat-checks told him that Mr. Solomon had his own landaulet and didn't travel in a taxi—Solomon in all his glory was not conveyed in one of these. It was irritating. To what point of the compass the eminent curator had fled no man could say. It might take all afternoon to hunt him up, and the girl in the greenish dress had as good as said that she hadn't enough money for more than a few hours' stay in New York. And not only that. To all appearances she was perfectly friendless in the city, and no youngish man, not even a college professor, can pass himself off as an official registered chaperon for the prettiest girl that ever came out of New England.

Standish was irresolutely considering an inglorious return to the dining room, in fact he had started his crippled ankle one pace in that direction, when Fate in her most fantastic disguise came waddling toward him down the marble steps. Fate was, as she should be, a lady—or, more strictly speaking, several ladies combined into one vast fabrication. In form she was about four hundred pounds of purple dowager, purple of gown and much more purple of face. Yards and yards of the royal hue were wrapped round and round her illimitable person, giving her the appearance of some splendid piece of imperial upholstery, walking and creaking on its springs as it walked. As though in memory of her vanished waistline she wore round her circumference one of those great silver chains which elderly opulent ladies affect and with their many appendages call "chatelaines." From this chain there dangled any amount of expensive feminine hardware: a vinaigrette, a vanity case, something which looked like a cigar lighter, two or three enameled locket-shaped things and a gold mesh bag hideously distended. She clanked as she walked. Over her good left arm she carried one of those patent speaking tubes which are erroneously supposed to aid the deaf in hearing.

As she wheezed her way toward the folded street door Standish experienced the feeling of one about to be run down by a purple glacier. Proud to the nth degree of pride, swollen with plutocratic food, neither to right nor left did she give heed. She was on her way. That which stood before must stand aside or be crushed down. Standish stood aside, and in doing so crowded himself against the flower stand and nearly fell over somebody's valuable chow dog. It would have been well had he done so, for the embarrassment of such an accident would have diverted his attention from the trifle which aroused his ill-fated chivalry.

The purple presence gave an extra clank. The reason was obvious—her gold mesh bag had come unhooked; the stuffy little thing fell with a bounce right at Standish's feet. It was quite natural that he should have leaned to pick it up, but it was neither natural nor graceful that, as he inclined his body, his head should have collided painfully with that rough silver chain thing which divided the upper and the lower halves of the great lady in the doorway. Now concentration of mind is both a vice and a virtue with the scholar; and the mind of Standish was on that fallen purse. The thing skidded under his clutch; several people coming down the steps all but trod on his helping hand. He had a giddy feeling that someone was laughing at him. However, he cornered the impish refugee at last and presented it to its owner with no brighter expectation than a word of thanks. But the stare which greeted him was epileptic in its intensity.

"Knock me down and snatch my purse, will you!" came the croak of a war-mad frog. She smuggled the purse into her workbag and stood wheezing voluminously with the effort of speech.

"Madam, I was just trying to recover it for you!" shouted he, reaching out for her speaking tube which she wrested from his grasp.

"Tried to cover it, did you!" she sputtered, waving her speaking tube as one might a defensive blackjack. "What are these restaurants coming to, I should like to know! Every Tom, Dick and Harry here for no good—no good, I say. Young man, why aren't you in a uniform?"

Should Professor Lafayette Standish stand here in Tanquay's doorway and shout into the deaf ear of a lady he didn't know that he had been rejected thrice for service overseas and was tearing out his heart for that very reason? He was contemplating some such mad expostulation when the purple vengeance took matters into her own hands by sniffing twice and waddling away toward the street, betraying more dexterity of movement than he would have suspected in so large a body.

As she paused and scolded by the door of a whale-sized blue limousine Professor Lafayette Standish stood and scratched his puzzled head. The act was purely involuntary, but it felt somehow good, did that scratch; his nails seemed to be tickling a surface which had long clamored for his attention. It was as though the skin of his scalp was laid bare and—ye merciless gods! Suddenly both of his hands shot upward in one desperate clutch. It was gone! In that ill-rewarded scramble for the gold mesh bag he had done just what his nightmares had warned him of, what he had constantly dreaded every hour he had worn the beastly thing—he had let his toupee drop off!

But where? An infernal stupefaction held him for an instant while his desperate eyes glared round the marble steps. No auburn patch adorned their snowy surfaces; they were innocent of hair as was that exposed and guilty triangle now blushing fiercely on the top of his head. Then toward the fat blue limousine and the fat purple lady he rolled his distracted gaze—and in that flash he saw both his hope and the peril of his situation. A self-explanatory picture was revealed before his eyes—the massy proportions of the peevish dowager as the carriage starter eased her into her tonneau, a hank of reddish hair dangling loosely among the gold and silver trophies on her belt. The truth was instantaneous. In stooping to pick up her purse he had caught his wig in that horrendous silver chain. The lady had scalped him and, like a fatted Seminole brave, was now departing with the trophy hanging in her wampum!

"Hold on!" he shouted, scrambling out to the curb and forgetting his lameness in his wild attack upon the obese chariot. "Madam, just a moment; you've got my hair!"

The noise was nothing to the old lady in purple, but it caught the fancy of the carriage starter, who by a gesture indicated that one approached and would have a word with the queen. The queen, however, had now spread herself entirely over the tonneau and sat regarding Standish with a glare of ineffable hatred.

"Do you wish me to call a policeman?" she croaked. "If not, please go. Alexander, drive on."

The door banged. The self-starter snarled. Juggernaut rolled ponderously away, leaving Lafayette Standish hopeless and hairless under an unpitying sky, impotent to stem the tide of traffic in which his darling toupee must be forever submerged. And worse still, he had a distinct impression that the old lady was sitting on it.

A general thinks quickest when his army is in retreat. Should Professor Standish, strangely altered in appearance, go back to the dining room to bow his roseate scalp before the young lady he had just now left toying with the most expensive dessert on the menu? Or should he make some fantastic excuse for wearing his hat into Tanquay's stately *salle à manger?* Or should he, still stubbornly hatted, send for her to come out, pretending that he had maimed himself by a fall over a banana peel? He sorted out these glittering expedients and rejected them as glass. Then from the tawdry mess gleamed the true jewel of thought. Quite obvious! It was just three Fifth Avenue blocks and two cross-town to Eddie Burke's apartment where Standish had stored his baggage sent up from Buenos Aires. In his mind's eye he could see the very corner of the very steamer trunk in which, under a bale of foreign letters, he had smuggled his extra toupee. Five minutes at most would accomplish the errand. To a layman such an undertaking might have smacked of audacious adventure. To a wanderer of uncharted seas, an explorer of unnamed rivers, a percher on bleak Pacific rocks, the job was merely mildly stimulating because of a sentimental interest attached thereto. As a scientific or sporting problem New York was far beneath the consideration of Lafayette Standish, F. R. G. S., etc.

It was in this disdainful but somewhat irritable frame of mind that he got his hat and commanded a taxi driver to hurl him toward a given address on East Forty-seventh Street near Madison Avenue. The hurling was good, for in an insignificant lapse of time he found himself confronting the modish little apartment house where on the sixth floor Eddie Burke, a purely business acquaintance he had made in Central America, fostered one of his many needless expenditures.

"Wait!" Standish was commanding of the man on the box, but was rewarded by a bit of taxicab psychology.

"Say, mister, if it ain't too much trouble," began the broken-nosed watcher of the busy dial, "would y' mind takin' another one back? There's a swell stand right there at the corner of Park."

Following the direction indicated by the sooty finger the swell stand was apparent, less than a block away, a half dozen cabs idling hopefully in the sun.

"What's the matter with this one?" snapped the explorer.

"The defferentials, I guess." The man would have talked it all over had circumstances permitted. "Honest, I can't guarantee to git you back."

What else was there to do than to toss fifty cents toward the disappointing person? Fortunately Standish had not been obliged to trust to taxicabs in his hairbreadth escapes from Papuan savages.

In the æsthetic foyer of the apartment house he found an elevator boy, drowsy with the summer solstice, his head buried in a comic supplement.

"Good morning, Mr. Standish," he greeted, after being shaken to attention. Standish was flattered that somebody in New York recognized the author of The Trackless Wilderness.

"Good afternoon," he corrected. "Will you take me up to Mr. Burke's apartment? I have the key."

Already Standish began having that impatient feeling which a bashful man enjoys when he is keeping a lady waiting. The elevator seemed frightfully slow; he hoped the taxicab's trouble wasn't epidemic. He glanced at his watch. His absence from Tanquay's had already consumed nearer fifteen minutes than five. In the small imitation stone hallway on the sixth floor he had to fumble an indefinite time with the lock in the fireproof door ere at last the hinges yielded to the turning of the knob. Once inside the door banged behind him with the clangor of a penitentiary gate. He stood blinking and alone in the twilit depths of the closed apartment.

The place wasn't large, as he had remembered it from his one night there after his return from Buenos Aires, but to-day's jumble of sheeted furniture it seemed as confusing as the Labyrinth. A Fur-trau of

(Continued on Page 37)

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—and these delicious Aunt Jemima cakes cost only one-third as much as eggs or meat!

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Waffles, muffins, breadsticks—each of these becomes a new delight when made with Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. And so economical, too!

"I'se in town, Honey!"

AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKE FLOUR

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(Continued from Page 35)

tables, pictures and chairs gleamed with snowy moth-wax in the center of a medium-sized room where Eddie Burke, when not off on one of his frantic business tours, dined and entertained his friends. According to his recollections there was a room called the library which Eddie—whose learned researches were limited to the evening papers and a Golfer's Handy Manual—had converted into a reservoir for junk. Here, less than a month ago, Standish had seen his two trunks and kit bag in intimate companionship with assorted riding boots, a portable bathtub, a Mexican saddle and a crate of automobile first-aid supplies. To-day, as he peered along the dim foyer, Standish beheld the door of the library invitingly ajar.

No ice-stranded explorer—and Standish had done the Arctic once or twice—ever sighted an answering signal rocket with a keener pang of joy than did he who now descried, looming squarely in front of him, a wardrobe trunk and a steamer trunk, both plainly initialed in red letters "L. S." To the wardrobe trunk he paid slight courtesy, for he had the nesting place of his extra toupee very clearly in mind. It was with a somewhat nervous hand that he at last fitted a key to the lock of the steamer trunk, opened the lid and went scrambling feverishly among photographs of Latin America, both scenic and human. At last he got to a soggy bale of correspondence—letters of introduction, I believe, to and from Argentinian cabinet members—and his smile was confident as he lifted the parcel and looked below. Nothing—or nothing of consequence to his present plight. The toupee wasn't there. Of course it was merely a matter of careful searching; and had he been curator of a Latin-American museum the search would have been gratifying in the extreme. But for him as he stood, hairless and desperate, it degenerated into the futile clawings of a madman. What had he done with that irreplaceable strip of hair?

He tried to be calm, to steel himself to a closer scrutiny in the hope that it had slipped behind, under, between something. It was the same cheerless passion as inflamed the unpleasant Mr. Hyde in his tortured searchings after one grain of that elixir which would turn him back into the beautiful Doctor Jekyll. And Mr. Hyde looked not a whit more evil than did Professor Standish as, inventing a mouth-filling Spanish oath, he lifted one end of the little trunk and dumped its entire contents across the floor. Being no baggage-smasher by trade he must have done the work clumsily, for a corner of the trunk smote him so rudely in the side as to cause a crunching, crackling sound as though several of his ribs had snapped. It didn't hurt, and Standish was too deep in his fight against adverse Fate to pause at minor injuries. With a ghastly philosophy he set himself to work shaking out, sorting, discarding every object in that pile of trash. And when the careful mood was over he stood up and kicked the entire collection to the chaos where it belonged. What had become of his extra toupee?

When he had got back from Buenos Aires he had been in a languid convalescent mood and the executive Burke had undertaken his management. It was at Burke's suggestion that the trunks had been left here. But he remembered distinctly slipping the extra toupee into that wardrobe trunk—or did he remember distinctly? Possibly in his weakened condition he had merely intended to transfer the toupee and taken the intention for the deed. That was it undoubtedly! He had merely dreamed it all, and the toupee was still reposing in the place where he had dropped it before taking the boat North, in either his wardrobe trunk or his kit bag.

He looked at his watch. It was now a good three-quarters of an hour since he had abandoned his mysterious heroine at Tanquay's.

Well, Standish hadn't brought the keys to his wardrobe trunk, but he managed to break the lock with an automobile tool borrowed from a pile in the corner. The lid was no sooner open than he gazed, swore again—for at that very instant memory came flooding back to him. Quite distinctly he recalled having smuggled the toupee into his kit bag before the steamer came into quarantine.

The recollection brought relief, for there seemed nothing to do now but find the kit bag, plunder it and return to Tanquay's, a bit late perhaps, but in time to save a bad situation. He even smiled as again he turned his face to the mess of baggage. The kit bag would be a simple problem once he found it. But he didn't find it. Ten minutes of dangerous mountaineering over Eddie Burke's Alpine junk pile pretty well convinced him of the fact that his own special kit bag wasn't there. What had become of it didn't matter. It was a condition and not a theory that confronted him.

Standish took this last blow with one of his sandy grins. He even whistled an airy tune as he went into the living room to do a little telephoning. Filled with the peace which follows the white flag he resolved to get Miss Finch at Tanquay's and inform her that he had been seriously injured by a taxicab. No, that wouldn't do. Taxicabs don't run over people talking with art collectors in Tanquay's grill.

Standish took the receiver off the hook and found it to be as dead as was the ear of the purple lady in Tanquay's doorway. The time-worn expedient of swearing into the mouthpiece between harsh rattlings of the hook brought no responsive voice. That telephone was a mere stage property totally remote from the nervous electric brain of New York.

That was settled. Eddie Burke, who held a private wire, had caused it to be disconnected for the summer.

Good. Standish's next resolve was to hail a taxicab, get himself washed somewhere, fly back to Tanquay's and face the music like a man. His head was hairless but unbowed; and it was not until he had got his hand on the knob of the fireproof door that he realized how Fate again had slipped in ahead of him. The thing was as stiff and unyielding as a knee-joint which has been broken and badly healed. "Quite extraordinary!" muttered the distinguished explorer, already repenting his recent oaths, yet dazed that his palm should slip so ineffectually over the polished bronze. He thought of trying the key, then recalled that he had left it in the lock outside. The steel door continued to stare blankly as stares the dial of some safe-deposit vault upon the burglar who knows not the combination. After much fumbling Standish found the switch and got a great white light full upon the incurable situation.

"Janitor Please Fix Lock. Out of Order!"

It was pasted on the panel in Eddie Burke's large, comprehensive scrawl.

"Sweet vi-o-*lets*, sweeter than all those ro-ses!"

This was the only tune, if tune it could be called, which Professor Standish knew; and he chanted it over at least fifty times to the cadence of his monotonous pacings back and forth. In this he was not expressing either mirth or exaltation of soul, but merely demonstrating a theory—clearly expressed in his unpopular treatise, Analysis of Captive Fauna, page 722—to the effect that song birds, subjected to the horrors of confinement, survive longer than the mute species under similar circumstances. The problem of escape was to him a merely academic one, since Miss Finch must have paid for her lunch and his and deserted Tanquay's long ere now. To avoid dwelling upon what she thought of him or what might have happened to her in case of her lacking sufficient money to pay Tanquay's bill kept Standish singing verse after verse, louder and louder.

"This is ridiculous!" hissed the lost explorer after a time, and again applied his aching brain to the puzzle. No use trying

"W-what Under the Name of the Seven Stars are You Doing Here?" He Asked With a Sort of Idiotic Directness

your country or gratify your taste for adventure?"

The discoverer of several obscure South Sea islands, lost in a thirty-foot New York apartment, was forced to many unpleasant conclusions. His patriotism had been a sort of self-indulgence; he had been too vain of his exploits to consider an unpicturesque civilian appointment, teaching foreign languages in a neighboring Connecticut cantonment. Instead he had insisted upon offering to the service a poor body which the service didn't want.

The same poor vanity had led him into this ridiculous mess. What did it matter after all whether his skull were waving with roseate plumage or showing the bare contour of its intellectual lines? Julius Cæsar, Shakspere, Edward Everett Hale wore little or no hair to cover the roof trees of their undoubtedly first-class brains. The wig, on the other hand, was invented by a degenerate Tudor to conceal the hump on his back.

This last conclusion got Professor Standish as far to the rear as Eddie Burke's small kitchen and the little den where his Japanese servant was wont to sleep. Here he pried a window open, hoping for a convenient fire-escape. This handy ladder he found running from the hallway, a good twelve feet from where he stood. He was considering a swinging leap for liberty when his eyes were brightened by what he saw in a back yard below. A beetle-browed foreigner had just given a final whack to a strip of carpet, then dropped his punitive length of rubber hose in the realization that it was five o'clock.

"Hey!" shouted Standish again. "Hi there!"

The foreigner looked up, beheld the prisoner, and uttered a syllable which, from a distance, sounded like "Ooch!"

"Bill, Charley, Antonio, Ivan!" The address from on high grew cosmopolitan, as Standish was resolved to take no chances. The man continued to stare amiably. "I'm locked in!" shrieked the prisoner. "Tell the janitor to let me out!"

"Ooch!" responded the carpet-beater, who smiled very sweetly and began putting on his coat.

"You idiot, can't you understand English?"

"No cannit!" This negation floated quite distinctly up the six stories.

It was all in the day's luck that he should have confided his woe to a person who spoke no English. However, foreign tongues were Standish's specialty; it had long been his boast that he could make himself understood in several dozen languages and dialects. Therefore, he went at it systematically, employing his entire repertoire to express the simple thought, "I am locked in. Let me out." He began elegantly in French, worked gradually through the liquid vowels of Italy and Spain, crossed to Africa and exhausted Morocco and Algeria. Jugo-Slavic, Czecho-Slavic, pure Russian, Polish, Finnish and Eskimo availed him not. Three of the best-known Chinese dialects, Japanese, Turkish, Yiddish, Serbian and modern Greek accomplished nothing more than to broaden the ivory grin of the hopeless alien below. And at last when Standish in his ignoble desperation had descended to German the man shrugged his shoulders, pulled his cap over his eyes and disappeared into his cavern. There were two or three remote tribes of the Caucasus which Standish had never visited, and no doubt this specimen came from one of these.

Standish got down from there and softly closed the window. After a long period of semi-unconsciousness on the Japanese servant's Spartan bed he was aroused by the uncomfortable feeling that something was rattling and crackling about in his inside pocket. It never occurred to him that it might be the Watteau fan until he had brought it out and released it from its untidy wrapping of tissue paper. Several splinters of broken ivory fell to the floor, but the mass of the wreckage lay in his lap like some brilliant butterfly which had just been stepped on.

He picked up the pieces and attempted to lay them together on the bed. Whichever

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one of his recent convulsions had crushed the fragile thing, the job had been complete. Hardly a stick remained intact; the languid duchess in the center panel had been decapitated; the mess of flower-strewing cupids hung limp and tattered as a fragment of last year's circus poster.

"Well, that's finished," smiled Professor Lafayette Standish. He felt an unholy joy that this Vandal's day had been crowned by artistic completeness.

The shriek of a tortured demon tore through his nerves and tumbled him out of his reverie. Faint with the sudden shock yet wild with hope he leaped to his feet, sensing deliverance in that fiend's alarm. It shrilled again, and this time the prisoner was able to locate the sound as coming from a small trumpet-shaped bit of metal which projected from the wall beside a sliding panel, evidently concealing a section of dumb-waiter shaft. A speaking tube! The much-traveled Standish had seen speaking tubes on shipboard and even heard of dumb-waiters, but it had never occurred to him that these commonplace appliances could combine in his rescue.

He got his lips a correct distance from the mouthpiece and, after pressing back the clapper with his thumb, emitted a bellow into the unknown:

"Hello!"

With catlike dexterity he transferred his ear to the place where his mouth had been. Silence. He repeated the antic again and had just got his ear in place when the frightful instrument whistled more frantically than before, causing him to leap back, his hand over his injured tympanum. The present symptom, however, was cheering. The blowing of the whistle presupposed human lungs with which to blow it; and somewhere attached to those lungs there should be a human heart to give him aid and comfort.

He gave up the nerve-racking tube and adopted a more direct means of communication, namely, the dumb-waiter shaft, which he got at by pushing aside the sliding panel. With his head and shoulders leaning over the black well he thought he could descry another head and shoulders, feminine in contour, craning out of a dim square of light some two floors below. Resolved to take no risk of offending this one last chance, he cleared his throat and called out in his most honeyed tone:

"Hello! I beg your pardon!"

"Is that the janitor?" rang out a voice, clear and sweet as the clangor of a sword.

"No, madam. I'm not the janitor; I'm up here."

He knew that cooks are ever temperamental, and he was cold with the fear that she would close her panel and leave him to die.

"Well, who are you then?" He could see a dim patch of face turned up toward him.

"I—I'm Professor Standish; Lafayette Standish." He blushed. He had been introduced to the public in many curious ways, but never before like this.

A long blank spell of waiting.

"You're what?" echoed the voice at last.

"I'm Professor Lafayette Standish. It doesn't really matter, you know ——"

"Well, what in the name of cats are you doing up there?"

"I'm locked in." He still managed to maintain his attitude of cajolery. "It's most ridiculous, I confess; but I've been several hours trying to signal someone to let me out."

"I suppose it never occurred to you"—and the voice was now quite freezing in its sarcasm—"that you could have come down by the dumb-waiter without the least bother to anybody."

"Oh, thank you, madam, thank you!" Had there been roses in the abominable prison which held him he would have showered them down, just as the cupids in the broken fan treated the damaged duchess. "That's a splendid idea. I really never thought of it. How stupid it was of me!"

"Yes, wasn't it!" It tinkled up to him like a jet of ice water. He could see the watcher below withdrawing her torso from the patch of light.

He could discern a gallows-rigging of ropes in the shaft beyond the sliding panel, and after some manipulation he caused a great wooden box to descend with such guillotinelike suddenness as to all but remove his diminished head. The box wasn't so large after all, when you considered it as a passenger cage, and the danger of a ninety-foot fall was not remote. Standish had visions of his mangled frame landing six stories below in the lap of a slumberous janitor. However, physical risks were no novelty to him, and with such a thought he heartened himself as, holding the guide-rope in restraint, he stepped gingerly into the rough-hewn car, doubled himself into a cozy knot and proceeded painfully, slowly, to let himself down.

For an indefinite period Standish swung between heaven and earth on that romantic vehicle wherein butter, eggs, milk and general produce arrive to the kitchens of our cliff dwellers. The box was suffocating, heavy with the odors of bygone vegetation. Caution held him by the wrist, prompting him to inch his way downward. His rate of descent was that of a sinking sun rather than of a falling bomb.

A gradually increasing, slowly broadening crack of light began to show at the bottom of his cage; his heart beat warmer when he could behold the white-enameled leg of a kitchen chair, several blue checkerboard squares of linoleum; the picture grew to a goodly rectangle, a bonny, wholesome sight, though framed in blackness. For our voyager was now looking boldly in upon a small modern kitchen, neat as wax and centrally decorated, as every proper kitchen should be, by a beautiful young woman.

Her abundant silky hair she wore down her back, done in a loose braid, and she wore a kimono of that crazy-quilt design known nowadays as Cubist. She must have seen the intruder doubled up in his box, staring insanely as stares the stowaway who sees cherry pie for the first time in sixty days. But she showed only the long fringes of her lids as she kept her eyes lowered over her homely task, which consisted in peeling potatoes out of a large bright bowl and dropping them into a small blue saucepan.

It was a pretty sight, and to the much-enduring Standish any human face should have been a welcome vision under the circumstances. But a first startled glimpse had brought suspicion to his morbid mind, a suspicion which closer inspection had verified, magnified to a horror. Change of costume had somewhat altered her appearance—that was true. . . . He crouched there petrified, hoping and fearing that she would raise her eyes.

She did that very thing, giving him the full benefit of her clear, unfriendly gaze. Standish all but tumbled out onto the pretty blue and white linoleum. For here he sat, perched between earth and sky, facing the girl whom three hours ago he had deserted in Tanquay's.

"W-what under the name of the seven stars are you doing here?" he asked with a sort of idiotic directness.

"Cooking my own supper," she said smoothly, "out of the sixty-six cents I had left after paying for your lunch."

"Oh!"

Had the dumb-waiter dropped four floors it could not have hurt him like this too apparent fall in her estimation.

"Miss Finch," he began, after easing his feet out of his box and letting them dangle over the linoleum, "I've been in some rather tight corners during my travels, but never one which put me in so—undignified a light."

"Your undignified light is nothing to me," she drawled, severing a potato with one keen blow of her knife. "The horrid people in that gaudy restaurant threatened to have me arrested."

"Upon my honor as a gentleman, Miss Finch ——" His voice trailed away, because he realized that this was a poor way to reassure her now. He got painfully down and limped his way over to the white enameled chair, and as he settled there uninvited he pulled his soft hat a little farther down over his ears. Quite disregarding her look of high disdain he was determined to stand firm in this regard.

"I might have gone to prison," she went on persistently, "and have been thankful for the shelter. It was the merest piece of luck that I happened to think of Emma Brook, who stays here in the summer for her music."

She went briskly on peeling potatoes. He wondered how she would take it if he offered to help.

"It would be only fair," he said with much forced dignity, "to let me explain."

"You might. You seem to be especially good at that."

Her scathing glance centered on the hat which he would not remove. Which reminded him again of that coward's spot on

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his skull. Should he tell her the candid truth and brave her jeering laughter? No. It is more romantic to be a felon than a clown.

"I—I met with a series of accidents and—was detained."

"I noticed that."

"Please listen to me. My intentions were really quite praiseworthy. I started out to hunt up Alessandro Solomon, but my eagerness to catch him—he was just leaving Tanquay's as I came out—got me into a most unfortunate series of accidents. You see, I broke my ankle a few months ago and it has never got strong." Sticking to the facts is an old trick of the white liar. "And when everything was arranged quite to your benefit ——"

"To my benefit?" she echoed.

"Oh quite!" he plunged recklessly on. "I was obliged to come here to a friend's apartment for some—ah—surgical supplies which I had brought in my trunk from South America. Please believe me, Miss Finch. The entire transaction would have consumed less than fifteen minutes had it not been for another foolish accident. I found myself locked in and the telephone disconnected. I've been trying to get out ever since."

He sat there limp and humble, studying those crystal eyes for one look of forgiveness. He thought he could discern one ray of sun across the ice as she looked up from her potatoes and inquired:

"In the meantime, what have you done with my fan?"

"Your fan?" Easy is the descent to Avernus. With the nimbleness of desperation he jumped from the white lie to the black: "Oh, I sold your fan for you."

"You did?" She dropped her knife on the oilcloth and clumsily resumed it. "Well, you've been rather slow in telling me about it."

"I had so much to explain, I was coming to that," said the miserable culprit.

"How much did you get for it?" The question sounded on his ears like the crack of a whip. The advance royalty on his book was in the bank untouched. How much did she expect?

"Eight hundred dollars," said he with that decisiveness and candor which has carried many an untruth straight to the bull's-eye.

"Eight hundred dollars!" She echoed it in such a way that he was sure he had far underguessed the value of her treasure. And then: "What—what did you do with the money?"

"Oh, I banked Solomon's check," he raced glibly on to the finish.

"I see."

Suspicion was returning into her look and her voice, and to stanch that cooling tide Standish fumbled rapidly for his check book and fountain pen. It was after he had scribbled the fictitious sum in his small, scholarly hand and added the signature, "Lafayette Standish," to the rosy sheet which he tore from its perforations that he dared to look her in the eye and discover that the inscrutable maiden had become more inscrutable than ever.

"No, I can't take it," she was saying in the queerest tone.

"If you doubt my signature," he said, somewhat piqued, "I'll take you round to the Night and Day Bank and have it verified."

"Not that. Oh, no!"

"Then maybe I didn't get enough for it."

"No—that's the trouble. I'm—I'm afraid you've got too much for it—a lot too much."

And it suddenly dawned upon him that this elfin being was beginning to cry into her dish of potatoes!

"I didn't want to cheat you—I didn't mean to cheat Mr. Solomon. I've got to buy it back—and I did so want the money!"

"My dear child!" Standish, attempting to gain reason out of thin air, had yet time to consider that she looked well even when crying.

"It wasn't worth fifty dollars; it was a fake!"

"The fan?"

"Uh-huh! My mother won it at a church fair and gave it to me. Clara Lee told me I might sell it to an antique man on Fourth Avenue. And when I saw you on the train—you looked so innocent and—sort of young, I just couldn't help it. I thought you might know how to sell it for me—I did so want the money."

His attitude was almost fatherly as he arose and touched her little helpless fingers as they lay folded on the oilcloth.

"What did you want it for?" he asked solemnly.

"You'll think it so foolish!" She looked away, but the April storm had passed.

"Nothing seems foolish to me any more," he reminded her.

"Well, I—I wanted to help my country."

"That's certainly wise enough," he consoled the stricken child. "Liberty Bonds perhaps, or ——"

"Oh, no, nothing poky like that. But Clara Lee and I had planned to do something really thrilling. Mother couldn't see us doing anything but selling savings stamps or wrapping old bandages in a Red Cross workroom. We wanted to do something really great to help win the war. Clara Lee read in a novel about a girl who carried water to the wounded behind the lines in Flanders, so we worked it all out, a fine plan to do that very thing. We were going to start a society called the Independent Helpers of the Wounded."

"Have you had any training as a nurse?" asked Standish rather dryly.

"No. We tried to get into a hospital, but they wouldn't take us."

"I see. So you decided to go as stowaways."

"It wasn't so ridiculous as it sounds. All we needed was a little money. So I waited till mother went to Boston and I took—took the fan and started for New York. But, of course, I can't accept all that money. It wouldn't be honest."

"Oh, never worry," Standish reassured her with the cheerfulness of a good sportsman. "Solomon never paid for anything that wasn't worth paying for."

But when she had reached out her hand and gathered in the pinkish scrap of paper a sardonic humor got the better of him, causing his head to roll back and his mouth to yawn in a series of unmannerly snorts.

"What's so funny about me?" she asked in her proudest way.

"You're so much like me," he sputtered.

"Oh."

"And did you really think you could go to Europe and help win the war on a little private enterprise all by yourself?"

"Well, it's been done, and ——"

"You came all the way from Hartford to New York, and before you got here you were insulted by a drunken man and robbed by a sober one."

"I—I suppose it was a little foolish," she admitted, and it made him giddy to see how she leaned upon his opinion. "But you see you've turned out to be so kind and helpful."

"I want to be helpful and kind," said he quite earnestly; "so let's talk like two fools in the same boat. We've both started out with the best of intentions to do something to defeat Germany. I wasn't satisfied with doing what Uncle Sam wanted me to do—teach English to the wops and Italian to the doughboys. No, indeed! I wanted to go to Washington and pull wires until somebody, to get rid of me, would have put me in some sort of uniformed job where I'd have taken up valuable space on a transport, got myself laid up in a Paris hospital, and been shipped home without a blow struck. You wanted to do the same thing in a little clumsier way. My dear child, army officers tell me that there are more beautiful flower-bearers and pillow-patters on the other side than Pershing himself knows what to do with. Excuse my being so candid, but I've just seen the light and I've got to talk."

"Then you think we'd do more good staying home, you and I?"

"The trouble with us has been that we've belonged to the Self-Constituted International Sisterhood of War Winners. The war has now passed the point where the amateur patriot is going to do anything but harm. We've got to stop confusing patriotism with love for excitement. Organization is the thing now; we're all registered, we're all subject to the draft; and we can accomplish anything if only we'll do just what we're asked to do."

"You're really very wise," she humbly informed him.

"I'm quoting from a very wise woman, my sister. She tells me that wars are won by the two branches, the warriors and the fighting civilians. Someone's got to build the ships and sell the bonds and pay the taxes. If the Government doesn't ask us to go to the Front—doesn't want us there—it's our duty to carry on the civil life. Our homes must be kept up, we must marry and raise children, and ——"

He hadn't intended to lead the argument into such a channel, but he was relieved to see the softened look with which she regarded the pink check.

"This will buy quite a lot of bonds," she said.

"This war," he persisted—for being a lecturer by nature he was unable to stop when steam was up—"may seem like a trackless jungle where no man can see the way. But over the fields of Flanders there is the same North Star, the same moon, the same system of planets by which the lost man finds his way out of the deep forests. The law will always rule, and by obeying the law we can win back to order and peace. We've been taking the law to ourselves, and see how we have been behaving like a pair of wandering fools ——"

He wasn't at all sure she was listening. In her eyes was the look of a pretty child who has been scolded gently, then led back to the nursery to be combed and brushed.

"Of course, if I'd stayed at home I should never have met you," she mused, her small chin resting on the shank of her pretty hand. And without the remotest shyness Standish removed his hat.

III

LATE in October when Professor Lafayette Standish was gathering together his possessions, preparatory to shipping them to a little house near a cantonment where they were to go directly after the wedding, he found it necessary to go over his luggage in Eddie Burke's apartment. This time when he entered he propped the door open with a heavy chair. Eddie was still roaming the face of the hemisphere, and the apartment was just as Standish had left it that puzzling afternoon in midsummer. On the Jap's bed out by the kitchenette he found a pile of lovely scraps, broken and appealing as the remains of a butterfly that has been stepped on. He knew nothing of eighteenth-century antiques, but an instinct for that which is rare and beautiful caused him to linger over the lovely ruin.

"I think I'll show it to Solomon," he thought, and an hour later was able to find that authority on æsthetic minutiæ in his studio and willing to be interviewed.

"Would you regard this as genuine?" asked Standish, showing the wreckage of the fan.

"Genuine what?" Solomon puckered his long intellectual face and quizzed through plate-glass spectacles.

"Watteau."

"That's easy. It is not a genuine Watteau."

"How do you know?"

"There is no such thing as a genuine Watteau fan. There is a popular superstition to the effect that Watteau painted fans. The so-called Watteau fans were painted by clever fellows in imitation of the master's subjects."

"Then that makes this of little value."

"Possibly."

"What would it be worth?"

Solomon's spectacles went like burning glasses over the fragments.

"It has been so badly handled—what vandalism! Not a good slat or a whole panel!"

"How much?"

"In good condition?"

Standish nodded.

"Fortescue Brindley has a pair like this in his collection," said Solomon judicially. "He paid nineteen thousand for the two, I think, at the Bergstrom sale."

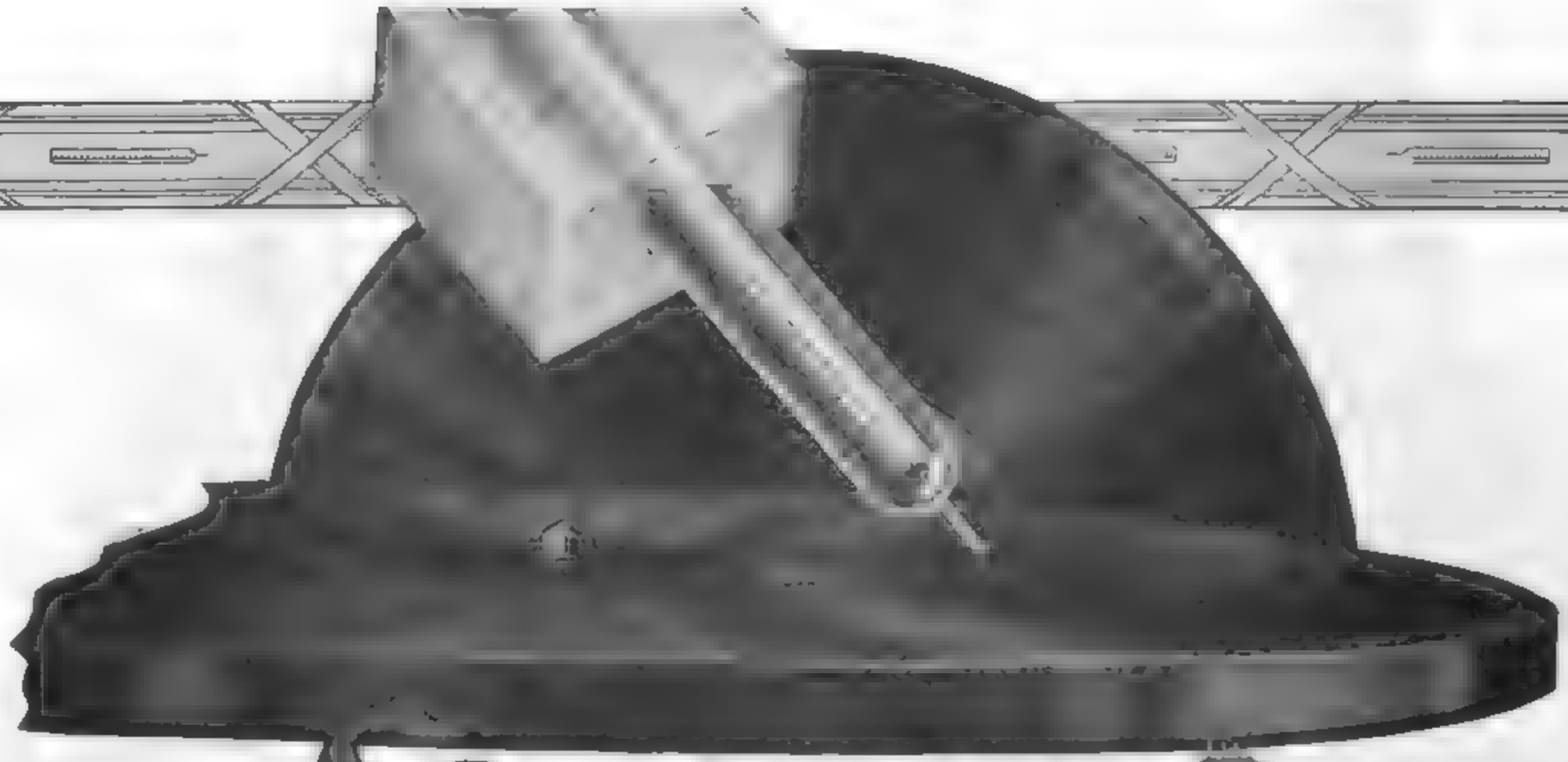
"Rather interesting. And what would you offer for this one?"

"Are you willing to sell?"

"For a suitable price."

"Hm. Eight hundred dollars?"

"Sold."



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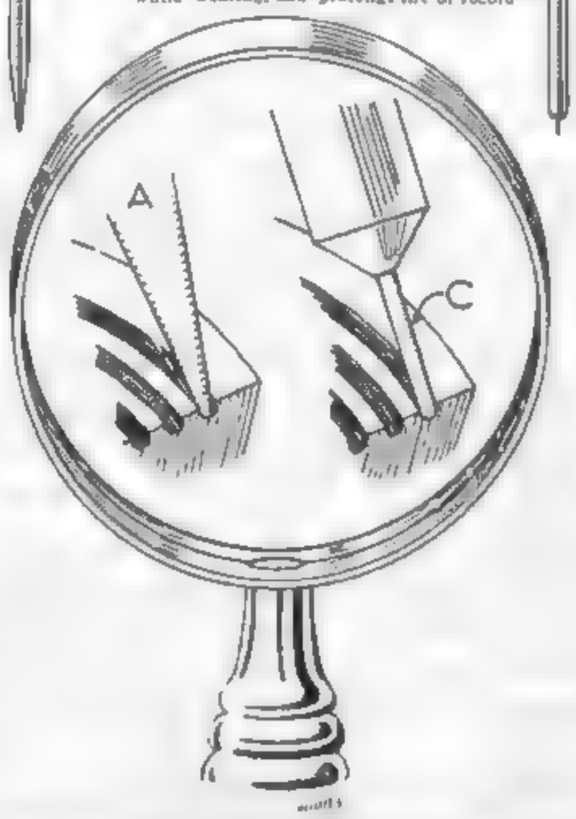
This shows on a large scale the action of the ordinary steel needle and the Sonora Needle on a phonograph record.

FIG. "A"—Ordinary Steel Needle during record groove.

It is quite logical that the ordinary needle becomes of larger diameter at the engaging point as the needle wears down (owing to its taper form) and thus tends to *wear off the edges of the groove of the record.*

FIG. "C"—Sonora Semi-Permanent Needle, with parallel sides, which fits the record groove accurately always while wearing, and prolongs life of record



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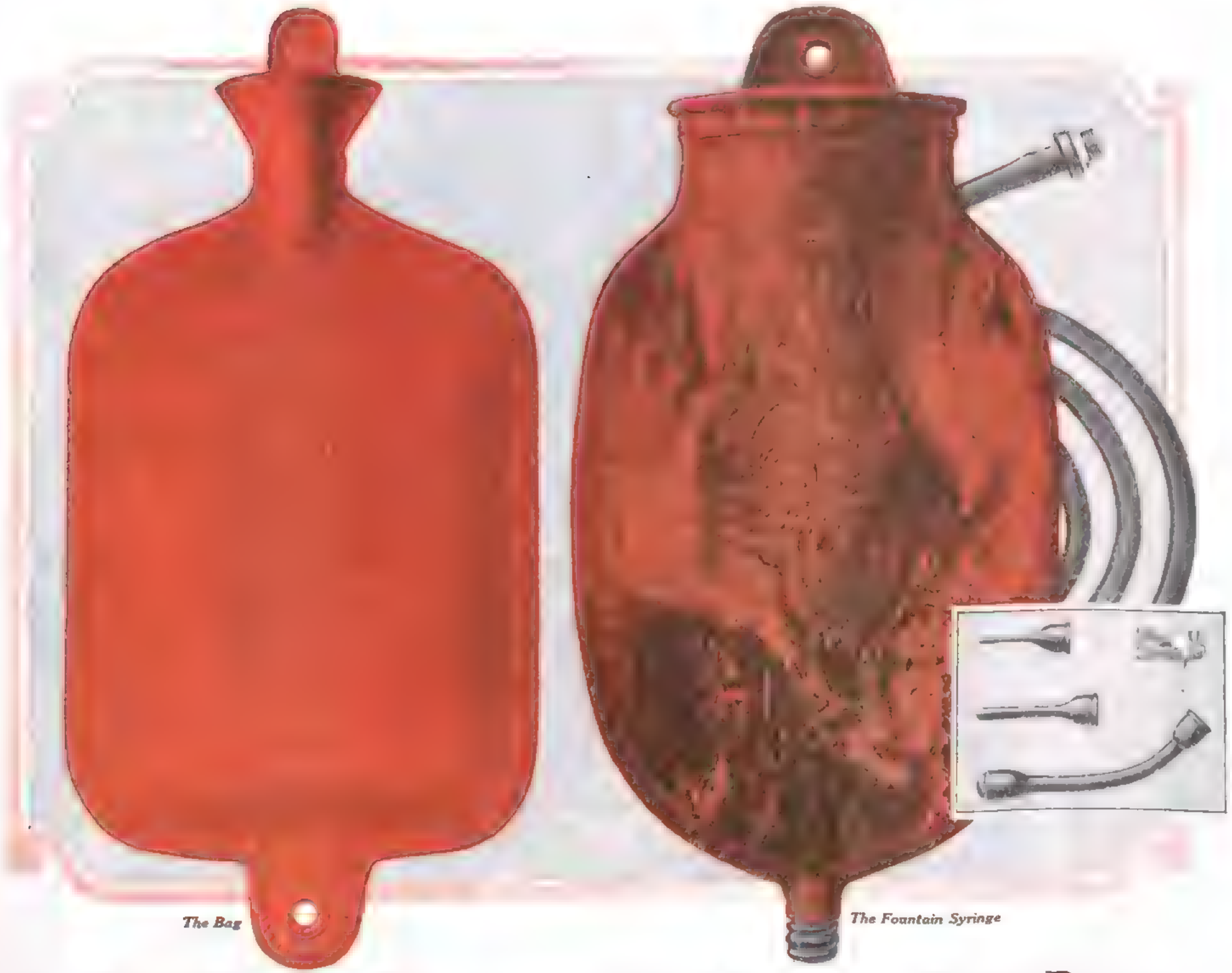

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DO WE WANT WATERWAYS?

By Will Payne

FIFTEEN years ago the New York Legislature appropriated one hundred and one million dollars to rebuild the state's old canals. The rebuilding was practically finished early in 1918. It cost—together with some terminals at New York City, still under construction—one hundred and fifty-four million dollars. And in the busy season of 1918 the rebuilt canals carried less freight than the old ones had carried fifteen years before.

One reason for rebuilding the canals was to fit them for transportation of grain under modern conditions; but the canals carried very little grain. In September one afflicted boat operator gave his experience as follows:

"Canal boats James Brown and Honorable Russell Johnson laid in Buffalo during the winter. Left Buffalo light June 2 for Rochester. Loaded two hundred and thirty-five tons of salt on each boat. Unloaded in New York and waited fourteen days for cargo. Loaded two hundred and ten tons of oil cake on each boat. On arrival at Waterford laid fourteen days waiting for tug. Took twenty-five days from New York to Buffalo and at present writing still have oil cake on board. Cannot say when will be unloaded. One hundred and twelve days under charter and have not yet completed one round trip! Some boating!"

Other boatmen complained that, whereas in the old days it took thirty-six to forty hours to make the trip from Albany to New York, last season it took forty-three to sixty hours. Edward S. Walsh, chairman of the canal committee of the Maritime Exchange, said that from the opening of navigation to the end of August, 1918, not a bushel of wheat left Buffalo for New York by water, two boatloads of oats and eight of barley constituting the entire east-bound grain business in that period. In fine, in the 1918 season the rebuilt canals played so infinitesimal a part in the state's transportation that practically they might be set down at zero.

The old Erie Canal is the backbone of the state's waterway system. It is very favorably situated. Running three hundred and fifty miles through the center of the state, it lies directly in the path of a dense traffic movement. The western end, at Buffalo, connects with the Great Lakes—the best natural inland waterway in the world, reaching the great grain and ore producing regions of the Northwest. Those commodities are especially suited to water transportation. At Albany the canal connects with the Hudson River, which affords a fine natural waterway of adequate depth and dependable volume to tidewater at the port of New York, where about half the country's ocean-borne foreign trade is handled, and where, moreover, there is a great consuming population. Thirteen important cities lie on or near the waterway. In a zone twenty miles wide on each side of it eight million people live and great industrial activity is carried on.

In his latest annual report the state superintendent of public works remarks that five railroads, traversing or connecting with the canal zone, carried in 1916 two hundred million tons of freight that originated on their own lines. The waterway has been deepened to twelve feet throughout its length and is provided with adequate locks. Though official figures have not been made up at this writing, it is doubtful that it carried much over half of one per cent as much freight as the railroads.

A Case of Great Cry, Little Wool

AT THE November state election the canal got into politics, which is a bad thing for any waterway. Opponents of the administration claimed to have found spots in it that were only seven feet deep; but practical canal men suspect they looked for the spots near shore. By the most trustworthy testimony the waterway is there—only it isn't doing any business.

In 1917 the waterways of the state carried slightly less than one million three hundred thousand tons of freight. Canal men opine that they carried still less in 1918. The people of the state have invested a hundred and fifty millions in waterway improvement, mainly represented by bonds bearing four to four and a half per cent interest. At four per cent the capital investment would entail an annual interest charge of six million dollars. There is a considerable charge for upkeep. Spots in the waterways tend to fill up with silt and require dredging. There is the operation of the locks, and so on. Of course there is a considerable overhead for administrative salaries and expenses. No doubt, it cost the people of the state five dollars for every ton of freight moved on the canals in 1918. The railroads would have carried the freight for less than a tenth of that.

The canals have powerful and aggressive friends. The New York Board of Trade and Transportation, the New York Produce Exchange, broadly representing the trade in foodstuffs, the Maritime Exchange, representing shipping interests, chambers of commerce in the cities along the way, and other bodies and individuals have worked zealously for fifteen years to get the canals modernized and to make them practically useful. State and local governments have been sympathetic to canal development. Money has been spent liberally. But, so far, canal traffic hasn't developed.

In its desire for waterways New York State has been at one with nearly the whole nation. New York's experience is important for the whole nation because the same broad conditions govern elsewhere.

Beginning about fifteen years ago a vigorous agitation for waterway development spread over a great part of the country. A big popular movement for a Lakes-to-Gulf route, connecting Chicago with New Orleans and tidewater by way of the Mississippi, began taking organized shape. There was another popular movement in the Valley of the Ohio. Along the Atlantic Seaboard a project for an intercoastal waterway from New York to the Gulf received much attention. Several great ship-canal schemes were agitated. Governors of twenty-five or more states arranged conferences. A national rivers-and-harbors congress was organized. In 1907 President Roosevelt's journey down the Mississippi in the interest of a waterway assumed the character and proportions of a national fête. Innumerable mass meetings were held. Congress presently appointed a National Waterways Commission, which investigated the subject extensively, both here and abroad, and made a voluminous report.

But the net result of this fifteen-year agitation, when unemotionally measured in tons of freight carried, is still pitifully meager. New York's experience throws light on the whole subject.

No Profit in One-Way Hauls

IN THE first place, a great common motive in all this agitation was to secure lower railroad freight charges. It was demonstrated beyond doubt that waterway competition on any important scale brought a reduction of railroad freight rates for the corresponding haul. The popular argument which outweighed all others was that waterways, by competing with the railroads, would force the latter to lower rates.

In 1918 the railroads passed into the hands of the Federal Government, and in the spring Mr. McAdoo, as director general of railroads, took a dominant hand in canal transportation by assuming control of boats that were suited to his purpose. He fixed the rates for canal carriage on those boats at one-fourth less than the rail rate. Friends of the canal contend that this differential in favor of the waterway is not sufficient to attract business to it. They want a still lower rate proportionately to the rail rate.

Late in October last a representative delegation of them had a conference with Mr. McAdoo. What they principally wanted was lower canal rates. On the Erie Canal business is predominantly one way—eastward. In 1917 over five hundred thousand tons were shipped eastward and only one hundred and fifty thousand tons, in round numbers, westward. Congressman Cleary—one of the delegates—said his experience in operating canal boats extended over thirty-five years and showed that boats could not be run profitably with a one-way haul. In order to secure west-bound traffic, he said, a boatman must be at liberty to make practically whatever rate is necessary to get the business, for it is better for him to haul goods west at a very low rate than to send his boat back empty. That was the practice when the canals were a really important factor in state transportation.

Mr. McAdoo pointed out that he was responsible for the railroads too, and he couldn't see his way to unsettling rail rates simply for the sake of boosting canal business.

Now that is the first point as to which New York's experience is important for the whole country. A big popular motive for waterway development has been to force down rail rates. But the United States Government is operating the railroads now. If they fail to make ends meet the deficit comes out of the National Treasury. About the first thing the Government did on taking over the roads was to advance freight rates twenty-five per cent—which was mathematically necessary in order to cover charges and sweeping wage increases the Government granted.

Obviously the Government doesn't want to use canals for the purpose of forcing down rail rates when any important loss in rail revenue that ensued therefrom must come out of its own pocket. You can't make a man very enthusiastic over the proposition of competing with himself. And the Government means the public. If the Government suffers a deficit on rail operations the public must pay it. It would be very foolish for the public to tax itself to build canals if the only result of building them was to deplete rail revenues and thereby entail another tax on the public to cover the deficit.

Clearly then, so long as the railroads are in the hands of the Government, the question of water transportation needs reconsideration, for the old leading motive of putting down rail rates no longer applies with its old force. The public has the railroads. If it wants lower transportation charges the simplest arrangement would be to mark down rail rates to any desired point and tax itself to make up the deficit.

It ought to be equally clear that whether the railroads are in the hands of the Government or not their revenues must be sufficient to cover costs and a reasonable return on the investment or the rail system will deteriorate; and no possible development of water transportation could compensate for any notable deterioration in rail transportation. The highest estimate I have seen of the carrying capacity of the New York canals is twenty million tons a year, and I have already quoted the statement of the superintendent of public works that the railroads serving the canal zone carried two hundred million tons, originating on their own lines, in 1916. On that basis a deterioration of five per cent in the carrying capacity of the railroads would offset an increase of fifty per cent in the assumed maximum capacity of the canals.

Inexorable physical conditions, especially in the United States, put a very rigid limitation upon waterways as a means of transportation in comparison with railroads. Rail lines can be built anywhere. A natural waterway is where Nature saw fit to locate it. An artificial waterway, except for a short haul under unusual circumstances, as with the Panama Canal, must be built along comparatively level country. The cost of overcoming any considerable grade by locks is usually prohibitive, and frequent locks retard the movement of boats. Under fairly favorable conditions the cost of an artificial waterway is much greater than that of a railroad of equal or superior carrying capacity. The total length of the New York canal system—including the Erie, the Champlain, and so on—is six hundred and twenty-two miles. The rebuilding cost was nearly two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a mile. A four-track railroad over much the same ground costs half that. The Chicago Drainage Canal cost over a million and a half dollars a mile.

Senator Burton's Findings

OVER a great part of the United States waterways are closed part of the year by ice. The navigation season on the Erie is not much over two-thirds of the year. With a greater investment for each mile, the canals do practically no passenger or express business. Even as to freight they are largely limited to bulk—slow-moving goods. So railroads must be the chief means of inland transport. Their efficiency must always be much more important than the efficiency of waterways. Whether railroads are in the hands of the Government or not they will be under very effectual public control as to rates and practices. Waterway development, then, must be considered not merely as a club held over the railroads but as a complementary branch of the country's transportation system.

The National Waterways Commission was created by Act of Congress in 1909, Senator Burton, of Ohio, being the chairman. It studied waterways at home and abroad for more than two years. Its final report says the most important factor in the decline of water transportation in the United States has been rail competition; and it concludes:

"The most essential requirement for the rehabilitation of water traffic is the establishment of harmonious relations between rail and water lines. It is quite as important that there should be coöperation between them as that depth of channel should be secured. A study of the water routes found to be profitable in the United States discloses that in practically every case the boats upon them are operated in connection and harmony with railroad lines. . . . It is a waste of capital to construct separate systems of warehouses and terminals for water lines when they can be used jointly by both methods of transportation."

That is not exactly palatable to waterway promoters who bank upon hostility to railroads for popular support; but experience here and abroad affirms its substantial truth. Rail and water must be taken into consideration together. Undoubtedly rail competition pretty nearly destroyed water transportation in the United States, because, as the two modes of transportation then stood, the railroad was decidedly the more efficient carrier. Also, railroads, by

(Continued on Page 45)

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Fourteen Months—Half-Hour Shifts—and the G.T.M.

They had never kept belt records in the Kentucky River Mills at Frankfort, Kentucky. They always bought expensive belts and took the price as proof of quality. They were troubled sometimes by the frequent need for belt repairs, by their belting bills and by low production but they just accepted all these things as necessary evils. One July day in 1917, a G. T. M. - Goodyear Technical Man—called. It was our Mr. Jenkins.

He asked Mr. Sutherland, the superintendent, to show him the hardest drive in this particular mill. Mr. Sutherland wanted to know why. The G. T. M. explained the Goodyear plan of selling belts only after a careful analysis of the drives to be served—and not as if a given belt were like a patent medicine and a sure-cure for any and all ills that drives may entail.

The idea appealed and he was shown the spinning frame drive. It was a shift—every half-hour the belt was thrown from one driven pulley to its twin. There was *one* quarter turn and *one* half turn. He measured belt speed, centers, pulley diameters and pulley faces, asked about the power, and noted the nature of the load.

Then he prescribed a Goodyear Glide Belt—3½ inch 5 ply. Mr. Sutherland was interested. He asked the price. He found it was so moderate that he doubted the merit of the belt, but consented to try it. He didn't see where he could lose anything, and he might be able to get rid of constant interruptions and shut-downs.

The belt was applied August 16, 1917, and is still running. *Its edges are not even worn.* No stretch has had to be taken out. Production has never been interrupted a single minute. Fourteen months after being applied the belt seemed still as good as new.

These fourteen months of perfect service, in spite of shifts every half-hour, on that spinning frame drive, have converted them to the Goodyear plan of belt buying and to Goodyear Belts. They have made the mill a Goodyear-belted- and G. T. M.-served mill—like thousands of others.

If you have a hard drive, and have always accepted high belting costs and belt-troubles as necessary evils, ask a G. T. M. to call. One from the nearest Goodyear Branch will be glad to do so when next he is in your vicinity. His service is free—for the savings he effects for purchasers are so evident and material, that a gratifying volume from the plants served is sure to result within a few years.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

BELTING · PACKING · HOSE · VALVES

GOODYEAR

AKRON

(Continued from Page 43)

their monopoly of docking facilities and in other ways, have blocked water development. But the two systems must be considered together.

In rebuilding the canal New York first undertook to provide the bare waterway, deepened to twelve feet, widened, and in a state suitable for modern traffic conditions. Later it undertook the construction of various terminal facilities—docks and warehouses. Having built the waterway, the state threw it open to public use—anybody's use—free of all charge and with no restrictions whatever on rates. In his argument with the canal men Mr. McAdoo pointed out that he did not assume control of the canals at all; in fact, he exercised no jurisdiction whatever over them. He merely took over the operation of certain boats.

Anybody—any individual or any company—is perfectly free to buy or build any number of boats, put them on the canals, and charge any rate he pleases, carrying west-bound traffic for nothing if he likes, and east-bound traffic too. Neither the director general of railroads nor the state interposes any bar.

Broadly speaking, however, nobody has bought or built any boats to be put in operation on the canals. It should be remembered that as the canals neared completion, and ever since then, an extraordinary situation prevailed. The United States was at war. Cost of materials and labor, especially in the boat line, was almost prohibitive. Latterly it is doubtful that anyone could have got the steel, even if he had been willing to pay the price. Government control of the railroads introduced a new factor, and control of the best canal boats was another factor, for nowhere does private enterprise like to enter a field in which the Government is operating.

Canals That Pay

It is impossible to say, therefore, what boat building and boat operating might have developed on the canals if conditions had been normal. But at present I do not hear of any very tangible private project that looks to utilizing the traffic possibilities of the canals. Building a waterway is like building a railroad bed without any rolling stock. There must be boats. There must be docks and warehouses all along the way for receiving and discharging freight. And with all that, another step remains—an organization for getting and supervising the business.

In discussing waterway projects it has usually been assumed that, once the waterway was built, traffic would fairly come of itself—the boats, docks, warehouses and, above all, the business-getting and supervising organizations would follow as a matter of course. Under old conditions, broadly speaking, once the waterway was built, traffic did fairly come of itself, because the waterway had no efficient competitor.

Back in the middle of the eighteenth century an English duke found himself in possession of extensive coal-bearing lands in Lancashire. The city of Manchester was only a short distance off as we measure distances in America, but the only way of getting coal there was by wagon. His Grace undertook the tremendous project of cutting a canal from his coal fields to Manchester. It was a strictly private enterprise, for private profit. By modern standards the canal was only a good-sized ditch; but as a means of transportation it was so far superior to its only competitor—the wagon—that it proved very profitable and was presently extended to Liverpool. The profits of this enterprise inspired a big canal-building boom in England, much like the railroad-building boom of the next century. Many canals were undertaken and many of them were highly successful.

They were built by private capital for profit, as railroads were built later on; and as they were the best means of transportation then available they were profitable. When the old Erie Canal was opened, in 1825, it was far superior to any other mode of transportation. Naturally it attracted a great volume of business—an immense volume by the standards of that day. Incidentally it fixed the trade routes for that region and made New York City the metropolis of America. During the time when the canal was a highly important factor in transportation it more than paid its way. For forty years or so the tolls collected by the state were sufficient to cover all charges on account of construction, upkeep and operation.

By that time a superior means of transportation—the railroad—had become established. By 1882 the railroad had cut so deeply into canal business that the state abolished all tolls on the waterway, hoping thereby to enable it to recover lost ground or at least to hold its own. But, though thereafter freight was carried by water free of any charge on account of construction and upkeep, the canals have steadily lost ground ever since. This period of canal decline has been a period of great expansion in inland traffic. Total freight movement has probably increased four or five fold.

The old canal, with a seven-foot depth and small locks, became increasingly unsuited to modern traffic conditions. In a word, goods could not be carried in sufficient bulk. For a railroad to increase its carrying capacity is a comparatively simple matter, involving only the laying of heavier rails and putting down additional track. With comparatively little expense and without interrupting traffic, the one-track line can change to a two-track, three-track or four-track line. But a canal is less mobile. To bring it up to date requires complete rebuilding.

Practically all the state's great increase in traffic in a generation has gone to the railroads and become thoroughly organized on a rail basis. Use and wont and a hundred collateral motives tie it to the rails. In the old days canal business was handled by a crowd of individual boatmen. But a crowd of individuals is at a certain disadvantage in competing for business under modern conditions with a big concern like a railroad that maintains an extensive, well-organized staff and can handle all sorts of business, while canals are more or less restricted to bulky slow-moving goods. For one thing, shippers expect responsibility—somebody with ample resources to look to for damage claims; somebody who can give a satisfactory guaranty of service. A canal-operating company with considerable capital and a good organization to get and handle business would appear to be desirable.

Canal men still believe firmly that under fairly normal conditions, when steel can be had without question and the cost of boat construction is not prohibitive, individuals or companies will come forward to build and operate boats on the canal, carrying goods at a greater differential than twenty-five per cent under the rail charge. But one of the points they brought up with Mr. McAdoo was whether he would route through freight by way of rail and canal, and give it the benefit of the canal rate in case independent boatmen would carry it at a greater differential than he fixed for the boats controlled by the Government. He was not disposed to do that. In short, being responsible for railroad operation, he was not disposed to divert business from rail to canal when the effect might be to unsettle rail rates. The two transportation agencies ought to operate in harmony. It may be doubted that a company would undertake to build and operate boats on a big scale unless it first established a fair working relationship with the railroads.

Our Greatest Inland Waterway

The National Waterways Commission said that wherever there was a really flourishing waterway business in the United States it had been developed in harmony with railroads. In Europe also, where there is a big inland-waterway business, it has been developed in conjunction with railroads and not in antagonism to them. Especially when the railroads are in government hands—and when effectual public control is a foregone conclusion, whether they remain in government hands or not—the whole waterway subject appears to require consideration from that point of view.

It is commonly believed that carriage by water is very much cheaper than carriage by rail; but, like many other things, that depends upon circumstances. The most important inland waterway of the world is in the United States, on the Great Lakes. There is no accurate measure of its total volume, but the business that passes through the Sault Sainte Marie Canal, connecting Lake Superior and Lake Huron, is accurately measured and shows a great, steady growth. In 1893 it was under eleven million tons. In 1896 it was over ninety million tons, increasing more than eightfold while total railroad freight, on the face of the returns, increased only threefold.

The railroad freight figures are not really comparable, however, because duplications that appear prior to 1898 are excluded after that date. For all that, however, lake business has not only kept up with rail business, taking the country as a whole, but has gone ahead of it. And the average rate charged for carrying one ton of this lake business one mile was eight-tenths of a mill against an average charge of more than seven-tenths of a cent by rail—the average rail charge, that is, was nearly nine times the average lake charge.

Certainly that is far cheaper transportation. But carrying conditions on the Great Lakes are fairly comparable with those on the ocean. Nature furnishes a waterway of almost boundless capacity on which boats of transatlantic size can operate. The business that passes through the Sault Sainte Marie Canal is predominantly long-haul business. The average distance over which it was carried in 1916 was eight hundred and twenty-four miles—nearly a third of the way across the Atlantic. A big freighter loads with wheat or iron ore at a strictly modern dock at the head of the Lakes and goes through to destination without change of cargo. The great part of the business consists of bulky slow-moving freight, such as the railroads carry at less than their average rate because it can be handled more cheaply than other freight.

Mississippi River Traffic

This lake traffic, too, is thoroughly organized along modern lines. Until Congress intervened—not long ago—the railroads directly or indirectly owned an important part of the lake fleet. The Steel Corporation and other big interests own another important part. There is very little capital investment in the waterway itself. Except harbor improvements, all that was necessary to make it available for commerce was the Sault Sainte Marie Canal, one and six-tenth miles in length, built at a cost of nine million three hundred thousand dollars. Under any such conditions water transport, of course, is far cheaper than rail. But oceans and Great Lakes cannot be made to order.

Next to the Great Lakes the inland waterway that has held up best under rail competition is that on the Ohio River—due to the fact that coal mines in Western Pennsylvania, along the banks of the Monongahela, are so situated that coal can be loaded on barges at slight expense and towed down the river to Cincinnati, Cairo and the lower Mississippi. This condition gave a long haul for bulky slow-moving freight, and until quite recently no considerable capital investment was necessary to put the river in condition to handle the traffic.

In considering the relative cost of water transportation the capital investment is pretty often ignored. If a canal barge can haul a certain class of freight at a fifth or any other fraction of the rail charge, that difference in the rate is often taken as a measure of the saving effected by water transportation. But any valid comparison must, of course, take the investment into account. It is fairly taken for granted nowadays that an inland waterway constructed with public money shall be offered for use free of tolls; so the boats are not required to earn any return whatever on the cost of construction and upkeep. The boats, therefore, may make a rate very much lower than the rail rate.

But if the people of New York, for example, spend a hundred and fifty million dollars in building waterways they must pay at least six million dollars a year interest on the money; or if they finally pay off the bonds the enterprise is still fairly chargeable with interest on the investment, for the hundred and fifty million might have been invested in a way that would yield a return. Obviously if by any misfortune the canals should never develop more business than they carried in 1918 canal carriage in the state would be far more costly than rail carriage, even though a given ton of goods was moved by water at only a tenth of the rail rate, because it would be costing the people of the state five dollars in interest to move the canal ton.

It is true that a comparison of freight rates, after the canal has been charged with interest on the investment and upkeep, doesn't settle the question. There may be other benefits from the construction or improvement of waterways. Development of water power is one that comes readily to mind. Cities may get a better water supply. The Chicago Drainage Canal cost over fifty million dollars. Comparatively little freight moves upon it, but the city's chief object in building the canal was to protect its drinking water by diverting sewage from the lake. Presumably it is a good investment irrespective of freight.

And a decisive improvement in transportation facilities is something that cannot be exactly measured in dollars and cents. For example, a rail ton-mile rate of seven or eight mills, as compared with a wagon rate of twenty cents or whatever it might have been before the railroad era, doesn't measure the value of railroads to the country. Without railroads, the country couldn't have developed as it has. Since the country couldn't get along without railroads, there is no exact measure of their value.

So, in determining whether a given waterway is worth while, it is not necessary to demonstrate that it will immediately pay its way, including interest on the investment; but to form an intelligent opinion on the subject it is necessary to take the investment and interest charge into account. And it is necessary to take those items into account in comparing water and rail rates; for, instead of building a given waterway, the public could, if it chose, build a public railroad along the route and fix freight rates on the railroad at any figure it pleased.

The map of the United States has been fairly cobwebbed with waterway projects that could never, in any human probability, have justified themselves in view of what they would have cost; though, had they been built, such freight as did move on them would undoubtedly have been carried at much less than the rail rate. No doubt you can plow a one-acre garden faster with a two-thousand-dollar tractor than with a one-horse plow, but an investment of two thousand dollars in a tractor for that purpose would not be advisable.

The large part played by inland waterways in Europe—especially in Germany, France and Holland—has been an argument for waterway development here. In regard to them two things in particular should be noted: first, that an extensive system of inland water carriage was developed before the railroad era; second, that railroads and waterways are operated in harmony as two branches of a national transportation system.

German Waterways

In Germany, of course, both the railroads and the waterways—with fairly negligible exceptions—are owned and directly controlled by the state. When Germany began railroad development she already had a quite extensive system of inland water transport that she did not propose to discard. As usual, rail development did make serious inroads on water business until—over forty years ago—the state stepped in and took up waterway improvement in a systematic, comprehensive way. Ever since then the state has always held a balance between the two modes of transport. It would not let railroads cripple waterways or waterways cripple railroads, but developed both harmoniously as two branches of a national scheme of transport. Rate adjustments are made with that end in view. If the state wishes to undertake a new canal it is prepared to throw traffic to it, of the sort especially suited to water carriage, by raising the parallel rail rate if necessary.

It should be remembered that, on the whole, the railroad is the more formidable competitor of the two, as our own experience shows. As the German state owned and operated the railroads, control of the situation was easily within its hands. At the beginning of modern waterway development the whole subject was put in the hands of a waterway department in the Ministry of Public Works—next door, so to speak, to the railroad department. The waterway development has been conducted on broad, systematic national plans ever since.

The result is a very important system of inland waterways, carrying an immense traffic and, on the whole, fairly holding its own with the railroads. At the latest report I have, the waterways were carrying one-third as much traffic, measured by ton miles, as the railroads. In the United States—exclusive of the Great Lakes, to which Germany has nothing really comparable—inland-water traffic is but a small fraction of rail traffic.

Germany has, however, a number of rivers that are peculiarly well suited to water traffic and they form the backbone of the water system. Two of them—the

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Rhine and the Elbe—carry over half the total water business. These German rivers, on the whole, are notably well-behaved streams, comparatively little affected by flood and drought, keeping docilely within their banks and sticking quite steadily to the same channel.

This is particularly true of the Rhine, which also is unusually straight for a river, and with a quite steady volume of water—as rivers go. No costly works to protect the banks and no locks are required. An average over many seasons shows the river closed only seventeen days out of the year by ice. Being a very ancient highway, important cities and industries naturally developed along its banks. It crosses the Westphalian coal region, one of the most important in Europe. There great iron and steel works are situated, to which iron ore is hauled. Coal and iron ore make up the larger part of the traffic. The natural depth of the river for a distance of three hundred and fifty miles will float a two-thousand-ton barge. No big investment has been required to put and keep the river in condition for traffic.

Germany, of course, is a compact, densely populated country—three hundred and twenty-five inhabitants to the square mile against thirty-one in the United States at the last census. The natural waterways—rivers—are the backbone of the waterway system. Artificial ways have been built on a comprehensive well-thought-out plan to link up and supplement the natural ways. Though the Government does not own the boats or exercise direct authority over them, the facts that it does own and operate the railroads and that all waterway improvement and supervision are in its hands put the whole situation pretty effectually under its control.

It has been held that waterway development in Germany is not profitable except where—as notably in the case of the Rhine—Nature has furnished an adequate way practically free of cost, because most of those courses that have required a large investment have failed to develop sufficient traffic to justify the expenditure. In other words, when the traffic is charged with interest and upkeep it costs more than the railroads would charge to handle it. But evidently the German Government didn't figure that way or to so fine a point.

Lost Opportunities

No doubt military reasons have entered into its calculations. Aside from that, it evidently wants a big flourishing waterway system as a very important part of the country's total industrial plant, and is willing to invest money liberally in its extension and improvement, even though, when figured down to a fine point, it can see no direct profit in the undertaking. But that is very different from leaving the capital investment and interest charge out of the calculation altogether.

Relatively to its total traffic, France has probably spent more on waterways than any country except Holland, which is not very useful for purposes of comparison, since Nature ordained it a waterway interspersed with dry land. The French Government owns part of the railroads of the country and exercises extensive control over the rest. Its rule is that canal rates shall be one-fifth less than rail rates. On that basis the waterways do a very important business, which, however—as practically everywhere else—is mainly in bulky, slow-moving, low-grade freight. Coal, coke, stone, gravel and lime comprise about two-thirds of the total water traffic. And waterway improvement, as a matter of course, has followed a comprehensive national plan under centralized supervision.

There has never been anything resembling such a plan in the United States, which, finally, is the chief reason why no more has been actually accomplished in the waterway line.

Three years ago former Senator Burton said the Federal Government had spent three-quarters of a billion dollars on rivers and harbors; that about two-thirds of that had been spent on rivers; and it was not too much to say that fully half of the sum spent on rivers had been wasted.

That is not only a waste of so many hundreds of millions of dollars; it is a waste of opportunity. We are out the money and we are also out all that we might have had if waterway development had been taken up in an intelligent manner. That our manner, on the whole, was not intelligent everybody knows. Every Congress has had its rivers-and-harbors bill, which was finally framed on the well-known pork-barrel principle. If Congressional District A, which had a really meritorious waterway project, got an appropriation, Districts Y and Z, in which money spent on waterways was sure to be wasted, must have their appropriations too. Senator Tillman once remarked: "The whole scheme of river improvements is a humbug and a steal; but if you are going to steal, let us divide it up and not go on complaining."

The basic idea in appropriating public money for river improvements has been to divide up the pork, giving each section of the country a fair share. Of course there has been no benefit to the public in that—not even to the public in those particular localities where government money was spent on useless projects. If a million dollars is spent in District Z to dredge a river on which no traffic worth mentioning will develop, a few individuals—contractors, landowners, and the like—may reap a benefit; but there is no real benefit to the people of the district.

Many of these impossible waterway schemes have been pushed through by small bands of interested persons, who got all the real benefit that anybody ever derived from them, while the local public was deluded into thinking a real public improvement was under way.

Hardly any absurdity has been too great to find a place in our pork-barrel waterway arrangements. There is the classic instance where it appeared that the river to be improved did not carry a sufficient volume of water to make it really navigable, even after it was dredged, and the promoters of the waterway coolly proposed to overcome that difficulty by sinking artesian wells along the route.

Pork-Barrel Legislation

The standing rule, under the pork-barrel arrangement, has been to ask for only a comparatively small appropriation to begin with. Once the project got into the rivers-and-harbors bill with an initial appropriation, it was comparatively easy to secure additional appropriations in ensuing years. Thus, the project strung along year after year—often for ten, fifteen or twenty years. Senator Burton instanced the James River improvement, which had been under way since 1884 and was less than half finished. Another was carried along by annual or biennial appropriations for thirty years and was then abandoned with the work as originally planned only one-third done.

During the last four or five years a number of members of both branches of Congress have revolted against the bald humbug. From their speeches on rivers-and-harbors bills one could compile a long list of horrible examples of waste of public money. In many cases the meager traffic carried on improved waterways is costing the people of the United States all the way from five to fifty dollars a ton for interest on the investment. In other cases there is no traffic at all, and no benefit except to certain contractors or land speculators.

Not only has a great part of half a billion dollars been wasted but thirty years of opportunity have been largely wasted. The first thing to do about waterways is to discard utterly the pork-barrel scheme, which will certainly produce waste of money and waste of opportunity just so long as it prevails. Probably, in fact, this is already so well understood and the marks of public obloquy are so plainly fixed upon the pork barrel that we have about seen the last of it. Certainly it would be discouraging if another Congress should attempt to put through another rivers-and-harbors bill on the old logrolling plan.

We must remember, however, that Congress itself is not very easily discouraged in a bad practice, and even if the pork barrel has gone definitely into the discard there is nothing to take its place as an instrument for waterway improvement.

Before deciding upon an instrument it may be necessary to decide whether we really want waterway development or not. Perhaps there is no room for doubt on that score; and popular interest in waterway projects, such as improvement of the Mississippi, might be pointed to as proof. Yet the evidence is not all on one side. The original proposal to spend a hundred million dollars in rebuilding state canals was submitted to the people of New York State. It carried at the polls; yet an analysis of the vote shows that localities not on or

(Concluded on Page 49)

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Although a new car, it is endorsed and will be sold by the leading automobile dealers in every section of the world.

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You will see why this is so with the Essex. Hard service cannot loosen the body joints nor twist the radiator.

Be sure this is emphasized by driving over cobblestone pavements or rough roads. Take any speed you like. You will find it a comfortable ride and will marvel that over such a road and at such a speed you are not pitched or bounced about.

The principle by which this is accomplished is simple and easily understood. You will delight in explaining to your friends. All motorists will be interested.

Has Economy of the Light Car, Comfort and Endurance of the Costliest

Its motor would inspire a whole season's advertising campaign. A slogan might be written about its beauty.

Economy of fuel, lubrication and tires, would appeal to others.

Then there is the pride of ownership that it awakens. It has dignity that comes from power and poise. And you would not overlook the fact that it will retain its smoothness and flexibility and quietness throughout long hard service.

Just one point more: That is its lightness and low cost and with it richness of detail and refinement. You will surely say nice things about that.

We Are Not Asking You to Buy Now We Want You to Know the Essex

Only a few cars are available for each territory. The first ones will be so distributed as to reveal their qualities to the greatest number of persons. They are to prepare the way for the bigger production which is to follow. When you see the newspaper announcement of your dealer, go look at the Essex and then tell your impressions to your friends.

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The Hosiery of Charming Character for Men and Women

It puts you on a sure footing in fashion—with comfort—wearability—and economy.

Whether in dainty silk, or the substantial silk and lisle; or the sturdy lisle alone—every pair of Monito Hosiery is made to make friends and to hold that preferred place in your wardrobe, earned by the supreme satisfaction it will give.

In plain colors and refined novelties; full-fashioned and seamless.

The better shops everywhere sell Monito Hosiery. Just ask for "Mo-knit-o". You will know it by the familiar gold seal on the toe of every pair.

MOORHEAD KNITTING COMPANY, INC., HARRISBURG

(Concluded from Page 46)

near the canals pretty generally returned a majority against it. A big favorable majority along the route, especially in New York City, decided the question, and New York City was undoubtedly expecting a local benefit for which the state would pay.

The people of New York were voting on the spending of their own money. They would have to pay the taxes to meet interest charges and upkeep. Away from the canal the proposal was coldly received. Ask any man, "Would you like an automobile or an airplane?" and he will answer "Sure!" Add "But you will have to pay for it at the market price!" and he immediately begins to consider.

One effect of the pork-barrel scheme has been to get a great many people into the way of looking at Uncle Sam as a Santa Claus dispensing gifts out of a magic sack. Ask any town, "Will you have a fine post-office building on Uncle Sam?" and the answer is "Sure!" Many waterway projects have been popular on the theory that Uncle Sam was going to foot the bill. Submit the same projects to the same people with the understanding that the cost, or a considerable part of it, would come out of their own pockets, and the proposals might lose their attractiveness.

But if District A gets a pork-barrel post-office building its Federal taxes must help to build pork-barrel post offices all the way from B down to Z. If waterway money is wasted in one district, that district is taxed for waterway waste in other districts. Uncle Sam has no magic sack. Every cent he spends anywhere comes out of the public's pocket. The question for the public is "Do you want waterways—not as a gift, but paid for at the market price out of your own pockets?"

If we want waterways as a profitable national investment—not mere patchwork, and not as a bogus scheme for helping congressmen to get reëlected—there must be some competent agency which can study waterway development from that point of view, substantially in the cold-blooded manner of a railroad board when considering the construction of a new line: "Will the investment of that much money and energy in that way probably bring an adequate return, taking a long and broad view of it?" There must be some agency which can study waterways in that way, irrespective of local pulls and interests.

Common sense and universal experience indicate plainly enough what that agency must be—not a committee of the House or Senate, with constantly shifting nonexpert membership, inevitably amenable to merely local influence and predominantly interested in politics, but a permanent feature of the Government—department, bureau, commission, or whatever it may be called—embracing men with experience and a technical knowledge of transportation, as impervious as possible to politics and local influences, with such authority and so backed by public opinion that its decisions would carry great weight.

Such an agency could plan nationally and expertly.

The pork-barrel scheme not only had no national scope and, at best, planned only bits of a waterway system instead of a whole system, but, as a rule, it did everything piecemeal. Roughly speaking, piecemeal waterway improvement is no improvement at all. Generally a waterway is not improved to an extent worth mentioning until the whole undertaking is finished. New York spent fifteen years in rebuilding the Erie Canal, but until the channel was broadened and deepened from end to end it was hardly more serviceable than before the work started.

Any important waterway improvement must extend over several years; and, as a rule, it is of little use until the work is done. Starting off an improvement with one year's appropriation and no particular assurance of carrying it through is obviously foolish. This, again, means there must be some agency to plan right and carry the plan through.

Usually in a given year Congress authorizes many small particular pieces of waterway work scattered over the country, mostly quite unrelated to one another and with no real assurance that any of them will be carried to completion. That is necessary under the pork-barrel scheme, with many congressmen insisting that their districts must be taken care of in every year's bill. A correct agency for waterway improvement should, of course, be free to devote itself to one undertaking, even though all the money it spent for several years went to one region.

To repeat, it should plan nationally, not locally; and the whole object of its planning should be a national transportation system comprising both railroads and waterways—one complementary to the other.

Other nations find well-planned waterways useful as part of a national transportation system. It seems that we should. But there must be some competent body to do the planning. In the old pork-barrel, piecemeal, planless scheme there is no hope whatever. In these reconstruction days it is a good thing to decide whether we really want waterways.

The Poets' Corner

"Out of My Sunshine!"

WHEN Macedon's great monarch paid
Diogenes a visit,
He doubtless went in pomp arrayed
To play the great What-is-it;
But such a tawdry show to see
Aroused the sage's dander,
And every schoolboy knows what he
Remarked to Alexander.

Now, no philosopher am I;
No tub do I inhabit;
But when into my fourteen-by
Some furtive-featured rabbit
Intrudes, and interrupts my ease
With some salacious slander,
I plagiarize Diogenes
In chat with Alexander.

Approached by some perfervid soul
Who feels a mighty mission
To turn my thoughts to Birth Control,
Or Worldwide Prohibition,
Or Death to Cats of all Degrees,
Or some such propaganda,
I answer as Diogenes
Replied to Alexander.

Accosted by some Mournful Mike,
Who has a pet affliction,
And starts to tell me what it's like
Without the least restriction,
And prate of sundry remedies,
And their results, with candor,
I tell him what Diogenes
Told mighty Alexander.

There's lots of sunshine all about
For chaps like me to bask in,
Were't not too oft from us shut out
By guests we didn't ask in;
And I, for one, am prone to seize
The rôle of reprimander,
And chide them as Diogenes
Chid bumptious Alexander.

—*W. E. Nesom.*

The Kings Depart

I SEE the kings depart!
Scepter and crown,
Trappings and royal raiment are laid down.
The day of pomp is done,
And one by one
From crowded court and hall
Go the pale ghosts of kings,
And all
Their panoply and mad imaginings.

I see them go
Over white wastes of snow,
Over the hills with no one in their train.
Vain, oh, vain
Their coronets, their thrones.
The weary world disowns
Their purple and their crimson. In the sky
The stars are singing, and a prophecy
Is written in the heavens. Soon expire
Visions of kingdoms; and the long-red fire
Of Czars and Kaisers dwindles on the hearth
Of the whole earth.

This is the people's hour.
The holy flower
Of Freedom blooms in every stricken heart. . . .
I see the kings depart!

—*Charles Hanson Towne.*

ONE instance of Heinz thoroughness is in the preparation of the tomato sauce which adds its fine flavor to Heinz Baked Beans.

On our own farms and the farms of many growers who co-operate with us, a selected Heinz seed is sown and cultivated under Heinz supervision. Then, many Heinz kitchens are located in these tomato districts to receive the tomatoes as fast as they are picked—insuring their fine, fresh flavor.

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Beans are economical in comparison with other good foods, and are as good for you as meat and bread. A pound of beans is about equal in nutrition value to 1¾ pounds of beef—and you know the price of beef.

Heinz Baked Beans, rich brown and appetizing, make as wholesome and satisfying a dish as can be placed on any table. Baked in dry heat in real ovens, they come to your kitchen ready to serve hot or cold.

They are prepared in four ways, and you can select the style the family likes best.

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce
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Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Meat (Vegetarian)
Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans

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Thick, succulent mince pies, rich in sugary flavor—why do some women know how to make them *always*, while others sometimes fail?

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Whole, seedless raisins are part of the Atmore blend. Cooking expands them and they "fill up" with rich juices. This "holds up" the crust, giving a rich appearance of "plumminess" impossible with other kinds of mince meat.

Make an Atmore Mince Pie today. You can do it economically—without sugar.

A 15c package—one-half pound—of Atmore's Condensed Mince Meat makes a great big pie with little trouble. Atmore's Old Fashioned Mince Meat—sold in bulk—needs no preparation at all. Ask your grocer.

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Comment on the Week

Roads as Memorials

ALMOST coincident with the signing of the armistice came a spontaneous outburst of feeling that something big and worth while should be done to commemorate the gratitude of the nation to those who have given their lives in the service of humanity. With the coming of peace this feeling is bound to gain in intensity and crystallize round some definite idea. One thing is certain—the present age does not look with favor upon useless display in monuments as a means of doing honor to a useful life. The Liberty Memorial, regardless of the form it may ultimately assume, must be something useful to the living in their everyday life, something big and national in its scope, something not merely artistic and beautiful, but permanent in character and stimulating to national growth and patriotism.

Suggestions have hitherto taken the form of memorial buildings as centers of civic development, triumphal arches and bridges spanning mighty rivers between great cities and states.

It has occurred to me that all these worthy ends could be achieved if these memorial bridges and connecting avenues were linked up with the national reservations and parks in one grand comprehensive system of highways, embracing the whole country. Because of the obvious help of such a system in promoting great enterprises the project is destined to win the vigorous support of financial interests. From its sentimental appeal to the patriotism of the nation it is sure to gain the enthusiastic aid of historical and social organizations.

The arrangement of trunk lines and subsidiary branches, the method of naming highways, parks and bridges after distinguished soldiers and statesmen, the coördination of all details—should be placed in the hands of a commission composed of men of recognized ability. Similar bodies should be appointed in each state to cooperate with the national organization, which should also grant interstate motor licenses.

Such a system of perfected highways named in honor of our martyred dead would change materially the physical aspect of the country and profoundly affect the current of national life. In its execution there is scope for every variety of talent and ability, of brain and brawn, of zeal and enthusiasm. The plan has the added merit of progressive usefulness. While under construction it is useful. With every extension its utility is enhanced. In due time would be opened up to the enjoyment of all, the grandeur of the sea and mountains, the charm of forest, lake and stream. With the revelation of the great out-of-doors, with the call from trees and flowers, clear air and sunshine, will come in larger measure the inspiration to nobler thoughts and the resultant moral uplift so clearly observed among the wearied toilers let loose in magnificent parks of great cities.

In view of the marvelous effects already achieved by progressive states through improved highways it requires no stretch of the imagination to visualize some of the results in health and enjoyment if this spontaneous gratitude to our soldiers for their sacrifices over there could be transmuted into an enterprise so truly magnificent.

The sentiment of the country, quite aside from any consideration of a memorial, has long been ripe for such a system of roads. The exigencies of war have demonstrated the need and value of better means of communication. No form of expenditure yields quicker returns in dividends or satisfaction, or leaves a deeper impress of permanent prosperity. This knowledge has come from the experience of every community, and accounts for the rapid development of highway improvement. And now comes the noble sentiment of patriotism ready to supplement the idea of practical extension of national highways. What more is needed save to bring the possibilities of the plan to the attention of the nation?

FREDERICK LINCOLN SMITH.

What Makes a Nation?

SPEAKING by the card, three big races populated Europe, and in the course of a hundred migratory centuries got so mixed up that there is practically no such thing as a pure race anywhere. Switzerland speaks three languages and Belgium two; yet both are veritable nations. If a common descent, a common mother tongue and the inheritance of common traditions were necessary to the making of a nation the case of the United States, with its many races and mother tongues, would be hopeless; but even Count William Hohenzollern now knows that the United States is a veritable nation.

It is not at all necessary for a peaceful settlement of the world that every population which claims a common racial descent and speaks a common mother tongue should sit apart under a separate government. What makes a nation is simply the occupation of common territory and the pursuit of common aims; or, as Mr. Zangwill called it, "contiguous coöperation—especially in the face of a common danger." Men who work side by side for the same general purpose naturally fraternize; if they struggle side by side against a common peril they fairly fuse. Shipwreck makes one family of the passengers. George the Third's oppression welded genteel Virginia planters and bustling Massachusetts traders. America, England, France and Italy pooled against a common Prussian peril.

Contiguous people, whose general interests are the same and who are exposed to much the same dangers, will find that they can coöperate in a common government very satisfactorily, even though they claim different descents and speak different tongues. If the coöperation is unenforced it will tend constantly to fuse them. Their loyalties and sentiments will grow round the common agency through which they work. Real nations will grow across the boundary lines the peace conference sets up for the time being.

By the same token a league of nations, expressing a common purpose and defense against a common danger, will attract the loyalties and sentiments of those who live under it, until it finally becomes as vital a human coöperation as is the United States.

That Budget Again

OUR Government is operating a railroad system greater than all those of Europe combined. It is operating a telegraph and telephone system greater than all those of Europe combined. It is conducting a manufacturing concern, in the shipbuilding line, beside which all past governmental undertakings of like nature rolled into one would look insignificant.

The Government that is doing all this is notoriously one of the worst business concerns to be found outside of Peking. Admittedly it has never conducted its own particular business properly, and hardly even tried to. It appropriates and spends its own particular money on a plan, or absence of plan, which everybody from the President down agrees is bound to produce extravagance and waste.

As an acknowledgment of some sense of responsibility to the public, as a sign of good faith and honest intentions the Government should immediately move to the adoption of a rational method of handling public funds—which means a reasonable budget system. As long as Government neglects to make that sign and acknowledgment the public is justified in doubting its good faith. The facts stand undisputed: In its own particular sphere Government has preferred its own ease, convenience and individual advantage to the public good. It has not tried to set up an economical method of handling public money because to do so was disagreeable to it individually. If that same spirit of carefulness of its own individual advantage and carelessness of public advantage is to extend over the great fields of transportation and communication the public has reason to be rather dismayed.

Government should move immediately to the adoption of a budget system.

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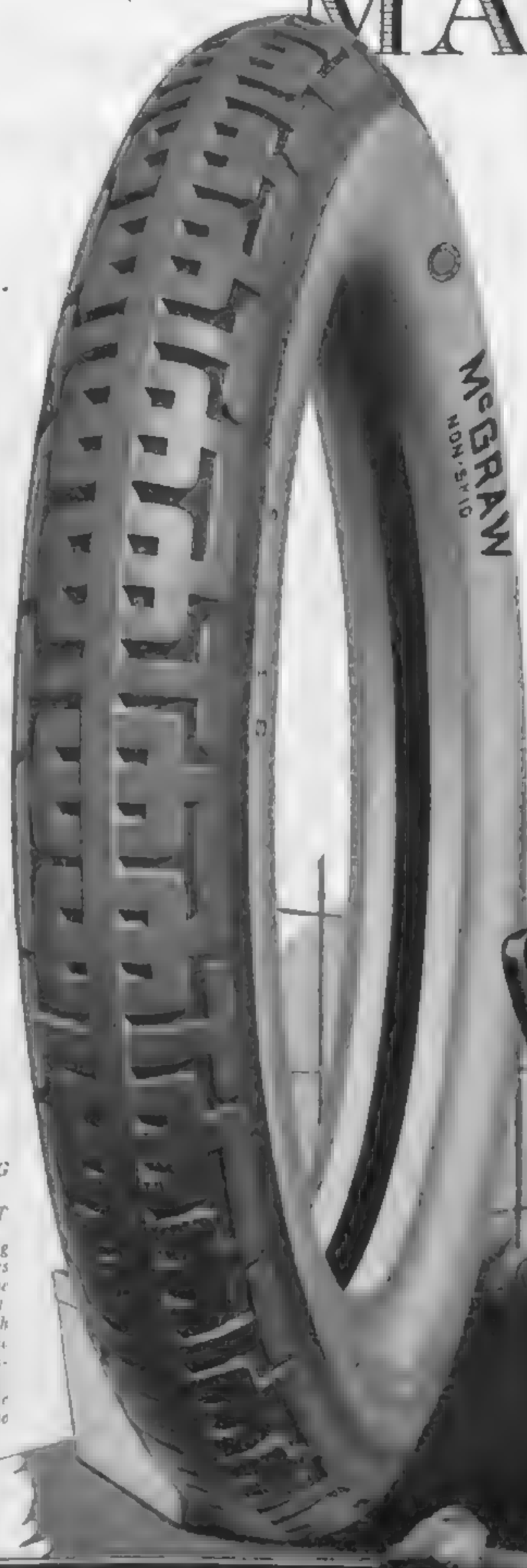

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The New McGraw is the perfected product of years of tire building experience, and of a plant concentrated upon high quality manufacture. Daily capacity exceeds five thousand tires.

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The proper blending of high grade rubbers is the first step in the science of tire craft. Minerals also, such as sulphur and zinc oxide, are as necessary to the production of a quality tire as alloys are to the coinage of gold.

McGRAW TIRES

That We May Ride In Comfort

Why are some beds better than others

THE power of a principle is the most wonderful thing in the world. The manufacturer who starts with a principle can accomplish anything. He can even produce a bed that *invites sleep* instead of repelling it.

PERHAPS you have never slept in or seen a proper bed.

A great many people do not yet know what a bed should be—or *why*.

The old wooden bed persists—warped, unsanitary and creaking with age.

The average metal bed is hardly less noisy.

IT MAY be news to you that there is anything better to be had than the average bed of the average store.

This better bed is the Simmons Bed with Slumber King Spring.

The Simmons Metal Bed starts with the principle that a bed is made to sleep in. It is noiseless.

Even a slight noise keeps the nerves on edge, though it may not wake the sleeper. The body cannot relax into sleep—sound sleep—unless the nerves are relaxed.

The Simmons Bed will not creak or rattle.

When you push or pull it by one post, the whole bed moves as a unit. You will not feel it shake in your hand—not a sign of unsteadiness.

It is strong—correctly made. It will not pull to pieces or wear loose.

And in the Slumber King Spring thought has been taken for the relaxed body. Its spring action fits to the contours—the spring is elastic so it will give; but taut so it will support the body.

SIMMONS COMPANY started in business forty-two years ago, with a small plant and a fixed principle.

Today it has eight producing factories, millions of beds in use—and a nation-wide goodwill that is not matched anywhere.

It is the leader in *Twin Beds*—a separate bed for each sleeper, welcomed everywhere by nice people, and a great aid toward sound sleep and glowing health.

You will not pay any more for a Simmons Bed than for any bed of good average quality.

It costs no more to work to a principle than to go at the job blindfold.

Simmons styles are better. There are more of them. A business that covers a Continent cannot be local or provincial.

The soundest merchant in every section is sure to have Simmons Beds and Slumber King Springs.

FOR every American, sleep is the most important personal issue of the time.

No one can remain healthy and efficient without enough sleep—sound sleep.

Eighty million American men and women are working mightily with hand and brain.

Twenty million American children are growing up.

They all need sleep—plenty of it—deep, sound, restful.

Where are they to get it—

In a creaky, rattling bed—on a spring that knocks, sags and humps?

Or on a noiseless Simmons Metal Bed and Slumber King Spring!

SIMMONS COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA NEWARK, NEW JERSEY MONTREAL, CANADA

SIMMONS BEDS—*Built for Sleep*

THE REFUGEES

(Continued from Page 5)

not to a habitual babbler but to the uncontrollable outburst of a shy woman grown inarticulate through want of listeners. It was harrowing, the arrears of self-confession that one guessed behind her torrent of broken phrases.

"I can't tell you," she began again, as if she had perceived his sympathy, "the difference it's going to make for me at home—my bringing the first refugee; and its being—well, someone like you."

Her blushes deepened, and she lost herself again in the abasing sense of her inability to explain.

"Well, my name at any rate," she burst out, "is Audrey Rushworth; and I'm not married."

"Neither am I," said her guest, smiling.

American fashion, he was groping to produce a card. It would really not be decent in him to keep up the pretense a moment longer, and here was an easy way to let her know of her mistake. He pushed the card toward her, and as he did so his eye fell on it and he saw, too late, that it was one of those he had rather fatuously had engraved in French for his Continental travels:

CHARLES DURAND
PROFESSEUR DES LANGUES ROMANES
À L'UNIVERSITÉ DE LA SALLE
DOCTEUR ÈS LETTRES DE L'UNIVERSITÉ DE LOUVAIN

She scanned the inscription and raised a reverent glance to him. "*Monsieur le Professeur?* I'd no idea! Though I suppose I ought to have known at once. Oh, I do hope," she cried, "you won't find Lingerfield too unbearably dull!" She added as if it were wrung from her: "Some people think my nieces rather clever."

The professor of Romance languages sat fascinated by the consequences of his last blunder. That card seemed to have been dealt out by the finger of Fate. Supposing he went to Lingerfield with her—just to see what it was like?

He had always pined to see what an English countryseat was like; and Lingerfield was apparently important. He shook off the mad notion with an effort. "I'll drive with her to the station," he thought, "and just lose myself in the crowd. That will be the easiest way of all."

"There are three of them—Agatha, Kathleen and Clio. But you'll find us all hopelessly dull," he heard her repeating.

"I shall—I certainly shan't—I mean, of course, how could I?" he stammered.

It was so much like her own syntax that it appeared to satisfy her.

"No—I pay!" she cried, darting between him and the advancing waitress. "Shall we walk? It's only two steps." And seeing him look about for the vanished hansom: "Oh, I sent the luggage on at once by the cab driver. You see, there's a good deal of it, and there's such a hideous rush at the booking office at this hour. He'll have given it to a porter—so please don't worry!"

Firm and elastic as a girl, she sprang through the doorway, while, limping silently at her side, he stared at the decisive fact that his luggage was once more out of his keeping.

III

CHARLEY DURAND, his shaving glass told him, was forty-five, decidedly bald, with an awkward limp, scant-lashed blue eyes blinking behind gold spectacles, a brow that he believed to be thoughtful and a chin that he knew to be weak. His height was medium, his figure sedentary, with the hollows and prominences all in the wrong places; and he wore ready-made clothes in protective colors, and square-toed boots with side elastics, and stammered whenever it was all-important to speak fluently.

But his Sister Mabel, who knew him better than the others, had once taken one of his cards and run a pen through the word "Languages," leaving simply "Professor of Romance"; and in his secret soul Charley Durand knew that she was right.

He had in truth a dramatic imagination without the power of expression. Instead of writing novels he read them; instead of living adventures he dreamed them. Being naturally modest he had long since discovered his limitations, and decided that all his imagination would ever do for him was to give him a greater freedom of judgment than his neighbors had. Even that was something to be thankful for; but now he began to ask himself if it was enough.

Professor Durand had read L'Abbesse de Jouarre and knew that in moments of extreme social peril superior persons often felt themselves justified in casting conventional morality to the winds. He had no thought of proceeding to such extremes; but he did wonder if, at the hour when civilization was shaken to its base, he, Charley Durand, might not at last permit himself forty-eight hours of romance.

His audacity was fortified by the fact that his luggage was out of his control, for he could hardly picture any situation more subversive than that of being separated from his toothbrush and his reading glasses. But the difficulty of explaining himself if he went any farther in the adventure loomed larger as they approached the station; and as they crossed its crowded threshold, and Miss Rushworth said "Now we'll see about your things," he saw a fresh possibility of escape, and cried out: "No, no! Please find places. I'll look for my luggage."

He felt on his arm the same inexorable grasp that had steered him through the labyrinth of Charing Cross.

"You're quite right. We'll get our seats first; in such a crowd it's safer!" she answered gayly, and guided him toward a second-class compartment. He had always heard the aristocracy traveled second class in England. "Besides," she continued as she pounced on two window seats, "the luggage is sure to be in the van already. Or if it isn't you'd never find it. All the refugees in England seem to be traveling by this train!"

They did indeed—and how tell her that there was one less in the number than she imagined? A new difficulty had only just occurred to him. It was easy enough to explain to her that she had been mistaken; but if he did, how justify the hours he had already spent in her company? Could he tell the sister of Lord Beausedge that he had taken her for a refugee? The statement would seem too preposterous.

Desperation nerved him to unconsidered action. The train was not leaving yet—there was still time for the confession.

He scrambled to the seat opposite his captor's and rashly spoke: "I ought to tell you—I must apologize—apologize abjectly—for not explaining sooner ——"

Miss Rushworth turned pale, and leaning forward caught his wrist in her thin claws.

"Ah, don't go on!" she gasped.

He lost his last hold on self-possession.

"Not go on?"

"Don't you suppose I know? Didn't you guess that I knew all along?"

He paled, too, and then crimsoned, all his old suspicions rushing back on him.

"How could I not," she pursued, "when I saw all those heaps of luggage? Of course I knew at once you were rich, and didn't need"—her wistful eyes were wet—"need anything I could do for you. But you looked so lonely, and your lameness, and the moral anguish. I don't see, after all, why we should open our houses only to pauper refugees; and anyhow it's not my fault, is it, if the committee simply wouldn't send me any?"

"But—but ——" he desperately began; and then all at once his stammer caught him, and an endless succession of b's issued from his helpless throat.

With exquisite tact Miss Rushworth smiled away his confusion.

"I won't listen to another word; not one! Oh, duck your head—quick!" she shrieked in another voice, flattening herself back into her corner.

Durand recognized the same note of terror with which she had hailed her sister-in-law's approach at Charing Cross. It was needless for her to add faintly: "Caroline."

As she did so a plumed and determined head surged up into the window frame and an astonished voice exclaimed: "Audrey!"

A moment later four ladies, a maid laden with parcels and two bushy Chow dogs had possessed themselves of all that remained of the compartment; and Durand as he squeezed himself into his corner was feeling the sudden relief that comes with the cessation of virtuous effort. He had seen at a glance that there was nothing more to be done.

The young ladies with Lady Beausedge were visibly her daughters. They were of graduated heights, beginning with a very tall one; and were all thin, conspicuous and queerly dressed, suggesting to the bewildered professor bad copies of originals he had never seen. None of them took any notice of him, and the dogs after smelling his ankles contemptuously followed their example

It would indeed have been difficult during the first moments for any personality less masterful than Lady Beausedge's to assert itself in her presence. So prevalent was she that Durand found himself viewing her daughters, dogs and attendant as her mere fringes and attributes, and thinking with terror "She's going to choose the seat next to me," when in reality it was only the youngest and thinnest of the girls who was settling herself at his side with a play of parcels as sharp as elbows.

Lady Beausedge was already assailing her sister-in-law:

"I'd no idea you meant to run up to town to-day, Audrey. You said nothing of it when you dined with us last night."

Miss Rushworth's eyes fluttered apprehensively from Lady Beausedge's awful countenance to the timorous face of the professor of Romance languages, who had bought a newspaper and was deep in its inner pages.

"Neither did you, Caroline ——" Miss Rushworth began with unexpected energy; and the thin girl next to Durand laughed.

"Neither did I what? What are you laughing at, Clio?"

"Neither did you say you were coming up to town, mother."

Lady Beausedge glared, and the other girls giggled. Even the maid stooped over the dogs to conceal an appreciative smile. It was evident that baiting Lady Beausedge was a popular if dangerous amusement.

"As it happens," said the lady of Lingerfield, "the committee telephoned only this morning."

Miss Rushworth's eyes brightened. She grew almost arch. "Ah—then you came up about refugees?"

"Naturally." Lady Beausedge shook out her boa and opened the Pall Mall Gazette.

"Such a fight!" groaned the tallest girl, who was also the largest, vividest and most expensively dressed.

"Yes; it was hardly worth while. Anything so grotesquely mismanaged!"

The young lady called Clio remarked in a quiet undertone: "Five people and two dogs to fetch down one old woman with a pipe."

"Ah, you have got one?" murmured Miss Rushworth, with what seemed to the absorbed Durand a fiendish simulation of envy.

"Yes," her sister-in-law grudgingly admitted. "But, as Clio says, it's almost an insult to have dragged us all up to town. They'd promised us a large family, with a prima donna from the Brussels Opera—so useful for Agatha's music; and two orphans besides. I suppose Ivy Trantham got them all, as usual." She paused, and added more condescendingly: "After all, Audrey, you were right not to try to do anything through the committee."

"Yes; I think one does better without," Miss Rushworth replied with extreme gentleness.

"One does better without refugees, you mean? I dare say we shall find it so. I've no doubt the Bolchester set has taken all but the utterly impossible ones."

"Not all," said Miss Rushworth.

Something in her tone caused her nieces to exchange an astonished glance and Lady Beausedge to rear her head from the Pall Mall Gazette.

"Not all," repeated Miss Rushworth.

The eldest girls broke into an excited laugh. "Aunt Audrey—you don't mean you've got an old woman with a pipe too?"

"No. Not an old woman." She paused and waved her hand in Durand's direction. "*Monsieur le Professeur Durand, de l'Université de Louvain*—my sister-in-law, my nieces. He speaks English," she added in a whisper.

IV

CHARLEY DURAND'S window was very low and wide, and quaintly trellised. There was no mistaking it, it was a "lattice"—a real one, with old bluish panes set in sturdy black moldings, not the stage variety made of plate glass and papier-mâché that he had seen in the sham cottage of æsthetic suburbs at home.

When he pushed it open a great branch of yellow roses brushed his face, and a

(Continued on Page 57)

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Military Uniforms and Equipments

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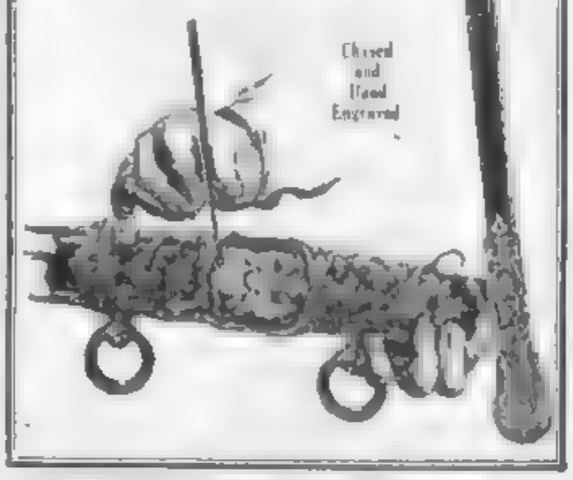

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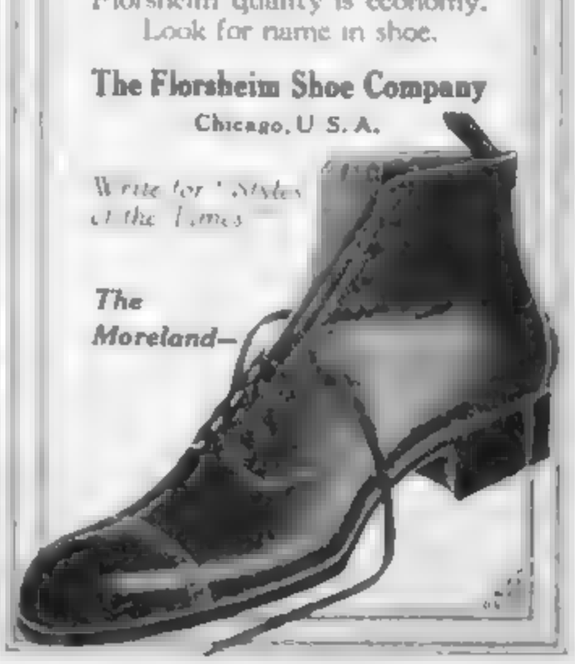

IT took rare, practical, prophetic vision to foresee the day when the automobile would be the universal unit of individual transportation—the universal servant of Industry—of Agriculture—of Mercy. Upon such vision This Industry was founded.

But ultimate success rested on breadth as well as length of vision.

It took length of vision and rare courage to build automobiles in unheard-of quantities that there might be established the sensible automobile value that encouraged its universal use.

It took breadth of vision to build up and thoroughly establish a world-wide industry based on sound methods of standardized economies in manufacture, right pricing and efficient country-wide service to the owner.

You know the result.

Model 90

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Year after year for many years the Overland of its time has been the ruling sensible automobile value by public recognition.

Year after year its good name has taken on a meaning of deeper and yet deeper significance.

Year after year the incentive to carry on and perpetuate this good name has become an increasingly dominant obligation.

The car that carries this good name today, the Model 90 Overland Thrift Car, is the product of this dominating incentive and obligation.

As an automobile, regardless of name, it represents the maximum of achieved sensible value.

As an Overland it has the increment of its share of the good will value of This Industry to enhance its mere property value throughout the entire period of your possession.

What pride and joy when you truly can say:

"My Home"

The most cherished word in the English language is: "Home". For home indeed is the bulwark of our national unity. And now, more than at any time in America's history, is its significance paramount. It was the stimulus for America's remarkable achievement in the last two years. It was the inspiration for the noble deeds of our boys in France, for which they ask no greater reward than that they may forget the blight of war in the peace and joy of home. "Own your own home" should be an American slogan.

Now that the war is over resolve to build at once and choose the homiest of all materials, honest, serviceable, and economical

Southern Pine

"The Wood of Service"

Wood, better than any other material, lends itself to artistic, graceful, homey architectural expression. A well-designed dwelling of wood, large or small, is something more than a house—it is a home. Southern Pine answers every requirement of modern home building from staunch framing and durable exterior finish to the finest interior trim. If you are planning to build don't fail to send for our free building helps.

Southern Pine Association

NEW ORLEANS, LA

(Continued from Page 53)

dewy clematis gazed in at him with purple eyes. Below lay a garden, incredibly velvety, flower-filled, and inclosed in yew hedges so high that it seemed, under the low twilight sky, as intimate and shut in as Miss Rushworth's low-ceilinged drawing-room, which, in its turn, was as open to the air and as full of flowers as the garden.

But all England, that afternoon, as his train traversed it, had seemed like some great rich garden roofed in from storm and dust and disorder. What a wonderful place, and what a miracle to have been thus carried into the very heart of it! All his scruples vanished in the enchantment of this first encounter with the English country.

When he had bathed and dressed and descended the black-oak stairs he found his hostess waiting in the garden. She was hatless, with a pale scarf over her head, and a pink spot of excitement on each withered cheek.

"I should have preferred a quiet evening here; but since Caroline made such a point of our dining at the hall ——" she began.

"Of course, of course! It's all so lovely," said her guest recklessly. He would have dined at Windsor Castle with composure. After the compact and quintessential magic of the cottage nothing could surprise or overwhelm him.

They left the garden by a dark-green door in a wall of old peach-colored brick, and walked in the deepening twilight across a field and over a stile. A stile! He remembered pictures and ballads about helping girls over stiles, and lowered his eyes respectfully as Miss Rushworth's hand rested on his in the descent.

The next moment they were in the spacious shade of a sort of Forest of Arden, with great groups of bossy trees standing apart, and deer flashing by at the end of ferny glades.

"Is it—are we ——"

"Oh, yes. This is Lingerfield. The cottage is on the edge of the park. It's not a long walk if we go by the chapel and through the cloisters."

The very words oppressed him with their too-crowding suggestions. There was a chapel in the park—there were cloisters! Lingerfield had an ecclesiastical past—had been an abbey, no doubt. But even such associations paled in the light of the reality. As they came out of the shadow of the trees they recovered a last glow of daylight. In it lay a gray chapel delicately laced and pinnacled; and beyond the chapel the arcade of the cloister, a lawn with one domed cedar, and a gabled Tudor house, its bricks still rosy in the dusk, and a gleam of sunset caught in its many-windowed front.

"How—how long the daylight lasts in England!" said Professor Durand, choking with emotion.

The drawing-room into which he had followed Miss Rushworth seemed full of people and full of silence. Professor Durand had never had on a social occasion such an impression of effortless quiet. The ladies about the big stone chimney and between the lamplit tables, if they had not been so discordantly modern in dress and attitude, might have been a part of the shadowy past.

Only Lady Beausedge, strongly corseted, many-necklaced, her boa standing out from her bare shoulders like an Elizabethan ruff, seemed to Durand majestic enough for her background. She suggested a composite image of Bloody Mary and the late Queen.

He was just recovering from the exchange of silences that had greeted his entrance when he discovered another figure worthy of the scene. It was Lord Beausedge, standing in the window and glancing disgustedly over the evening paper.

Lord Beausedge was as much in character as his wife; only he belonged to a later period. He suggested stocks and nankeen trousers, a Lawrence portrait, port wine, fox-hunting, the Peninsular War, the Indian Mutiny, every Englishman doing his duty, and resistance to the Reform Bill. It was portentous that one person, wearing modern clothes and reading a newspaper, should so epitomize a vanished age.

He made a step or two toward his guest, took him for granted, and returned to the newspaper.

"Why—why do we all fidget so at home?" Professor Durand wondered vaguely.

"Gwen and Ivy are always late," said Lady Beausedge, as though answering a silence.

Miss Rushworth looked agitated.

"Are they coming from Trantham?" she asked.

"Not him. Only Gwen and Ivy. Agatha telephoned, and Gwen asked if they might."

After that everyone sat silent again for a long time without any air of impatience or surprise. Durand had the feeling that they all—except perhaps Lord Beausedge—had a great deal to say to him, but that it would be very slow in coming to the surface. Well—so much the better; time was no consideration, and he was glad not to crowd his sensations.

"Do you know the duchess?" asked Lady Beausedge suddenly.

"The duchess?"

"Gwen Bolchester. She's coming. She wants to see you."

"To see me?"

"When Agatha telephoned that you were here she chucked a dinner somewhere else, and she's rushing over from Trantham with her sister-in-law."

Durand looked helplessly at Miss Rushworth and saw that her cheeks were pink with triumph. The Duchess of Bolchester was coming to see her refugee!

"Do people here just chuck dinners like that?" he asked with a faint facetiousness.

"When they want to," said Lady Beausedge simply. The conversation again came to a natural end.

It revived with feverish vivacity on the entrance of two tall and emaciated young women, who drifted in after Lord Beausedge had decided to ring for dinner, and who wasted none of their volubility in excusing their late arrival.

These apparitions, who had a kind of limp loveliness totally unknown to the professor of Romance languages, he guessed to be the Duchess of Bolchester and Lady Ivy Trantham, the most successful refugee raiders of the district. They were dressed in pale frail garments and hung with barbaric beads and bangles, and as soon as he saw them he understood why he had thought the daughters of the house looked like bad copies—all except the youngest, whom he was beginning to single out from her sisters.

He was not sure whether, during the rapid murmur of talk that followed, someone breathed his name to the newcomers; but certainly no one told him which of the two ladies was which; or indeed made any effort to draw him into the conversation. It was only when the slightly less tall addressed the taller as Gwen that he remembered this name was that of the duchess.

She had swept him with a smiling glance of her large, sweet, vacant eyes, and he had the impression that she, too, had things to say to him, but that the least strain on her attention was too great an effort, and that each time she was about to remember who he was something else distracted her.

The thought that a duchess had chucked a dinner to see him had made him slightly giddy; and the humiliation of finding that once they were confronted she had forgotten what she had come for was painful even to his disciplined humility.

But Professor Durand was not without his modest perspicacity, and little by little he began to guess that this absence of concentration and insistence was part of a sort of leisurely holiday spirit unlike anything he had ever known. Under the low-voiced volubility and restless animation of these young women—whom the daughters of the house intensely imitated—he felt a great, central inattention. Their strenuousness was not fatiguing because it did not insist but blew about like thistledown from topic to topic. He saw that his safety lay in this fact, and reassurance began to steal over him as he understood that the last danger he was exposed to was that of being too closely interrogated.

"If I'm an impostor," he thought, "at least no one here will find it out."

And then just as he had drawn this sage conclusion, he felt the sudden pounce of the duchess' eye. Dinner was over and the party had regrouped itself in a great book-paneled room, before the carved chimney piece of which she stood lighting her cigarette like a duchess on the cover of a novel.

"You know I'm going to carry you off presently," she said gayly.

Miss Audrey Rushworth was sitting in a sofa corner beside her youngest niece, whom she evidently found less intimidating than the others. Durand instinctively glancing toward them saw the elder lady turn pale, while Miss Clio Rushworth's swinging foot seemed to twinkle with malice.

He bowed as he supposed one ought to bow when addressed by a duchess.

"Off for a talk?" he hazarded playfully.

"Off to Trantham. Didn't they tell you? I'm giving a big garden party for the Refugee Relief Fund, and I'm looking for somebody to give us a lecture on Atrocities. That's what I came for," she added ingenuously.

There was a profound silence, which Lord Beausedge, lifting his head from the Times, suddenly broke.

"Damn bad taste, all that sort of thing," he remarked, and continued his reading.

"But Gwen, dear," Miss Rushworth faltered, "your garden party isn't till the nineteenth."

The duchess looked surprised. She evidently had no head for dates.

"Isn't it, Aunt Audrey? Well, it doesn't matter, does it? I want him all the same. We want him awfully, Ivy, don't we?" She shone on Durand. "You'll see such lots of your own people at Trantham. The Belgian Minister and the French Ambassador are coming down for the lecture. You'll feel less lonely there."

Lady Beausedge intervened with authority: "I think I have a prior claim, my dear Gwen. Of course Audrey was not expecting anyone—anyone like Professor Durand; and at the cottage he might—he might—but here, with your uncle, and the girls all speaking French ——" She turned to Durand with a hospitable smile.

"Your room's quite ready; and of course my husband will be delighted if you like to use the library to prepare your lecture in. We'll send the governess cart for your traps to-morrow." She fixed her firm eyes on the duchess. "You see, dear, it was all quite settled."

Lady Ivy Trantham spoke up: "It is not a bit of use, Aunt Carrie. Gwen can't give him up." Being apparently unable to master the professor's name the sisters-in-law continued to designate him by the personal pronoun. "The committee has given us a prima donna from the Brussels Opera to sing the Marseillaise and the what-ye-may-call-it Belgian anthem, but there are lots of people coming just for the Atrocities."

"Oh, we must have the Atrocities!" the duchess echoed. She looked musingly at Durand's pink, troubled face. "He'll do them awfully well," she concluded, talking about him as if he were deaf.

"We must have somebody who's accustomed to lecturing. People won't put up with amateurs," Lady Ivy reënforced her.

Lady Beausedge's countenance was dark with rage.

"A prima donna from the Brussels Opera! But the committee telephoned me this morning to come up and meet a prima donna! It's all a mistake her being at Trantham. Gwen!"

"Well," said the duchess serenely, "I dare say it's all a mistake his being here." She looked more and more tenderly on the professor.

"But he's not here; he's with me at the cottage!" cried Miss Rushworth, springing up with sudden resolution. "It's too absurd and undignified, this—this squabbling."

"Yes; don't let's squabble. Come along," said the duchess, slipping her long arm through Durand's as Miss Rushworth's had been slipped through it at Charing Cross.

The subject of this flattering but agitating discussion had been struggling, ever since it began, with a nervous contraction of the throat. When at length his lips opened only a torrent of consonants rushed from them, finally followed by the cryptic monosyllables: "I'm not!"

"Not a professional? Oh, but you're a professor—that'll do!" cried Lady Ivy Trantham briskly, while the duchess, hugging his arm closer, added in a voice of persuasion: "You see, we've got one at Trantham already, and we're so awfully afraid of him that we want you to come and talk to him. You must."

"I mean, n-n-not a r-r-ref ——" gasped out the desperate Durand.

Suddenly he felt his other arm caught by Miss Clio Rushworth, who gave it a deep and eloquent pinch. At the same time their eyes met, and he read in hers entreaty, command and the passionate injunction to follow her lead.

"Poor Professor Durand—you'll take us for red Indians on the war trail! Come to the dining room with me and I'll give you a glass of champagne. I saw the curry was too strong for you," this young lady insinuatingly declared.

Durand with one of his rare flashes of self-possession had converted his stammer into a strangling cough, and released by the duchess made haste to follow his rescuer out of the room. He kept up his racking cough while they crossed the hall, and by the time they reached the dining room tears of congestion were running down behind his spectacles, and he sank into a chair and rested his elbows despairingly on a corner of the great mahogany table.

Miss Clio Rushworth disappeared behind a tall screen and returned with a glass of champagne. "Anything in it?" she inquired pleasantly, and smiled at his doleful gesture of negation.

He emptied his glass and cleared his throat; but before he could speak she held up a silencing hand.

"Don't—don't!" she said.

He was startled by this odd echo of her aunt's entreaty, and a little tired of being hurled from one cryptic injunction to another.

"Don't what?" he questioned sharply.

"Make a clean breast of it. Not yet. Pretend you are, just a little longer, please."

"Pretend I am ——"

"A refugee." She sat down opposite him, her sharp chin supported on crossed hands. "I'll tell you why."

But Professor Durand was not listening. A momentary rapture of relief at being found out had been succeeded by a sick dread of the consequences. He tried to read the girl's thin ironic face, but her eyes and smile were inscrutable.

"Miss Rushworth, at least let me tell you ——"

She shook her head kindly but firmly. "That you're not a German spy in disguise? Bless you, don't you suppose I can guess what's happened? I saw it the moment we got into the railway carriage. I suppose you came over from Boulogne in the refugee train, and when poor dear Aunt Audrey pounced on you you began to stammer and couldn't explain."

Oh, the blessed balm of her understanding! He drew a deep breath of gratitude, and faltered, smiling back at her smile: "It was worse than that. Much worse. I took her for a refugee too. We rescued each other!"

A peal of youthful mirth shook the mighty rafters of the Lingerfield dining room. Miss Clio Rushworth buried her face and sobbed.

"Oh, I see—I see—I see it all!"

"No you don't—not quite—not yet!" he gurgled back at her.

"Tell me then; tell me everything!"

And he told her; told her quietly, succinctly and without a stammer, because under her cool kindly gaze he felt himself at last in an atmosphere of boundless comprehension.

"You see, the adventure fascinated me; I won't deny that," he ended, laying bare the last fold of his duplicity.

This, for the first time, seemed to stagger her.

"The adventure—an adventure with Aunt Audrey?"

They smiled at each other a little. "I meant, the adventure of England—I've never been in England before—and of a baronial hall. It is baronial? In short, of just exactly what's been happening to me. The novelty, you see—but how should you see?—was irresistible. The novelty, and all the old historic associations. England's in our blood, after all." He looked about him at the big, dusky, tapestried room. "Fancy having seen this kind of thing only on the stage! Yes, I was drawn on by everything—by everything I saw and heard from the moment I set foot in London. Of course if I hadn't been I should have found an opportunity of explaining; or I could have bolted away from her at the station."

"I'm so glad you didn't. That's what I'm coming to," said the girl. "You see, it's been—how shall I explain?—more than an adventure for Aunt Audrey. It's literally the first thing that's ever happened to her."

Professor Durand blushed to the roots of his hair.

"I don't understand," he said feebly.

"No. Of course not. Any more, I suppose, than I really understand what Lingerfield represents to an American. And you would have had to live at Lingerfield for generations and generations to understand Aunt Audrey. You see, nothing much ever happened to the unmarried women of her time. Most of them were just

(Concluded on Page 61)

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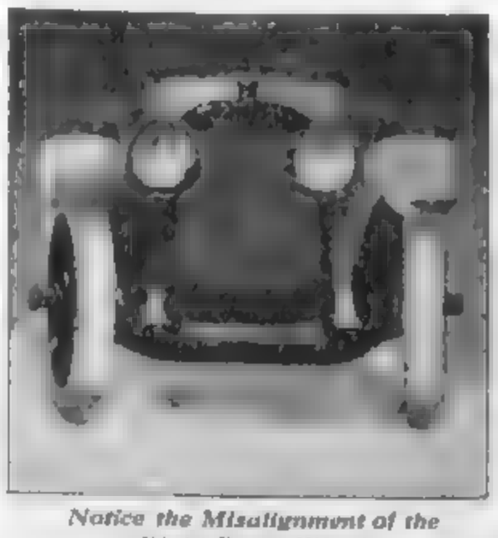
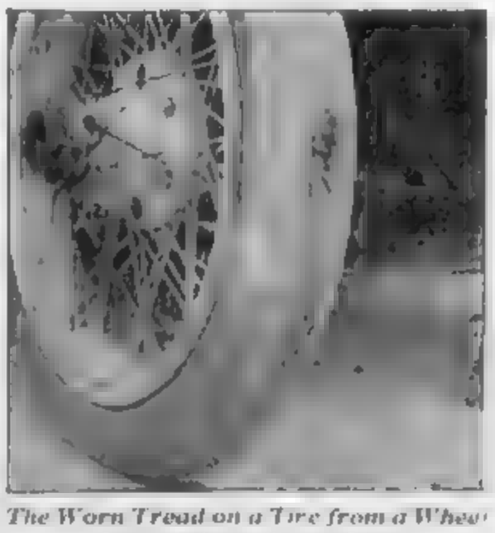


Notice the Misalignment of the Right Front Wheel



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DU PONT

(Concluded from Page 57)

put away in cottages covered with clematis and forgotten. Aunt Audrey has always been forgotten—even the refugee committee forgot her. And my father and mother, and her other brothers and sisters, and my sisters and I—I'm afraid we've always forgotten her too."

"Not you," said Professor Durand with sudden temerity.

Miss Clio Rushworth smiled. "I'm very fond of her; and then I've been a little bit forgotten myself." She paused a moment and continued: "All this would take too long to explain. But what I want to beg of you is this—let her have her adventure, give her her innings, keep up the pretense a little longer. None of the others have guessed, and I promise to get you away safely before they do. Just let Aunt Audrey have her refugee for a bit, and triumph over Lingerfield and Trantham. . . . The duchess? Oh, I'll arrange that too. Slip back to the cottage now—this way, across the lawn, by the chapel—and I'll say your cough was so troublesome that you rushed back to put on a mustard plaster. I'll tell Gwen you'll be delighted to give the lecture — "

Durand raised his hands in protest but she went on gayly: "Why, don't you see that the more you hold out the more she'll want you? Whereas if you accept at once and even let her think you're going over to stop at Trantham as soon as your cough is better she'll forget she's ever asked you. . . . Insincere, you say? Yes, of course; a little. But have you considered what would have happened if you hadn't choked just now and had succeeded in shouting out that you were an impostor?"

A cold chill ran down Charley Durand's spine as his masterful adviser set forth this forgotten aspect of the case.

"Yes—I do see. I see it's for the best."

"Well—rather!" She pushed him toward a window opening on the lawn. "Be off now—and do play up, won't you? I'll promise to stick by you and see you out of it if only you'll do as I ask."

Their hands met in a merry grasp of complicity, and as he fled away through the moonlight he carried with him the vision of her ugly vivid face, and wondered how such a girl could ever think she could be forgotten.

V

A GOOD many things had happened before he stood again on the pier at Boulogne.

It was in April, 1918, and he was buttoned into a too-tight uniform, on which he secretly hoped the Y. M. C. A. initials were not always the first things to strike the eye of the admiring spectator.

It was not that he was ungrateful to the great organization which had found a task for him in its ranks; but that he could never quite console himself for the accident of having been born a few years too soon to be wearing the real uniform of his country. That would indeed have been romance beyond his dreams; but he had long ago discovered that he was never to get beyond the second-best in such matters. None of his adventures would ever be written with a capital.

Still, he was very content; and never more so than now that he was actually in France again, in touch and in sound of the mighty struggle that had once been more than his nerves could bear, but that they could bear now with perfect serenity because he and his country, for all they were individually worth, had a stake in the affair and were no longer mere sentimental spectators.

The scene, novel as it was because of the throngs of English and American troops that animated it, was still in some of its details pathetically familiar. For the German advance in the north had set in movement the native populations of that region, and among the fugitives some forlorn groups had reached Boulogne and were gathered on the pier, much as he had seen them four years earlier. Only in this case they were in dozens instead of hundreds, and the sight of them was harrowing more because of what they symbolized than from their actual numbers.

Professor Durand was no more in quest of refugees than he had been formerly. He had been dispatched to Boulogne to look after the library of a Y. M. C. A. canteen, and was standing on the pier looking vaguely about him for a guide with the familiar initials on his collar.

In the general confusion he could discover no one who took the least interest in his problem, and he was waiting resignedly in the sheltered angle formed by two stacks of packing cases when he suddenly remembered that he had always known the face he was looking at was not one to forget.

It was that of a dark thin girl in khaki, with a slouch hat and leggings, and her own unintelligible initials on her shoulder, who was giving firm directions to a large orderly in a British Army motor.

As Durand looked at her she looked at him. Their eyes met, and she burst out laughing.

"Well, you do have the queerest-looking tunics in your army!" she exclaimed as their hands clasped.

"I know we do—and I'm too fat. But you knew me?" the professor cried triumphantly.

"Why, of course! I should know your spectacles anywhere," said Miss Clio Rushworth gayly. She finished what she was saying to the orderly, and then came back to the professor.

"What a lark! What are you? Oh, Y. M. C. A., of course. With the British, I suppose?" They perched on the boxes and exchanged confidences, while Durand inwardly hoped that the man who ought to be looking for him was otherwise engaged.

Apparently he was, for their talk continued to ramble on through a happy labyrinth of reminiscences spangled with laughter.

"And when they found out—weren't they too awfully horrified?" he asked at last, blushing at the mere remembrance.

She shook her head with a smile. "They never did—nobody found out but father, and he laughed for a week. I wouldn't have had anyone else know for the world. It would have spoiled all Aunt Audrey's fun if Lingerfield had known you weren't a refugee. To this day you're her great adventure."

"But how did you manage it? I don't see yet."

"Come round to our canteen to-night and I'll tell you."

She stood up and shoved her cigarette case into the pocket of the tunic that fitted so much better than his.

"I tell you what—as your man hasn't turned up come over to the canteen now and see Aunt Audrey."

Professor Durand paled in an unmartial manner.

"Oh, is Miss Rushworth here?"

"Rather! She's my chief. Come along."

"Your chief?" He wavered again, his heart failing him.

"Really—won't it be better for me not to? Suppose—suppose she should remember me?"

Miss Rushworth's niece laughed. "I don't believe she will, she's so blind. Besides, what if she did? She's seen a good many refugees since your day. You see, they've become rather a drug on the market, poor dears. And Aunt Audrey's got her head full of other things now."

She had started off at her long swift stride, and he was hurrying obediently after her.

The big brown canteen was crowded with soldiers who were being variously refreshed by young ladies in trig khaki. At the other end of the main room Miss Clio Rushworth turned a corner and entered an office. Durand followed her.

At the office desk sat a lady with eyeglasses on a sharp nose. She wore a colonel's uniform, with several decorations, and was bending over the desk busily writing.

A young girl in a nurse's dress stood beside her, as if waiting for an order, and flattened against the wall of the room sat a row of limp, disheveled, desolate beings—too evidently refugees.

The colonel lifted her head quickly and glanced at her niece with a resolute and almost forbidding eye.

"Not another refugee, Clio—not one! I absolutely refuse. We've not a hole left to put them in, and the last family you sent me went off with my mackintosh and my electric lamp."

She bent again sternly to her writing. As she looked up her glance strayed carelessly over Professor Durand's congested countenance, and then dropped to the desk without a sign of recognition.

"Oh, Aunt Audrey—not one, not just one?" the colonel's niece pleaded.

"It's no use, my dear. Now don't interrupt, please. . . . Here are the bulletins, nurse."

Colonel Audrey Rushworth shut her lips with a snap and her pen drove on steadily over the sheets of official letter paper.

When Professor Durand and Clio Rushworth stood outside of the canteen again in the spring sunshine they looked long at each other without speaking.

Charley Durand, under his momentary sense of relief, was aware of a distinct humiliation.

"I see I needn't have been afraid!" he said, forcing an artificial laugh.

"I told you so. The fact is, Aunt Audrey has a lot of other things to think about nowadays. There's no danger of her being forgotten—it's she who does the forgetting now." She laid a commiserating hand on his arm. "I'm sorry—but you must excuse her. She's just been promoted again and she's going to marry the Bishop of the Kamerun next month."

"Ship by Truck"

—the traffic motto of today and the future

By Harvey S. Firestone
President, Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

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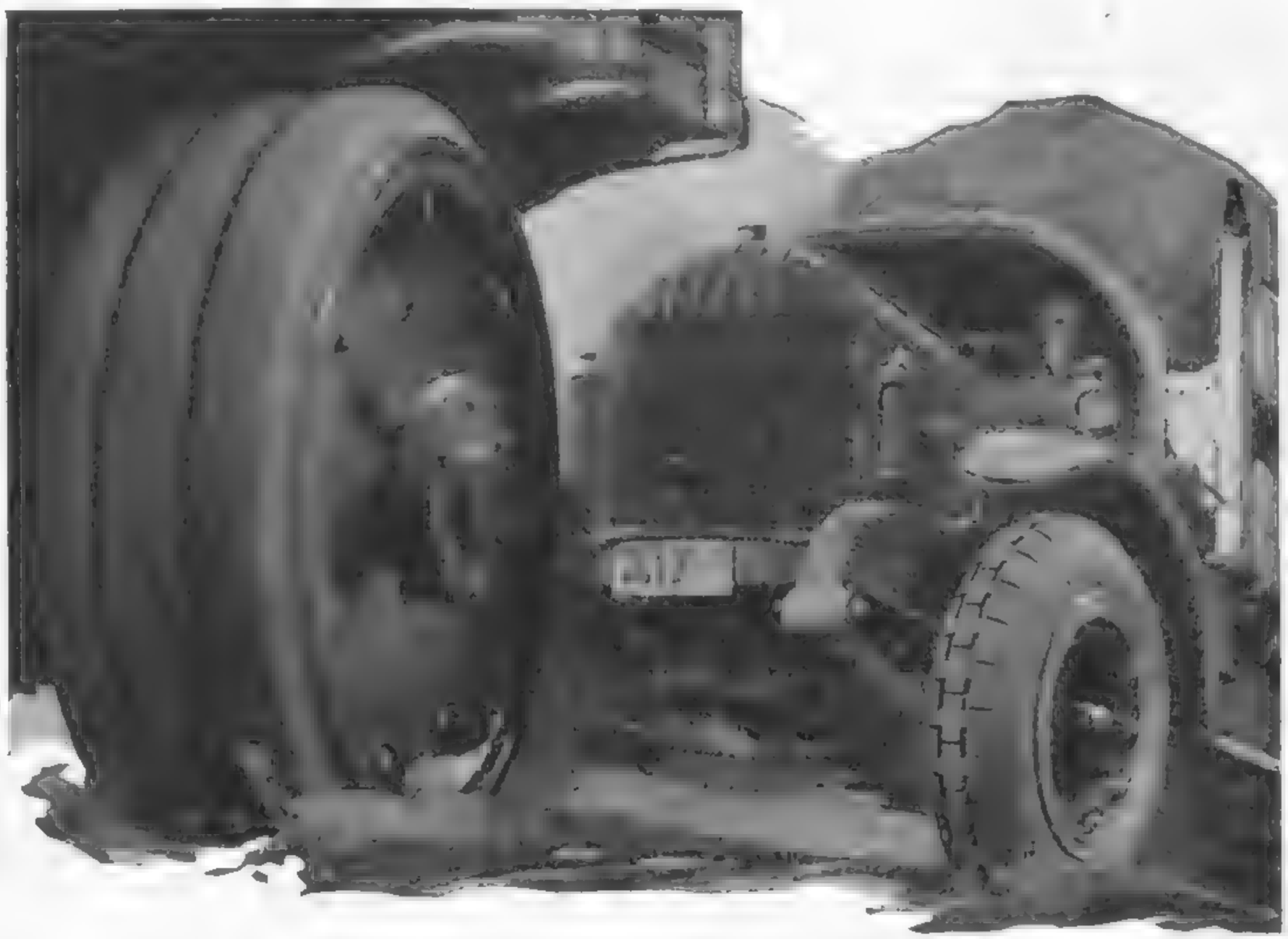

Half the truck tonnage of America is carried on

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TIRES

CROSS AND DOUBLE CROSS

(Continued from Page 14)

There was a moment of silence, and the voice of the captain came out of the dark in tones more husky still, inquiring helplessly "Vat had ve better do-o-o?"

"Do, you squarehead!" gloated Jack. "Why, there isn't but one thing for you to do!"

Then followed another interval of thoughtful silence, after which "Vill—vill you take us in?" was inquired, almost coaxingly.

"Me? I haven't got any time to bother with prisoners," protested Jack grouchily; "but throw your guns in the wagon here and march along ahead of me where I can see you and so my mules can keep the road."

The captain turned and spoke a few guttural sentences to his men, and immediately the group, which had been constantly augmented by others climbing into view till now it numbered some thirty or forty men, organized itself into a sort of debating society. They appeared to be arguing the question of surrender, pro and con, with the argument mostly pro; yet in this new babel it seemed that every man wanted a voice.

"Germany's getting democratic all at once," commented Jack, contemplating the marvel. "Curious how when surrender time comes they always try to pass the buck up to the dear people."

The young man awaited the issue sanguinely, and a tide of elation began to rise in his veins at the prospect of bringing into camp not only a wagonload of Dan Riley's chow but a whole company of the Kaiser's soldiers as prisoners.

"My lucky night!" he murmured softly to himself.

"All right!" said the captain, when the debate appeared to have threshed itself out. "Ve surrender."

"Throw your guns in the wagon then, and march on ahead."

Once the decision was taken the men came forward and with a right good will began to clatter their rifles upon the load; but when they began to add machine guns Jack cried a halt.

"Here!" he objected. "My mules can't pull all that junk. Heave 'em into the ditch and the salvage corps can dig 'em out later."

So the boches, still with a hearty will, tumbled their perfectly good machine guns into the ditch, the first of them all but telescoping the shadowy figure of a man who had gained a position in the trench at the border of the road by threading the sinuosities of a communicating boyau that led from back near C Company's position.

"Pinch me!" whispered Sergeant Ditty, staggering back out of danger of being either seen or overheard in the black depths that shrouded him and his squad. "I'm dreaming! I'm walking in my sleep!"

"So are we, then," insisted Buck Davies. "Jack's taking 'em prisoner—a whole company of 'em! He's got their goats tied right behind the M. G. chow wagon."

"And he had nothing but a whipstock to do it with," murmured the sergeant in awestruck tones.

"Gee-up!" said Corporal Jack stoutly to his mules.

"Forward, march!" or its equivalent in the language of a Hun, rang out sharply, and a German captain, with considerable satisfaction at the strategy by which he had saved himself and his command from total annihilation under the Yankee steam roller, stalked off at the head of his company, suspecting no more than the corporal that he was moving away from the American line instead of toward it.

The conquering Evans cracked his whip and urged the prisoners to move faster, alleging that his sergeant was going to be displeased with him for this untoward delay in getting up with the evening ration. The prisoners complied agreeably enough until the column collided with a sharp command to halt, given in their own language, followed by sounds of parley, with much spattering, argument and expostulation.

"More Germans! Great Scott!" expostulated Jack. "What do our fellows mean, going forward and leaving all these boches behind them? That's what comes of crusing on too fast."

But the argument paid no attention to the corporal, and he broke out with "*Alors! Alors!*—What's all the parley-vooing about? I've got to get on with this chow."

"It's another company of my comrades," explained the captain, whose voice had just been heard eloquently in German. "They are what you call difficult to convince, but they surrender finally."

And out of the dark came another file of men, advancing to toss their rifles on the wagon.

"No! No!" persisted Jack. "I've got all the mules can pull now. Tell 'em to throw the darned junk on a pile there."

This order was duly interpreted, and for a moment the air was noisy with the clank of guns and accouterments—everything but gas masks, canteens and food carriers—as they went banging down in a growing but invisible heap. But the operation did not proceed rapidly enough to satisfy the corporal.

"Hurry up, I tell you!" he snapped irritably. "My company has got to keep moving to get out of the way of the artillery. The heavies will be rumbling along here before midnight."

Making a hasty detour over wire-tangled ground at night is no easy matter, but Sergeant Ditty had managed it. Now he was squatting in the darkness on the roadway just ahead, listening with amazement and admiration to this new exhibition of the audacity of his corporal.

Deciding that the time had come for his intervention if this dangerous game was not to end in tragedy he lifted up his voice and inquired sharply "That you, Evans?"

"You bet!" answered the corporal proudly.

"Well, where in time have you been?" was demanded in faultfinding voice.

"Coming right along," responded Jack breezily, exceedingly well content with himself. "What did you fellows move up for without leaving somebody there at the old position to tell me?"

"The whole Army's on our heels; that's what we moved up for," lied Sergeant Ditty strategically. "You didn't have any business stopping to bother with these prisoners. They'll all be so far behind by morning they can just mop themselves up."

In the glimmer of a distant star shell Sergeant Ditty allowed his eyes casually to survey the lot.

"It didn't take long with them," argued Jack, slightly crestfallen.

"Besides, what you marching 'em up to the Front for?" complained the sergeant. "We don't want 'em there. Here, who was that I heard talking United States?"

"I speak English, sergeant," responded the captain with the burr on his words.

"Oh, you do, hey? Well, it's a better and better language to know, let me tell you that; but you can use the other jargon for a minute now." The sergeant turned to order two of his six men into the boyau on the right as he faced backward toward where his own lines really were. "Here, Dutchy, order your men into the ditch there behind Davies and Schmidt. That boyau leads back to where there's five hundred of your *kamerads* waiting to go to the pens."

The captain, offended no doubt but discreetly unresentful of the sergeant's manner, gave the order, and Ditty stood by craftily watching the operation, when a still better idea occurred to him.

"You fellows had your suppers?" he inquired, with a slight softening of his asperity.

"We have not," responded the captain.

"Well, they're going to need more grub back there, with all you prisoners to feed. Here, turn to on this wagon."

The captain interpreter was uncertainly silent for a moment, as if unable to believe his own ears. Such consideration for prisoners he had never dreamed of; and yet it was in keeping with what he knew of the softness of American character.

"Every man take a load!" commanded the sergeant.

The captain translated the order. Two husky boches climbed into the back of the wagon and passed out its precious food contents—bags of green cabbages, a keg of coffee, sacks of sugar and flour and boxes and boxes of canned goods, all representative of that liberal ration by which Uncle Sam makes his the best-fed soldiers in the world. With much jabbering, with many grunts of satisfaction the prisoners remaining above ground filed by the tail gate, and in two minutes the vehicle was empty of all save the abandoned accouterments.

Corporal Jack had watched this operation with amazement and protesting ejaculations.

"I suppose you know what you are doing, sarge, but I don't," was perhaps the mildest of his protests.

"I sure do!" averred Sergeant Ditty. "Here, throw the balance of that hardware in," he directed two prisoners who still stood with empty hands.

When this had been done he motioned them into the boyau behind the others, and ordered the last two of his six men to bring up the rear of the prisoners, the second two of them having been dropped into the ditch to form sort of a khaki sandwich between the two German companies.

There followed a tense moment during which the sounds of scuffling feet died out in the trenches, and thereby gave assurance that the sergeant and the corporal were alone upon the road. Then the older man turned to where the younger stood, peeved and a trifle puzzled, at the head of his mules.

"Jack," he exclaimed impulsively, "I've got to hand it to you right here before we get an inch farther out of this mess than what we are now. I never saw such an exhibition of nerve and guts! Why, old man, a stunt like that hasn't been pulled off more'n once before in the whole history of the American Army!"

The fervor of admiration in his sergeant's tones was unmistakable. Under cover of the enshrouding darkness Corporal Evans blushed. Such words were as the music of seraphic choirs to his itching ears.

"Nothing to it!" he declared. "It didn't take any nerve, Sim; not after the first shock, it didn't. Those bughouse Jerrys were in wrong, and I just told 'em where to get off, 'at was all."

This speech might have given the sergeant an inkling as to the real facts, since modesty was not one of the corporal's most outstanding characteristics; but it did not.

"All I've got to say is, my hat's off to you, Jack," affirmed the sergeant, and the sincerity of his admiration was attested by a tone and manner that became almost worshipful. "But, now," he added nervously, "for heaven's sake turn round and let's get back out of here!"

"Get back?" the corporal inquired, mystified again. "Turn back? With all these souvenirs?"

Like a flash a suspicion of the truth and then the truth itself burst upon the sergeant.

"You darned fool," he blazed, "don't you know you're a quarter of a mile inside the German lines?"

"Wh-wh-what!" gasped Corporal Jack, extending a cold and trembling hand to grasp weakly for whatever support it might encounter.

"Don't you know you picked these two companies right plumb out of the middle of their second line?"

"For—for Gaw'sake! Yuh—yuh don't mean it?" gurgled Jack.

His jaw had dropped till it was hardly serviceable in speech. He was trembling like a gelatin pudding. Chills chased each other up and down his spine and he leaned feebly for support against the neck of his brother, the off mule.

"Of course I mean it!" retorted the sergeant, struggling with mental recapitulations of scenes and events of the last few minutes, wrathful at himself for all that misdirected admiration, and marveling at the narrowness of his own escape under such perilous circumstances.

"And those Jerrys?" mumbled Jack, whose mind still reeled.

"You fooled 'em, that's all—because you fooled yourself."

"But you——" Corporal Jack had found the neck of the mule insufficient support and swayed toward his sergeant again. "You told that German captain yourself that we had moved up."

"Hell! After I heard your line of talk from the boyau wouldn't I play up to it?"

But the mind of the corporal still grappled with the problem of reorientation.

"Then we haven't moved up, and we haven't got a whole regiment out there in front of us?" he mumbled.

"There's nothing out there in front of us but the whole damn German Army. The worst of our fix is that there's some of the German Army behind us—down this road, between us and the bridge, I mean. How you ever got by 'em——"

"Sergeant Ditty," interrupted Corporal Jack solemnly, "you're the bravest man in the A. E. F. Your courage was real; mine was——" But as complete and final comprehension rolled over the mule driver like a wave he broke in upon himself with low gurgles of hysterical laughter. "And I," he hiccuped hilariously—"I captured two companies of Jerrys, snapped them right out of their positions in their own lines, with nothing but a whip?"

"That's what you did, Jack," admitted the sergeant heartily, though somewhat nonplused by the turn of mild mania his corporal was displaying.

"And disarmed 'em? I didn't dream? It's a fact?"

"Yes."

"And you——" Jack paused to laugh again. "You have got those prisoners carrying the M. G. company's grub right out of the boche line into C Company's position!"

"You're getting kind of normal," recognized Sergeant Ditty with relief.

"Good-by, mules!" said Corporal Jack, and made an absurd motion as if he turned and kissed the brown muzzles in the dark, then lurched toward the boyau. "Let's go, sergeant," he proposed. "Our luck's due to turn. Let's abandon the mules and skip down the boyau."

"After we've pulled off what we have?" objected Sergeant Ditty, placing a restraining hand upon his corporal. "Man, do you realize this is the biggest stunt any two men ever got away with? We'll both get decorated for this if it leaks out—and I'm figuring now on how to spring the leak. No, Jack; to make this story perfectly good we've got to drive these mules back into our company camp with the wagon full of boche souvenirs."

"But that fastens it on us about the M. G. company's chow."

"Does it?" scoffed Sergeant Ditty. "Does it? Well, just listen to our little story of that part of the episode and see if it does. We're simply on patrol out here in Nowhere Land and we find a runaway chow wagon in possession of a lot of Germans. We capture the whole lot, that's all. How do we even know whose chow wagon it is?"

"I suppose we don't see the M. G. painted a foot high on the side of it?"

"I suppose we don't," conceded Sim. "And besides it's too dark to see it if we wanted to."

"All right," sighed Jack, "I'll try to turn round; but my heart ain't in it—not any more." For cold fear had come down upon the corporal and gripped him with an icy hand. The scarred and wrinkled land about him became a shadowy terror that threatened to leap upon him. "If I was to hear a loud noise now I'd faint," he confessed to Sergeant Ditty.

"Nonsense, Jack!" said the seasoned top. "Buck up!"

Timidly the corporal climbed into the seat, and with the sergeant standing in the wagon behind him lifted the reins. With pleadings and whispered objurgations he induced the mules to cramp, to back, to straighten out, and to repeat this process a sufficient number of times to get the wagon turned about upon the narrow highway, and was next considering whether it were wiser tactics to let the mules creep backward as quietly as possible or to swing the whip and make a dash for it, when a voice from under the very noses of his team thundered "Halt!"

True to the assurance of his intuitions Corporal Jack almost rolled from his seat. The fact that the command itself was given in perfect American was not sufficient to relieve the corporal's fears in his present state of mind; and the spectral glimmer of bayonets dimly grouped about a shadowy figure ahead was like a halo of authority. He pulled the mules back upon their haunches.

"Who's that with our chuck wagon?" demanded a truculent person.

"And is it your chuck wagon?" inquired the sergeant sweetly in a voice that was facetiously disguised.

"You know darn well it's our chuck wagon!" came the sharp response; and immediately the bayonets began to conduct an encircling movement about the outfit.

"We knew it was somebody's chuck wagon, of course," rattled on the sergeant

(Concluded on Page 66)

Your skin is what you make it

HAVE you ever wondered why it is that some girls are blessed with naturally lovely complexions—the charm of clear, fresh color?

The truth is that your skin, too, can be clear and radiant. Your skin is what *you* make it.

If your skin is *not* fresh and clear, if it has been gradually growing coarser, it is because you have not been giving it the proper care for its needs.

Find out just what is the matter with your skin—then give it the proper treatment

Your skin is being renewed every day. As old skin dies, new forms to take its place. Begin at once to give this new skin the proper treatment to keep it clear and lovely. You will be surprised to see how quickly it improves.

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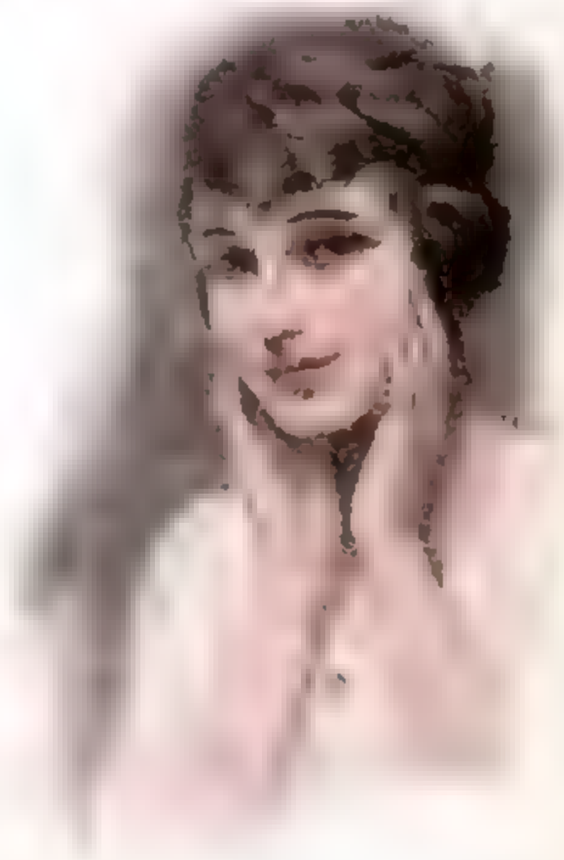

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder

Send 6 cents for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12 cents we will send you samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Company, 801 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Company, Limited, 801 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

Oily skins How to correct them

A special treatment for oily skin and shiny nose is among the famous treatments in the Woodbury booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Secure a cake today and the booklet of treatments wrapped around it

The charm of clear fresh color How to rouse a sallow, sluggish skin

JUST before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and hot water. If your skin has been badly neglected, rub a generous lather thoroughly into the pores, using an upward and outward motion, until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. After this, rinse well in warm, then in cold water. Then rub your skin for thirty seconds with a lump of ice, and dry carefully.

The very first time you use this treatment, your skin will feel fresher and invigorated

(Concluded from Page 64)

amiably, with his real voice still in ambush, "but what the Sam Hill was it doing inside the German lines?"

"In the German lines?" queried the voice, doubtful, yet half convinced. "We were delayed back there messing up a half dozen boches that were straying across the road, but ——"

"That was the German outpost," assured the sergeant coolly. "I knew it was there somewheres. This wagon was a quarter of a mile inside the German lines when we found it."

"Pip!" exclaimed a man who had by this time got round to the rear. "The wagon's empty, except for a lot of hardware."

"And we saw the boche emptying it," declared Corporal Jack, who had recovered himself sufficiently at least to jam a foot in the door of conversation.

"What the heck were you doing a quarter of a mile inside the German lines?" cross-examined the spokesman of the bayonets suspiciously.

But Sergeant Ditty would not be angered by disbelief.

The strategy indicated by the situation was for him to gain the confidence of this self-assertive young man and hit upon some device for allaying his suspicions and getting rid of him.

"We were on patrol," he explained placidly. "Right under our eyes we saw a bunch of boches loot every snitch of grub out of this wagon and throw a lot of their stuff into it. While they were busy carrying the grub off down a boyau we just sort of played a little trick on 'em by moving off with the wagon."

"That sounds just like one of Sim Ditty's lies to me," said the unpleasant voice with disconcerting frankness.

"Sim Ditty? Who is he?" inquired the sergeant, still with faith in the idea that he had established a complete incognito.

"He's the darnedest thief in the American Army, if you want to know. And that's saying some, believe us! He stole our chuck wagon to-night and ——"

Behind the mask of darkness the sergeant smiled delightedly.

"Well, well, hop in buddy, whoever you are, and let's get out of here before the Jerrys come back. We can talk over who the wagon belongs to later."

This invitation to hop in was really rather superfluous, seeing that the six men of the M. G. wagon guard were already clambering in from both sides and the rear and that one of them was firmly laying his hands upon the reins and practically ousting Jack from his seat.

"Here! Where do you get that stuff?" protested Jack. "Lay off!"

"This is our wagon," attested the man who had nominated himself for driver.

"You can ride with us, but you can't ride over us," warned the sergeant.

"Ride over nothing, you blamed thieves!" declared that impertinent young spokesman, whose hunger perhaps made him rude as well as reckless. "You stole our chow and our wagon. We've got the wagon and we'll take it, and we'll take you too. A general court's just about what you'll draw!"

From a fresh buck to a veteran top such language was lese majesty.

"Do you know who I am?" exclaimed the sergeant, bristling.

"I know blamed well who you are!" said the cub, thrusting up his chest aggressively, offensively almost.

"I'm Sergeant Ditty," warned that party. "You keep your toad-sticker out of my face!"

"You're a chow thief and you're my prisoner!" retorted the squad leader rashly. "Take off your belt."

"Ho, ho!" sneered Sergeant Ditty. "You're a fresh young pup, ain't you now? Come, cub, you listen to reason!"

"I wouldn't be listening to reason if I listened to you, Sim Ditty. You can't soft-soap me. You tell me what you did with our chow or by Jinks I'll take you into headquarters!"

Pop, pop, pop! Pop, pop, pop!

This remark was made by a machine gun somewhere off in the uncertain darkness at the left, and simultaneously with it came sundry thudding clanging sounds upon the running gear of the wagon, whereupon, without waiting for the instant urging that was coming from the driver, the mules sprang from a sedate dogtrot to a wildly excited gallop, the speed of which they wisely augmented with each succeeding jump until the thews of flesh could do no more. The wagon lurched and pitched. Its load of ordnance clattered and clanked. The argument between the sergeant and the sore-tempered guard had been perforce abandoned, as everybody sought for something to cling to while the vehicle leaped and careened, jolting over shell holes, swaying dangerously toward the ditch or skidding on two wheels round a turn. Eventually each time it righted itself and plunged on, finally rumbling madly over the bridge that marked the exit from immediate zones of danger.

Through the open tail gate it had strewn Hun souvenirs over every rod of the way; and for the ultimate safety of its human load this was probably very fortunate, for at the curve beyond the bridge the mules swung too sharply, the wagon made a final leap in the air and turned over, spilling and strewing its occupants on the soft earth of the roadside; and the animals, kicking themselves free of the wreckage, swept madly on.

Sergeant Ditty and Corporal Jack having craftily worked themselves toward the rear of the wagon with intent to escape at the first opportunity were thrown entirely clear of the vehicle as it crashed.

"Hurt, sergeant?" inquired Jack, extricating himself painfully from a nest of old German wire.

"Not except my feelings," grunted the sergeant, and lingered just near enough to see everybody else pulling himself from the débris of the wagon with no signs of serious injury.

"Let's go," said Sergeant Ditty, "before they start taking a census. I don't feel like arguing with 'em any more. They can have the souvenirs; we've got the grub and prisoners."

Five minutes later he strode into his own camp sniffing for something which his olfactories did not detect.

"Why isn't somebody breaking out that chow?" he demanded.

"Chow? What chow?"

Nobody had seen any chow and was exceeding grouchy in consequence.

"I sent it back with the prisoners," explained the sergeant impatiently.

But nobody had seen any prisoners.

"No prisoners!" demanded Sergeant Ditty in outraged tones, and halted while his amazed and angry eyes searched the darkness round.

"Two companies of German prisoners," specified Corporal Jack. "We picked 'em out of No Man's Land and sent them back here loaded down with good old U. S. chow."

"Guarded by six as husky bucks as there are in the Army: Davies, Schmidt, White, Dudley, Judson, McDonald. Where are those bucks?"

But it also appeared that nobody had seen the privates in question since they went out with the sergeant now nearly an hour before.

"Well, I'll be busted!" prophesied Sergeant Ditty. "Something must have happened to those boys.

"It was too good to last," said Corporal Jack huskily. "I knew we couldn't get away with it."

"But the boys!" declared the mystified top with growing apprehensions. "The Huns must have turned on 'em, the dirty dogs!"

He was swiftly organizing a second scouting party when six trailing figures crept disconsolate into the camp and began to inquire their way in subdued tones to the presence of Sergeant Ditty.

"Well?" that exasperated man demanded, when he had recognized them.

"We took the wrong turn in the boyau," explained the one whom fate had nominated for the bearer of ill news. "There was a sentry out there that sent us ——"

"Sentry?" demanded Sergeant Ditty, suspicion instantly kindling. "There wasn't any sentry out there—unless—that—that gray-headed old devil, Riley ——"

"Yes, sir, there was," averred the unhappy private; "a sentry that motioned us into a turn in the trenches that brought us right out in the old bomb proofs that the M. G. company is occupying there in the pines. We tried to make a get-away but couldn't. Old Dan was raging round about somebody stealing his chow cart, and he just the same as took our prisoners away from us and kicked us out."

A merciful darkness shrouded the expression of chagrin on the features of Sim Ditty.

"And the grub?" he inquired satirically after a moment. "That good M. G. company grub? You just naturally carried it back to 'em, hey?"

"You took my prisoners and gave 'em to Dan Riley, did you?" raged Corporal Jack, making a move as if he would commit violent and personal assault.

"Ease up there, Jack!" ordered the sergeant shortly, for he was a man who took his defeats as philosophically as his triumphs. "We're out of luck, kid, that's all."

"Luck be darned!" said Corporal Jack. "It wasn't luck. It was just pure vanity. You wanted to make it all so blamed complete by bringing back that wagonload of souvenirs."

What the sergeant might have retorted to this must remain a matter of speculation, for just then the voice of a sentry challenged, succeeding which a stalking figure answered and came marching into camp, with a long shadowy patch of the darker darkness trailing behind, accompanied by a sound that was like the tread of many weary shuffling feet.

"Dan Riley!" muttered somebody who had recognized the newcomer.

There was a moment of dramatic silence with the veteran top of the machine-gun company striding along the back of the C Company line behind the sentry, who passed him into the presence of Sergeant Ditty.

"Where's Corporal Evans?" the visitor demanded brusquely, ignoring his rival completely.

"Here, sir!" replied that young man, not altogether stoutly, as expecting immediately to be arraigned and charged with the theft of one chow wagon.

"Well, here's your Jerrys." And the sergeant waved at the trailing tramping blackness behind him. "A boy that pulls a trick as good as yours is too good to lose 'em just because he soldiers for a darn thief!"

Corporal Jack in his surprise could only gasp and cough interrogatively.

"Yes," went on Sergeant Riley in tones at once sarcastic and indulgent as though explanation were rather beneath a man of his rank and standing. "Things was happening kind of queer to-night, so I just did a little sleuthin' round on my own hook. That took me out into No Man's Land and I heard you talk them boches out of their eyeteeth. Pretty work, boy, pretty work! And when your very intelligent sergeant loaded 'em up with my grub I just sort of stationed myself back along the line and saw that they took it where my grub belongs. But I kept the prisoners only long enough to throw a little mustard into Sim Ditty's disposition. Here's your Jerrys, boy."

"Thank you, sergeant," said Corporal Evans gratefully.

"That white-headed old top of yours ain't near so smart as he thinks he is," went on Riley acidly, "but he'll be smart enough to see that you get a decoration out of this and that he gets one too. I don't grudge him that, because the poor old fossil ought to get something, after prowling round half the night like this, and still hungry. Good night."

"Thank you, sir," mumbled Corporal Evans again, not liking to be ungrateful and yet not liking either to thank a man who had just maligned a better man than himself, simply because the latter had chanced upon an unlucky night.

"Au revoir, Sim," called back Sergeant Riley as a sort of afterthought.

"You're a wolf, Dan, and this is your night to howl, all right," acknowledged Ditty grimly.

The six privates had reassumed control of their prisoners.

"See if you can keep 'em this time," remarked Sergeant Ditty testily; "at least till I can figure out what to do with 'em."

"Hungry?" moaned Private Davies. "Jack said to-night he was so hungry he could eat a boche. I thought I was too, but now the smell of 'em takes my appetite away."

"I wish something would take my appetite away," grumbled Karl Schmidt. "It's painful."

"C Company? Is that C Company?" inquired a querulous tired voice from off toward the road.

"Yes," was answered gruffly by a sentry who was growing weary of all these comings and goings that were nothing to what he regarded just now as the one important purpose of human existence.

"Thank God!" ejaculated the inquirer and stumbled forward, followed by others. As this detail advanced it was noticed that an exciting fragrance preceded them.

"It's Collins!" cried a glad voice. "It's the mess squad with chow, on foot!"

An instant murmuring of happy acclaim ran through the woods as men in pairs drew nearer with huge cans swung between them on things like litter poles: cans that were heavy with steaming stew, with hot tomatoes and with boiled potatoes, while a sufficient number of loaves of bread in shoulder-borne sacks had been brought along to assure to every man's stomach that degree of comfortable warmth and fullness for which for hours his nature had been crying out.

"First we were jammed and then they wouldn't let us come up any farther with the wagon," explained Mess Sergeant Collins to his top; "but I was bound to give the boys something hot to-night if we had to rustle her up on foot."

"So far as I'm concerned you're the hero of this war," said Sergeant Ditty, his nose full of a delicious savor that was compounded of primary odors every one of which was good in itself.

"You can have my decoration, Collins," said Evans, unslinging his mess kit. "The sergeant will get his for being a brave man. I get mine for being an A1 mutt."

FAIRYLANDS OF FINANCE

(Continued from Page 16)

"Have you ever been across the street?" I asked the vice president.

"No; I would be afraid to be seen there. It might encourage other people to go there."

Then he told of the constant efforts of the bank to discourage the frantic speculation. A customer had just come in with a vendor's-lien note worth $4500 and said he would like to put it up as security to borrow $750 to buy some oil stock. The banker refused to make the loan. "I wish I hadn't told you," said the customer. "I was counting on you for this money."

"It wouldn't have made any difference," replied the banker, "for I should have asked you anyway. We don't lend any money now without first finding out whether it is for oil stock."

Probably more money is lost in worthless oil stocks than in the get-rich-quick fringe of any other industry. This is plainly due to the rapidity with which fortunes are made when things go right. The fascination of oil is the simplicity with which profits are figured. If one strikes it there is required only the simplest form of multiplication to figure one's fortune.

Fundamentally people buy doubtful stocks in regard to which they have little if any real knowledge solely in the hope of striking a hundred-to-one or a thousand-to-one shot. It is the eternal hope of getting rich without work, of avoiding by sheer luck the pains of hard work and thrift, the double price which all men know must ordinarily be paid for financial success.

"You can sell any stock, no matter how worthless," said the district attorney of a county in which plenty of it has been sold, "if you only have the nerve to go out and see people personally, and make promises to them, no matter how absurd they may be. In fact, the more exaggerated the better. That is what they fall for, and that is all they fall for—the promise of unusual profits. And yet," he spoke more reflectively, "the really seasoned gambler does not take them.

"The old gambler on the race tracks was always trying to place his money on a good horse for second and third place, or even farther back if he could get any bookmaker to take it. Never mind the first place. He would leave that to the amateur gambler.

(Continued on Page 69)

A Sweetheart in Every Port

Ship ahoy, Sailor boy
Sweetheart alongside—
She's so coy, he's all joy—
Cracker Jack's their pride!

EVERYONE likes Cracker Jack! It's a delicious confection and a wholesome food.

Made of carefully-selected, crispy popcorn and roasted peanuts, all generously coated with molasses candy.

Just try Cracker Jack for breakfast with milk or cream—no sugar. Or as a satisfying dessert to crown a well-arranged meal.

Cracker Jack is a wonderful treat—"The More You Eat, the More You Want." Take home a few packages to the folks.

In the Wax-Sealed Package

If your dealer cannot conveniently supply you, send 45 cents for six packages, which will be delivered to you parcel post, prepaid, anywhere in the United States.
Packages marked "Prize" contain a novelty or toy to particularly delight the little ones.

RUECKHEIM BROS. & ECKSTEIN
Makers of Cracker Jack, Angelus Marshmallows and Other Reliable Confections
Chicago and Brooklyn, United States of America

Cracker Jack

America's Famous Food Confection

This table shows the Monthly Coal Saving, in Dollars and Cents per 100 feet of pipe *by using* "85% Magnesia" Pipe - Coverings

Size of Pipe Inches	5 lbs Steam Pressure	10 lbs Steam Pressure	50 lbs. Steam Pressure	100 lbs. Steam Pressure	150 lbs Steam Pressure	200 lbs Steam Pressure	200 lbs Steam Pressure 100° Sup-Heat
½	$1.44	$1 58	$2 20	$3 28	$3.66	$4 11	$6 80
¾	1.72	1 89	2.87	3.70	4 26	4 89	8.03
1	2.11	2 30	3 56	4.80	5 35	6.04	10.00
1¼	2.52	2.74	4.22	5 52	6 50	7.25	12.20
1½	2 86	3.10	4.73	6 14	7 29	8.17	13 70
2	3.53	3.74	5.86	7 63	8 93	10 11	16.80
2½	4.25	4 39	6.95	9.07	10.55	11.90	19 90
3	5 00	5.33	8.30	10 90	12 60	14 30	23.82
3½	....	6 22	9 60	12 40	14 40	16 32	27 23
4	....	7 06	10 60	14 05	16 40	18 40	30.85
4½	....	7 69	11 80	15.35	17 92	20 25	34 00
5	....	8 64	13.16	17 20	20 00	22 72	38.00
6	....	10.15	15 60	20 38	23 82	26 88	44 90
7	....	....	18 38	23 68	27.60	30 80	52 00
8	....	....	20 40	26 60	31 20	34 90	58 55
9	....	....	22.70	29 00	34 52	38.61	64.80
10	....	....	25.00	32 70	38 40	43 08	72 40
Boilers and flat surfaces per 100 sq. ft 1¼ in. thick	5.26	5.67	8.80	11.50	13 48	15 12	25 44

FACTS are enlightening things. For the man who doesn't see how it is that "85% Magnesia" pipe and boiler coverings save their cost many times over, *here are the figures.*

They are conservatively based on the most exhaustive series of tests ever made. These tests extended over more than a year. They were conducted by the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, a scientific institution of the highest standing, which certifies their absolute correctness.

What Will "85% Magnesia" Save You?

We ask your special attention to the fact that these savings are *per hundred lineal feet of pipe per month.* To find the actual saving for your own steam plant you must *multiply* this monthly saving by the number of hundreds of feet of steam pipe you have. To find the total saving for a full year, you must again multiply this figure by *twelve.* Then you will know the exact coal-saving efficiency of "85% Magnesia."

We ask you to make these figures personal. They apply to *you* equally with every other coal user in the country. They cannot be controverted. The need for fuel economy is *yours.* Equally, the means for saving by the use of "85% Magnesia" coverings are at *your* disposal.

Ask Yourself These Important Questions:

Am I saving all the coal I can?

Are my pipes and boilers properly covered with the most efficient heat-saving insulation?

Is it "85% Magnesia"?

The cost of thorough protection by "85% Magnesia," against heat losses, will repay itself, not in years but in *months.* It will continue to save indefinitely, not only in the actual money-cost of coal but also by greatly increased *efficiency* in the operation of your steam plant, whether it be used for heating or power.

The National Coal Saver

The value of "85% Magnesia" as a conserver of heat and saver of fuel is demonstrated by the fact that for over thirty years it has been the official standard of the U. S. Navy. During this same period, it has been the choice of the leading power and heating engineers of the country and of the leading railroads and steamship lines. It is endorsed and approved by the U. S. Fuel Administration and the U. S. Shipping Board.

The World-War of Industries

The coming economic world-struggle will be purely one of industries. The best equipped factories with the lowest cost of production and the greatest economy of operation, will be the most successful. The basis of all industry is *coal.* To save coal is one of the mightiest steps towards industrial supremacy.

Copies of this Table will be sent free on request. The members of the Magnesia Association will gladly furnish further information if desired, on this vital subject of heat insulation. If you are an engineer or architect, ask also for the Specification for the proper application of "85% Magnesia," compiled and endorsed by the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research and issued by the

MAGNESIA ASSOCIATION *of* AMERICA

721 Bulletin Bldg., Philadelphia, Penna.

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He much preferred putting out ten dollars and making two dollars than trying for $100 on a dollar investment. He always knew that the good horse was fairly certain to come in somewhere among the first five or six, and all he asked for was a chance to bet on that practical certainty."

It is a singular working out of what men call the law of compensation that an industry which has enriched more regions and more individuals perhaps than any other should be so hazardous in certain of its aspects. The production of oil—and it is in this branch of the business that nearly all small stock companies engage—is a highly speculative affair. Even the largest and wealthiest companies often spend millions of dollars and years of effort in fruitless tests. Frequently they have turned down fields that later proved to be highly productive. Often they do not drill deep enough, and spend great sums fruitlessly, only to have other producers come along later and by going a little deeper find plenty of pay oil.

The losses of the business are always enormous, entirely aside from the stock-promoting end of it. The most astute and experienced oil operators, acting as individuals or in groups, and without any stock-promotion handicap whatever, often suffer back-breaking losses. I was taken to see a most valuable well by two wealthy independent operators, but they showed me one only five hundred feet away which had cost them $20,000 to drill and which had not yielded a gallon of oil. The public hears, it is true, of the worthless oil stocks, but it never hears of the hundreds of really experienced operators, far too wise to be fooled on any fake-stock game, who lose their all in drilling dry holes.

"No one really knows what is under the ground," said the president of one of the largest and richest oil companies in the world a few days before this article was written; and whether his statement is true or not great regions are dotted with proofs that at least a large part of the operators in the business did not know what was under the ground.

Too Often a Losing Game

A few months ago a professional oil operator leased a big tract of land in Texas at twenty-five cents an acre. He drilled for oil but did not go deep enough. He lost his investment and forfeited the lease. He went away and when he came back a few months later he found that another operator had leased the same land at twenty-five dollars an acre.

An old and wealthy operator told me that he had once drilled seventy-two dry holes in succession. Another man, the leading capitalist in his part of the state and in oil only as a side line, said that he had drilled seventeen dry holes, mostly with his own money and at a cost ranging from $15,000 to $20,000 apiece before he found any oil. A prominent banker in charge of the affairs of one of the richest landowners in the Southwest, a man who would be worth many millions even without his vast income from oil, said that as a little personal venture, just to see if he couldn't make some of the money his wealthy patron was making, he had drilled three holes recently, and they were all dry.

Even the landowners in oil territory lose. Many a one has been offered scores and even hundreds of thousands of dollars for his interests, but preferring to develop the land himself has sunk all his own and his friends' money without getting out a cent's worth of oil. The reverse side of the picture is that landowners have taken in as high as $150,000 in cash for mere temporary leases on land which later proved to contain no oil whatever.

It is doubtful if any figures can be had to show what the average number of dry holes is. The secretary of a prominent producing company in the Mid-Continent and Texas fields said he figured that four wells out of every ten prove worthless. In other fields perhaps the losses have been as low as two out of ten. Now the average would not be so bad if it were evenly distributed, but there is no evenness in the distribution of these losses. They fall with crushing weight upon some few, while others make fortunes. The producer does not know beforehand which class he will fall into.

An old farmer in Kansas sold all his property for $30,000 and went to Oklahoma when the great boom was on in that state. He lost the entire sum operating in oil and went back to his home town without a cent with which to support himself and his wife in their old age. A man who is president of a large bank in the Southwest and who is the brother of one of the country's most successful oilmen said that he believed that any concern with an efficient organization, knowledge of the business and sufficient capital was sure to win in the oil business in the long run.

But evidently he also believes that few have all this equipment, for he added: "The oil game seems to me like a group round a poker table—one or two win and the others go back to work."

Even when the winnings are great the cost has often been of a nature which to the average man or small company is prohibitive. A certain well-known concern in another line of business was anything but successful a few years ago. The outlook was dark indeed, when certain discoveries led the president to test for oil. He spent enormous sums in hiring geologists, literally hundreds of them at a time, and finally discovered oil in huge quantities. It was a costly gamble, but on a scale so large that it ultimately won.

Common Risks and Hazards

At the present time the production of oil is accompanied by peculiar hazards, owing to the enormously increased cost of drilling. This is due both to the higher cost of labor and materials and the greater depth to which it is now necessary to go. In the big new Texas fields it is necessary to go to a depth of 3500 feet or more, and the cost runs from $50,000 to $60,000 a hole if everything goes well. If anything goes wrong the cost may run up to far larger totals.

Beyond a certain depth the cost seems to increase geometrically rather than arithmetically. Many small stock companies and individual operators fail to estimate the costs properly. They may allow enough for the drilling itself, but they often fail when it comes to the water supply, the fuel, and provision of living accommodations for the workmen. The whole Southwest is filled with uncompleted, bankrupt wildcat wells.

Frequently an entire well may be spoiled through some slight mechanical error in the drilling. Tools are lost, the shooting is done in a wrong way, the casing collapses, the cable breaks and water filters in. The smallest error of a day laborer may destroy twenty to fifty thousand dollars of capital or at least make necessary its immediate replacement. In other words the bait is so expensive that there is grave danger at all times of the turtle rather than the fish swallowing it.

Finally no one knows how long a pool or well will last or how soon the flow will diminish. Every pool has its limits, the largest perhaps in the world having started at four hundred thousand barrels a day and only a few years later shading off to fifty thousand.

They tell the story of the old negro night watchman who had bought a share of stock in the oil company for which he worked. Returning from the well early one morning he rushed into the office of the company and shouted: "Everybody's rich now! Nice clear oil in the well dis morning, boss." But the nice clear oil was water which had filtered in, and an inspection showed that the well itself had run dry.

Now all these hazards apply to the production end of the oil business, even as conducted by professional operators without the intermediary of stock promoters. All I have said is true, even where the operator or investor gets a first-hand run for his money, but in ninety-five cases out of a hundred where oil stock is offered for sale to the public the investor does not get any run for his money at all, in addition to bearing all the normal hazards of the business. Nor is this due entirely to the crookedness of promoters. Much of it is inherent in the very nature of the industry.

The plain fact is that drilling for oil is a business that can be successfully conducted only by those who command large sums of capital readily. A small company with a considerable number of small stockholders is simply helpless. The reasons are obvious. The big company or the well-to-do individual operators or group of operators is always able to protect its investment and the valuable commodity it is after. If the tools are lost or any other of the innumerable accidents which the oil fields are subject to come along, the big operators merely chip in another $10,000 or $20,000 and go ahead until they get the oil or discover that the hole is entirely dry.

But the stock promoter, no matter how honest, is helpless when he gets into technical trouble. He cannot go to thousands or even hundreds of small investors, who have put in anywhere from ten dollars to a few hundred dollars, and induce them to chip in again. It takes too long for one thing, and the stockholders are too ignorant and frightened for another. Thus drilling for oil by small stock companies that depend upon popular subscription is an uneconomic proceeding. It wastes the natural resources of the country and usually produces nothing.

There are hundreds of little stock companies which have potentially valuable oil wells. But having failed once they are done for. They cannot assess their stockholders, for the stockholders are either not in a position to pay or are too ignorant of the operations to be justified in taking the chances involved. In California there were holes which cost as high as $150,000 and did not pay a cent. Yet the Standard Oil kept right on and finally struck great quantities of pay. If the development had been left entirely to little popular-subscription stock companies the field might never have been developed at all.

Of course I do not mean that drilling should be done entirely by big companies. Often it is just as successfully done by small companies, but these are close corporations made up of, say, ten or a dozen business men who are prepared to risk several thousand dollars, who can be reached quickly and who will back up their investment with several thousand dollars apiece additional.

Another great disadvantage the small stock company suffers from is that good drilling contractors are hard for them to get. Even well-to-do business men cannot get as good results from the drillers as professional oil operators, and stock promoters rarely get any results at all. The driller knows that the promoter is probably in it to make money out of selling stock rather than from the oil, and so he charges more, gets all he can out of it while the going is good, and at the first sign of the money running out departs. So well is all this recognized in the industry that several leading men in the Southwest told me there is nothing the typical oil-stock promoter so hates as to find oil.

"He gets into trouble only if he strikes oil," said one of the leading government officials, who comes in contact with the financial side of the oil industry. "For then he has got to go and do something about it. He has got to attend to it and care for it, and there is less money in that than in selling stock."

Not a Chinaman's Chance

There is one case on record of a notorious promoter having made good on an oil proposition and having paid the stockholders off twenty-nine to one. But the fact developed in a subsequent lawsuit that he had sold out his own stock before he struck oil, showing that he had not believed in the proposition himself.

Nor have worthless oil stocks been limited wholly to those of producing companies. Following the discovery of the great Cushing pool in Oklahoma refineries sprang up like weeds. Everyone went into the business, all the way from the biggest capitalists to the worst fakers. "Many of the refineries consisted," to quote the words of the Oil Trade Journal, "of from two to a half dozen three-hundred-barrel stills, a worried president elected by the stockholders after the promoters had got through, $2,000,000 of stock issued, and $200,000 of actual assets."

In one of the largest cities in Oklahoma there is a refinery, the oldest in the place, whose stock is still selling at a few cents a share, though other refinery companies, started after this one, have proved extraordinarily profitable. The reason is solely this: The one concern was essentially a stock-jobbing rather than an oil enterprise; the others were engaged primarily in the oil business, and stock issue was only secondary with them.

Very few oil stocks offered for popular subscription have any chance from the start, owing to the large sums that go to the promoters. The value of the stock depreciates the moment it is sold to an investor, because that moment there is a generous rake-off. Out of $30,000 stock sold in behalf of one company only $5000 went to the company itself. In a previous article I wrote of the admission by a most friendly former resident of one of the boom towns in the Texas field that land which might properly support one well, whose drilling cost would not exceed $20,000, had been capitalized for $200,000.

So great is the evil of overcapitalization and promoters' fees that the Capital Issues Committee of the Dallas Federal Reserve District made a ruling in October last that no permits for the sale of oil stock would be given where the money was to be used for other than actual drilling expenses. It was stated that the companies must be financed by the organizers themselves up to the actual beginning of drilling operations, and the organizers must cover the expenses of leases and the like.

One of the acid tests of an oil stock is whether it is really sponsored by experienced and reliable oilmen. Several operators in the fields told me that a great evil is the rush of unsuccessful real-estate agents and life-insurance men into the game. Except for a few lucky gamblers who happen to get in on the ground floor at the start of a boom, and leaving out of consideration of course the original landowners who cannot help themselves, the oil game is distinctly one for specialists. The presence on the board of directors of a company of country bankers, prosperous farmers and business men argues but little.

Cushers of the Dark Room

There is no dirtier game to-day than that of inducing country bankers to lend their names to stock-jobbing oil companies. One such banker has gone to jail for his activities in this direction. Of course the consideration is usually a good-sized block of stock at rock-bottom prices. One prominent local banker told me of his experiences in fighting off the sharks who were almost daily after him. Though he would be classed technically as a country banker this man is rich and influential. His name is magic in half a dozen counties. One promoter was especially anxious to get the use of the banker's name. But he consistently refused to be drawn in.

"Finally I remembered a woman who works for a company of which I am a director," is the way he told the incident. "Every time I go to a directors' meeting she draws me aside and asks me to put her in on something good in the way of a speculative stock. So I told the promoter that though I never went in on any of these stock-promotion things myself I would take $500 of the stock for the woman. I told him that if it turned out all right she could have it, and if it turned out badly I would take it.

"What do you suppose that promoter did? On the strength of that little purchase he advertised all over the state that I was deeply interested in the company. In fact, they went so far as to sell stock on the misrepresentation that I was a director."

There is of course no length to which the criminals and semicriminals who sell doubtful stocks will not go. In one oil-boom town I had a long conversation with an itinerant sort of photographer, who confided that his largest profits came from faking gushers in the dark room.

"I can make 'em flow all right," he added. "But it doesn't do any good to fake 'em outside the dark room. Some photographers don't know how to do it right. They are not onto that little secret. If you do it inside the dark room no one can tell the difference."

This person had seen quite a little of the world. He seemed to have followed one stampede after another. I assumed that he was a man of some shrewdness, and no doubt he was shrewd in certain lines. But he told me he owned quite a block of stock in an oil company, and when I asked him what the capital was he said he had never taken the trouble to find out.

The fakers certainly are slick. The more reputable newspapers have naturally refused to accept a stock advertisement from any company that did not have the permit of the Capital Issues Committee. But the promoters have tried to slip in unawares. They would send in two advertisements simultaneously, one directly to the front window of the business office of the paper and the other to the solicitor who regularly calls for financial advertisements. Their hope was that while the business manager was busy instructing the solicitor not to accept the ad because of the paper's policy

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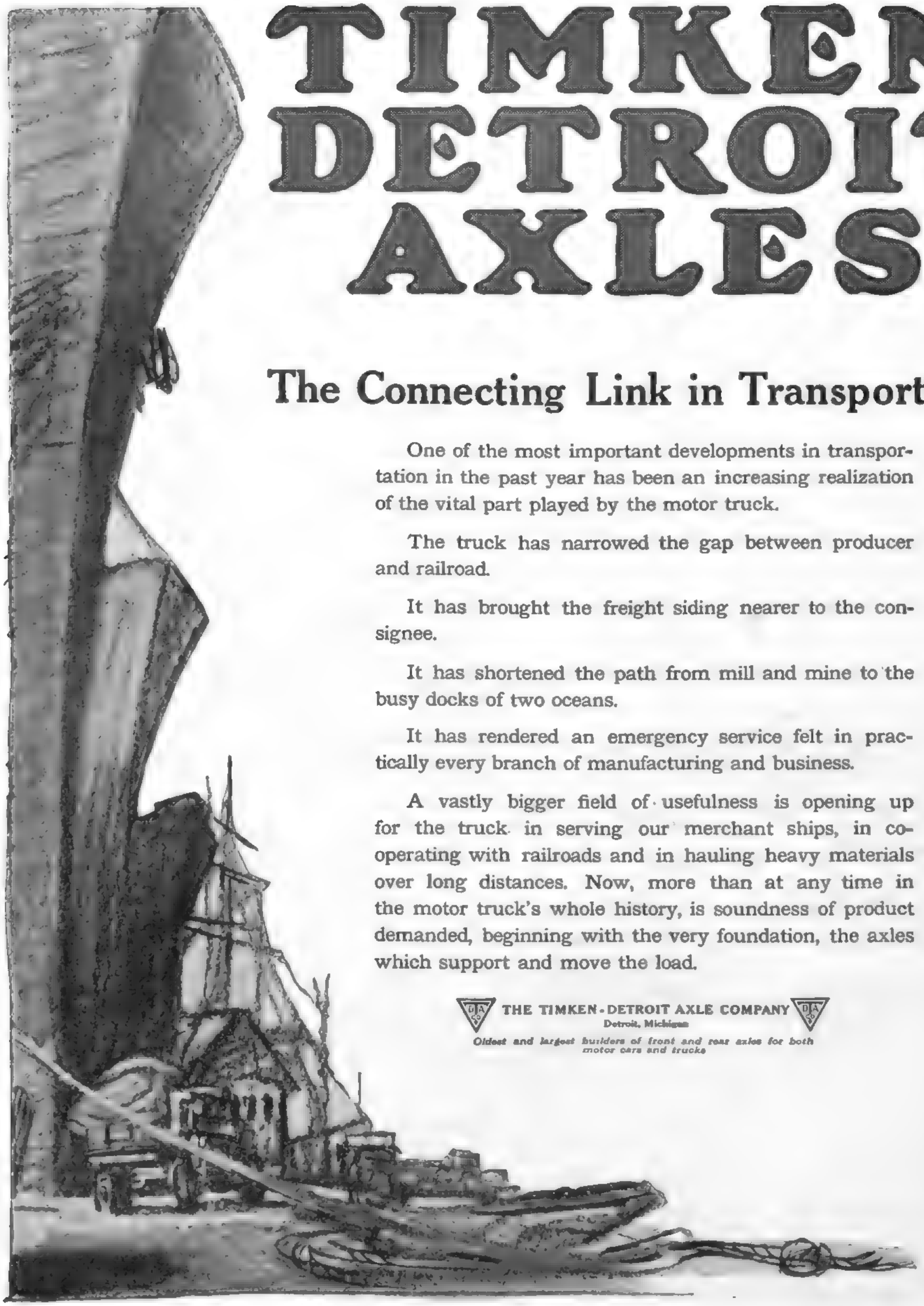

TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLES

The Connecting Link in Transportation

One of the most important developments in transportation in the past year has been an increasing realization of the vital part played by the motor truck.

The truck has narrowed the gap between producer and railroad.

It has brought the freight siding nearer to the consignee.

It has shortened the path from mill and mine to the busy docks of two oceans.

It has rendered an emergency service felt in practically every branch of manufacturing and business.

A vastly bigger field of usefulness is opening up for the truck in serving our merchant ships, in cooperating with railroads and in hauling heavy materials over long distances. Now, more than at any time in the motor truck's whole history, is soundness of product demanded, beginning with the very foundation, the axles which support and move the load.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

Oldest and largest builders of front and rear axles for both motor cars and trucks

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the other might inadvertently slip through the window.

Many of the losses, both in oil stocks and oil leases, are due solely to the element of excitement. Perhaps this is more evident near the oil fields than at a great distance, but the slick stock salesman who calls upon a prospect in Newark, New Jersey, does all he can to simulate the excitement and stampede of the oil fields by means of telegrams, telephone messages and the like. Even professional operators are often carried away by mob psychology.

At one time ten acres of land outside of Ranger, Texas, could be leased at exactly the same price as one-half an acre within the town limits, though both tracts were precisely the same distance from the big discovery well, and no human being could say that oil was more likely to be found at one place than the other. This curious twist of mankind's supposedly cold-blooded pursuit of money is known to oil men as "town-lot craze." I asked a veteran operator to account for it.

"It is this way: Two oilmen go out in the country and sit on a rail fence looking at a piece of land. They hear only an occasional crow cawing above them; or now and then the farmer beside them drawls out some remark. It is so quiet that they begin to get skeptical of the value of the land. But when the same two men get into a big crowd where people are talking and eagerly poring over maps it works the other way.

"They hear someone call out 'Hello Bill!' And one of them asks 'Who's Bill?'

"'Why, don't you know Bill? He was a driller a few years ago and now he's worth $17,000,000.' Then they all get excited and will pay anything."

The smaller in area an oil proposition is the greater the excitement and stampede, because a greater number of people can get into it. For that reason big companies nearly always avoid town-lot propositions and seek to use their large resources to handle large acreage, because they know the little fellow cannot get into big acreage and so will not rush, compete and stampede prices up to inflated heights. But unfortunately most of the oil stocks offered the public, though not necessarily confined to town lots, are naturally small propositions and therefore almost always involve the element of small, ignorant competition and inflated prices.

Most small oil companies have no chance to make a gambling success, for the simple reason that the promoter has to play his cards before the draw. The big company, or the professional oil proposition which is confined to professional oilmen and their associates, has more cards to draw from. One dry well usually does not break a big company, but one dry well usually breaks the average stock concern whose shares are offered to the public.

Hundred-to-One Shots

The uninitiated investor can play the oil game safely only in the stocks of the big companies, Standard and independent. There are a number of these concerns which not only own hundreds of thousands of acres in various parts of the country, but have their own pipe lines, refineries and selling organizations. If the industry goes along for several years to come without any serious slump, and if prosperity in general continues, it would surprise no one to see the larger independents engage in an orgy of melon cutting equal to that of the Standard companies in the last ten years. Even with such a possibility their stocks do not attract people generally, for the simple reason that they are already selling at high prices, in some cases at several hundred dollars a share.

It is the same old human nature that displays itself at the horse race. A few wiseacres may bet on a good horse coming in second, but the vast majority always want to play for the hundred-to-one shot to win. There are hundreds of thousands of people always ready to fall for an oil stock at a few cents a share which has just 999 chances out of a thousand of becoming worthless and one chance out of a thousand of becoming valuable. But there is only a little group of people who will pay two to three hundred dollars a share for stock which is almost certain in time to sell considerably higher and which has an excellent chance of doubling the investment.

A large oil company with much valuable property and a live modern organization suffered a considerable decline in its stock a few years ago. Whatever the cause of the decline, anyone could tell that in course of time the chance of a considerable advance in price and moderate dividends was probably more than fair. But stockholders were very angry. They had expected to be made rich overnight. Their mood was such that many of them fell victims to sharks who circularized them, urging the merits of various small get-rich-quick companies. A dignified old gentleman called upon the treasurer of the big company one day and dumped upon his desk a whole bundle of worthless oil stocks. He was angry because the promoters had got his name from the big company's list of stockholders.

"I suppose you are in on this," he sneeringly remarked to the treasurer.

"There are just two reasons why I do not smash your face," replied the treasurer. "One is that you are a much older man than I, and the other is that you are in my office."

The Royalty-Unit Idea

One of the most dangerous features of the oil game to-day is the royalty-unit idea. In a previous article I referred to the practice which landowners have of selling all or part of their one-eighth interest in the oil produced. Promoters have recently taken advantage of this practice, and divide these royalties into units so small as to give rise to great abuses. For one thing this practice is used to defeat the blue-sky laws, which have jurisdiction only over stocks and bonds, rarely or never over certificates or contracts of beneficial interest. Another doubtful advantage is that stockholders are thereby freed from the necessity of paying additional assessments, though in the oil game the ability and readiness to keep on paying assessments is often the only thing that saves the original investment.

According to some authorities the unit idea in oil really dates from the famous Shumway lease in Kansas. This was already split up into fractions because it was owned by two sisters. One was fortunate enough to hang on and grow rich. But the other sister sold her interest to a group of twelve local business men for $60,000. These men soon realized that they had bought an extraordinary bargain, and some of them began to sell small parts of their interests at enormous prices. It reached a point where an interest in 1-19,200 of the oil produced was sold for $2000. It can be seen that about $40,000,000 of oil would have to be produced before the man who paid $2000 would get his money back.

Many doubtful companies are now being formed to exploit the shale-oil industry of the Rocky Mountains. A promoter who is interested in one such company advertised that "all you have to do is to scoop it up with a shovel." Though it is stated on the highest possible authority that operations cannot begin until machinery—the shovel in question—costing $100,000 is installed, several companies have been formed with a capital as low as $50,000.

In the last half year the Capital Issues Committee in Washington and its branches throughout the twelve Federal Reserve districts have done excellent work in suppressing get-rich-quick companies. All concerns were expected to get a permit from the committee before selling stock. The committee had no means to punish those that did not comply with the law, except publicity and financial lynch law, but these methods worked very well during the war emergency.

Of course where promoters antedated their stock certificates to make them appear as having been issued before the committee came into being, or where promoters had the names of companies erased from permits and their own names photographed in place of the rightful name, they were promptly clapped into jail. But the bulk of the work had to do with less strictly criminal actions, and at the time the armistice was signed local authorities throughout the country had been pretty well educated up to the point of preventing the sale of stocks in companies that could not obtain permits. Naturally promoters used every argument to get permits.

To one of the gentry the chairman of the committee of a western district made this final statement: "If you will state to me in writing that in your opinion the money which goes into your stock will do the country as much good as the same amount of money in Liberty Bonds I will give you a permit."

This was too much even for a faker, and he gave up the proposed promotion.

Suppression of patent frauds or visionary harebrained schemes is easy enough. A promoter asked permission of the local representative of the Capital Issues Committee in one of the larger Oklahoma towns to sell $2,000,000 of stock to build an airship for transatlantic flights, to contain a ballroom and a barroom. He was ordered to leave town within twenty-four hours. Then there was a scheme for a giant fisherman. A huge dredge was to scoop up all the fish in a given area of ocean, and on the same boat the fish were to be dressed and canned, and the discarded parts made into fertilizer.

Most of the promoters of fraudulent and questionable securities in the last two years or so have based their appeal on the war spirit. It has been patriotism plus profit. Oil, mining, motor and food companies have been in the ascendancy.

No one will ever know how many loyal citizens fell for the buncombe call of stock-promotion patriotism. In many cases stocks in mining companies were being sold on the ground of helping the Government out, though the Geological Survey reported that none of the minerals in question were to be found in the localities where the companies were supposed to be operating, or the War Industries Board reported that plenty of that mineral was already on hand. Long after the recognized automobile companies had provided more trucks than the War Department needed, new mushroom concerns—which couldn't possibly get any steel or any labor as long as the war lasted even if they could sell their product—were peddling stock all over the Northwest on the selling argument that the Government needed trucks. New tire companies put out stock on the same argument of government necessity, though there was not a chance in a thousand that they could get any crude rubber to work with as long as the war lasted.

Fake Patriotism

Though Detroit has been relatively free from fraudulent and questionable motor companies the Northwest beyond Detroit has been filled with them. In many cases they have taken enough money from the farmers actually to put whole counties over the top in the Liberty Loans. In the Northwest, also, efforts were made to start chain stores, though the stores already in existence couldn't possibly get enough goods to sell. A little farther south mushroom packing companies have been the fashion, with large signs of "Food Will Win the War" as their slogan. A tiny cannery worth a few thousand dollars would be capitalized for a million and given a high-sounding name. Stockholders were told they were sure to repeat the successes of Armour and Swift.

Blue-sky laws were evaded by the hog-unit idea. Instead of receiving stock in companies raising hogs the investor would be given a certificate of beneficial interest in one or more hogs and in their progeny forever, described by one sarcastic investigator as the "capitalization of infinity."

A serious complication in the disease was the fact that the fakers fell with glee upon the newly roused spirit of commercial and industrial supremacy of cities of from, say, 25,000 to 100,000 population in the Middle West and Southwest. Owing to the prosperity of the last few years these places were and are feeling their financial oats. Rich and prosperous as they are, most of them are without diversified industries. Each is naturally anxious to become the Chicago of the Middle West or Southwest, and each feels that a big manufacturing plant, especially a local automobile company, will help toward that end.

Each place may be supreme in one particular agricultural line, such as cattle, corn, wheat, hogs, cotton, and so on. But each hankers for general manufacturing industries such as distinguish the cities in the eastern part of the country.

"We need industries down here," said one of the leading farm-journal publishers in the Southwest. "But just as the people begin to get prosperous from a good cotton crop or something of that sort, along comes a slick promoter who runs off with the kitty and scares everybody from going into industrials for years to come. A few years ago it was the cotton-mill game, and now it is the automobile company.

"Oh, they build a plant all right. They have to do that in order to satisfy the local people. Then the promoter, having got his, tells a story about having a sick wife in China and runs off. The directors being mostly country bankers don't know how to run an automobile plant, or a cotton mill either, for that matter, and everybody is stuck for a time. Perhaps after a few years it may be successful, but the original stockholders get stung."

In one part of Texas, where the farmers are just barely out of debt because of the three years' drought, nearly $2,000,000 in stock in a doubtful company was sold, and the promoters are said to have got away with $500,000.

There are probably a dozen cities in various parts of the West where an appeal to local pride has made it possible to sell all the way from half a million to two millions of stock in questionable motor and tire companies in direct competition with Liberty Loans in the last eighteen months.

What most appeals to the farmer is the statement of the stock salesman that heretofore the rich have gobbled up all the good things, "but we are making a special point of letting the farmers in on this." The salesman points to Rockefeller, Ford or Armour as reasons why his oil, automobile or food company stock will make the farmer rich. Most unfortunately this type of appeal will be used more and more, because the real fortunes made out of the war are so numerous.

There is an undertone of dissatisfaction on the part of the farmer, laborer, clerk and small business man with the gigantic fortunes of big business, which he reads more and more about from year to year. He has no fortune, but in the aggregate he has an enormous surplus thrift wealth, and the faker finds it easy to take away much of that surplus thrift wealth with the promise of turning it into fortunes like those of big business.

"Week after week we warn the people to keep their Liberty Bonds and leave this bunk stuff alone," said the publisher of a farm paper which is read and trusted over thousands of miles of territory; "but though our readers trust us in other matters they will not trust us in this. They are suspicious that we are in league with Wall Street interests to keep them from getting rich."

Federal Regulation

The recent methods employed by the Capital Issues Committee through the various local authorities if continued in the form of a Federal blue-sky law might tend to check new enterprises to some slight extent. Regulation always favors the going concern as against the new one and tends toward restriction and even monopoly. But it is easy to exaggerate this danger. There is a serious fallacy in the statement so often made that Henry Ford could never have started if a blue-sky law had existed in Michigan when he began.

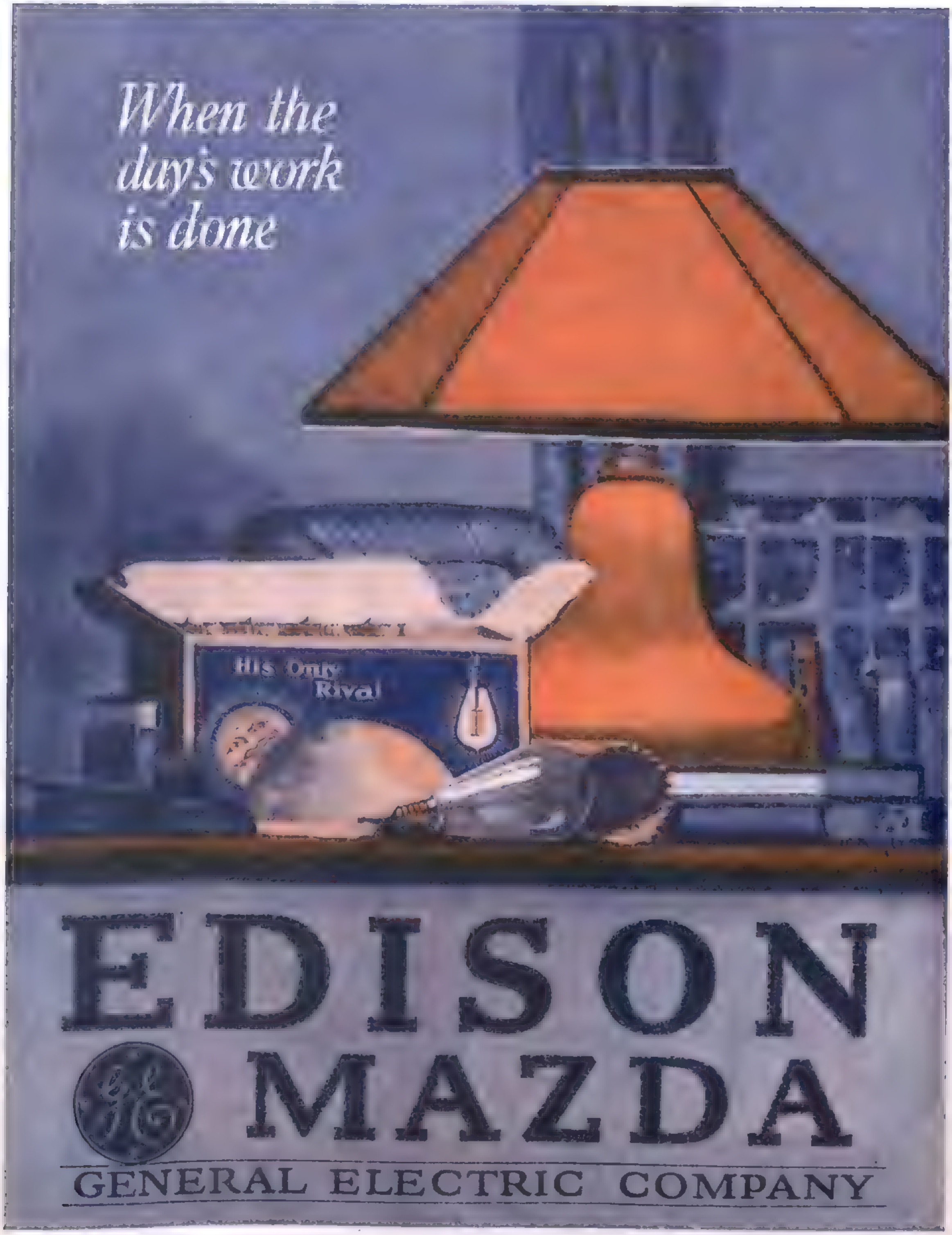
"I don't see why I can't do business just because I am small. Ford did business when he was small," said an angry promoter to a member of the Capital Issues Committee.

"Then why don't you do it the same as Ford?" was the reply. "Why are you trying to sell stock to strangers in another state who don't know you from old shoe leather?"

The committee has not tried to suppress small enterprises provided the promoters were willing to finance the initial stages themselves, which was simply a method of testing the promoters' faith in their own enterprises. But the position was rightly taken that if an intensive campaign to raise money was necessary in the early stages of an enterprise, if the money had to be dug up on the outside, the signs of danger were present.

Significant indeed is the fact that the Government in its hour of war emergency went about conserving capital for essential uses by exactly the same method as the trained individual investor separates the obviously questionable concern from the legitimate one—namely, by throwing out those in which the profits to the organizers are apparently to be made from the stock issue rather than from the industry itself.

"Finance is not an exact science," said one of the investigators for the committee. "It is more like medicine. There are types of ailments. There are earmarks. A proposition shows up its colors quick enough, and the first thing to judge is whether it is essentially an industry proposition or a stock proposition."


When the day's work is done
His Only Rival
EDISON
MAZDA
GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN BUSINESS ENTENTE

(Continued from Page 9)

I went to see him one day last October in the ministry, which occupies a fine old palace in the Rue de Grenelle on the left bank of the Seine. In a drawing-room which looked out on a park where fountains played I talked with a busy individual whose work only begins anew with the end of the war. Lithe, swarthy, nervous, with keen black eyes, he speaks with an animation and a gesture that are typically French. Like our Secretary of Commerce he was a successful man of business affairs before he entered the government.

The first question I asked him was: "Will French industry and commerce be able to obtain successful results from the collaboration of the American Army in France, and more especially cannot the presence of this army in France during the first few months after the cessation of hostilities be put to effective use?"

M. Clementel leaned forward eagerly in his chair and said: "There is not the slightest doubt on that point. We are thoroughly convinced of the advisability of utilizing all the American energy at present in France, and in accord with the two governments the American Army is now drawing up statistics, by vocational occupation, of its officers and soldiers with a view to being able to use engineers, workmen and all specialists in the building trade for the reconstruction of bridges, tunnels, ports and other utilities and the reconstitution of reconquered French cities."

I then asked M. Clementel if he did not think that the Americans and their vast war undertakings would have a beneficial and stimulating effect on the development of French industry, and he replied without hesitation that it certainly would.

"Before the war," he declared, "most of our business men, manufacturers and engineers, though possessing a very solid education and a thorough knowledge of their trades, worked in a very narrow circle. They gave little thought to big development; they were content with a limited income, handing down their business from father to son without making any drastic changes. The arrival of the Americans stirred them with enthusiasm. It has even galvanized them. Their vast enterprises have filled us with admiration. We were all struck by the rapidity of their organization. A port which in ordinary times would have required six years to build was finished by them in six months; a cold-storage plant generally requiring several years was constructed in a few weeks. It was precisely the same with the great repair and maintenance shops for army material and transport. All these facts have made a deep impression on my compatriots and will inevitably lead them to consider operations of the same kind and in the same way."

American Coöperation

I then questioned M. Clementel as to the influence on private industry that might be expected from American cooperation. He responded that a plan was under consideration to develop close relations between American and French capital on one hand and between French and American workmen on the other. He said: "Industry must be created in France that will avoid the importation of manufactured products from America. In the same way industry must be established in America for the manufacture of the French products in order to avoid useless transportation."

M. Clementel then cited a number of instances. "In America," he continued, "the textile factories which were formerly owned by Germans and which have been taken over by the Government are being given to French groups for management. In line with this we are considering a plan for the formation of corporations whose capital will be half French and half American and which will exploit the potash beds in the Thann district." Nothing else that the minister said was quite so significant as this last remark. The development of the potash beds will be a vital blow at the one-time Germanic commercial authority which for years had one expression in the potash trust, in which the Kaiser himself was principal partner. The whole trend of M. Clementel's talk was toward close economic coöperation between France and the United States.

So much for the official point of view. Let us now see what France's foremost captain of industry thinks of this all-important unity. I put the same questions to André Citroen that I addressed to the Minister of Commerce. No business man in France is better equipped—few are so well qualified—to speak of this situation as Citroen. Less than a year ago, as some readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST may possibly recall, I told the remarkable story of this no less remarkable man in an article entitled France and the Future. It was a romance of self-made success worthy to rank with the best American examples. This live wire of France who rose from humble manufacturer of gears to be the foremost shell master of his country was producing, when I saw him in October, practically half of the whole big-shell output of the country. Since the publication of my article about him he has not only enlarged his already colossal plant in Paris but has built and developed the great national munitions plant at Roanne, where among other things he constructed a model city for his thirty thousand employees.

Openings for Engineers

"I believe," said M. Citroen, "that just as the American Army has helped so nobly to save France during the war so it can also help to save French industry after the war. Up to this time your soldiers have been so absorbed in war and in their immense preparations for the conduct of it that they have had no time to study France. Since many hundreds of thousands of them must remain over here until the peace treaty is finally settled I think it would be an excellent plan to employ some of them in our French industries, which must be expanded at once. Indeed I go so far as to say that if ten per cent of the American Army were permitted to remain in France for a period after the conclusion of the peace treaty they would be a great factor in immediately restoring the national prosperity. In the interim preceding demobilization the American troops must be occupied and I know of no better occupation for them than helping in French reconstruction.

"I should personally welcome the acquisition of American engineers in my factory. I know and admire American industrial enterprise to such an extent that I am sure they would be an inspiration as well as a speeder-up to my own employees. Just as soon as possible after the war I propose to send a delegation of my engineers to study the methods in the American industrial establishments. Thus America and France could have an exchange of industrial experts in the same way that American and French colleges have had and will continue to have an exchange of professors."

M. Citroen merely expressed the point of view of many outstanding industrial chieftains when he made the following statement:

"No one can doubt that the American Army will not only leave the impression of its great heroism and character but it will also stimulate French industry and enterprise to a tremendous extent. Take our railway transportation system, which was fairly competent before the war. The way the American Army Transportation Department galvanized traffic is not only a source of wonder to the average Frenchman but you may be sure that when reconstruction is finally in force he will follow the American example. I believe that in Paris or in Bordeaux we should construct a real American railway terminal something like the Grand Central and Pennsylvania Stations in New York City, which I regard as among the highest expressions of American constructive genius. They represent the last word in public comfort and convenience. France has never had any stations like these and our *voyageurs* who have been compelled to wait for trains in the large cities have really suffered great hardships. If such a model station were built it would not only open the eyes of France but it would lead to a whole new era of public improvements that could only contribute to the general comfort. When people are comfortable they are happy and therefore more efficient."

M. Citroen, let me add, was the French pioneer in factory welfare. He even established a complete dental laboratory in his Paris plant and made the periodical examination of the teeth of his twelve thousand employees obligatory. His latest welfare innovation is the establishment of a baby hospital for the children of his employees, and a canteen where they can purchase anything from the proverbial paper of pins to a kitchen stove.

Citroen's after-the-war projects indicate the inevitable trend of European industrial events. I asked him what he would do with his vast shell factories when the guns no longer bark.

"That's all settled," replied this French combination of Schwab, Gary, Hurley and a few other American dynamos of action. "I shall begin to make popular-priced automobiles, with the same speed of output that I have made shells. The commercial utility of the automobile was demonstrated long before the war. The war itself proved that without motor transport it would never have assumed its tremendous proportions. After the war the motor, whether in France, England, North or South America, must be a tremendous factor both in business life and in agriculture. It will be one of my aims to popularize the motor among the small business men of France and among the farmers. With peace one Frenchman will have to do the work of two or three, and the automobile will help him to do it."

"If you produce automobiles on the same relative scale of quantity output that you produce shells France will not be able to absorb the output," I remarked.

Quick as a flash came the reply: "If France cannot absorb all these motor cars we will make a market for them in South America and in South Africa. Indeed, with half a chance I would be perfectly willing to enter into competition with America in low-priced cars in America."

In this last sentence you get a hint of what is back of the minds of the farseeing French manufacturers, whose views are practically the same as their British coworkers'. It all means that when America begins to lubricate her machine for the after-the-war commercial struggle she will have to reckon with the enterprise and the resource of new trade rivals.

Possibilities of French Ports

There is not the slightest doubt that American war construction in France will help considerably to change the economic map of Europe. Look ahead for a moment into that swirling epoch of world-trade reconstruction and you will see that adequate dock facilities plus accessible overland transport are the keys to the victories of peace. Up to the great war the port and dock facilities of France were hopelessly inadequate. Even in so important a city as Bordeaux there were less than half a dozen huge cranes to lift machinery from ship to railway car. A large American machinery firm in Paris had to move its heavy crates from shipboard to freight car by hand power. The boxes were shoved along greased gangways. It took twenty men a whole day to load a single car. A self-propelled crane could have done it in an hour.

The American war effort has changed all this. We have not only developed the ports but have installed acres and acres of electric machinery ranging from one to thirty ton cranes. We have revolutionized the whole process of seaport operation. Let me illustrate with the concrete case of St.-Nazaire, that famous little town where the first American Expeditionary Force landed and where the Stars and Stripes were first broken out over the soil of freedom. When our troops landed in June, 1917, only six ships of ten thousand tons each could be discharged in the two large lock basins there. To-day sixteen vessels of larger tonnage can unload at the same time, thanks to the American construction, while near by we have built a pier that will accommodate sixteen more ships.

Despite this expansion only the surface has been scraped. St.-Nazaire can be developed into a rival of Bremen. I say this not because of the dock possibilities but because St.-Nazaire is at the mouth of the Loire River. Forty miles upstream is the ancient busy city of Nantes. Both sides of the river, which is navigable for seagoing ships, offer rare opportunities for an industrial development that could make this section of France a new world-productive center.

The one sure way for the United States to compete in finished products with Europe successfully after the war is to build branch factories in France and elsewhere, utilizing French labor and getting thereby the incalculable goodwill and low cost of output that attach to such a performance. If we are to set up this new overseas industrial empire I know of no better location for our factories than along the banks of this great river, whose mouth has already known the galvanizing effect of American endeavor and where the very name of the United States is one to conjure with. It is half the trade battle.

Such an American-developed ocean gateway could have an enormous influence in checkmating Germany's after-the-war economic plans. For one thing it could be made into a port of entry for the economic conquest of the Mittel Europa, which was one of the great German trade dreams. The freight journey from St.-Nazaire to Paris is an easier one than from Havre to Paris because it is more down grade. I use this comparison because before the war American firms shipped goods from the United States for Switzerland by way of Havre. The development of St.-Nazaire would not only shorten this haul to a certain extent but give us a new and direct route into all the Central European states, where Germany will undoubtedly begin her outside commercial rehabilitation.

The Coal Supply

What is true of St.-Nazaire is equally true of Bordeaux, which could be the port of entry and likewise a center of distribution for our inevitable trade with Italy, which country expects to have a considerable business intercourse with us henceforth. In Bordeaux, through a joint Franco-American operation, lies the opportunity to put a big dent into Hamburg. One reason why this German city attained such world-wide importance was because it was a free port. This means that any shipper could store immense quantities of his goods in the vast warehouses there and reship them at will to any point in Europe. These goods were admitted free of duty into the warehouses. They came under customs control only when they were reshipped into Germany. The man who wanted to ship his wares into Russia could do so without paying a mark of German customs. What was the result? It made Hamburg an international port, and in addition it gave German railways, German labor and German banks an immense amount of profitable business. Bordeaux or Havre could do likewise, and with the benefits of American war construction have a whole rebirth of authority and prosperity. In aiding France to overcome the military aggression of Germany we have likewise aided her—and ourselves—to combat the inevitable trade aggression that will come with peace.

No American war aid now easily convertible into an industrial asset for peace is more significant than the development of French hydroelectric power by our army engineers. The immense A. E. F. locomotive and car repair shops, salvage depots, laundries—all the vast machinery that we set in motion to feed and supply our troops—had to be driven. With a scarcity of fuel we were compelled to inaugurate what amounted to a campaign of education in water power which will not only revolutionize parts of France but be a tremendous weapon against the German.

To get the full meaning of this procedure you must know that among other things this has been a war of coal. I once heard Lloyd George say: "Coal is life." He knew, just as every other person who touched the war knew, that fuel has been as precious as powder, and sometimes more so. The nation that can supply coal henceforth will have a tremendous bargaining asset.

Germany cunningly capitalized this European need of coal. It has been the club that she held menacingly over the head of the unhappy neutral dependent upon her for supplies. Holland presented one of the most conspicuous examples of this economic intimidation. The little doled kingdom obtained the greater part of her coal from the Rhine provinces. When the Allies seized the Dutch ships Germany cut off the Dutch coal supply and Dutch industry became impotent.

(Continued on Page 77)

First Car

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26TH SUCCESSFUL YEAR OF THE HAYNES

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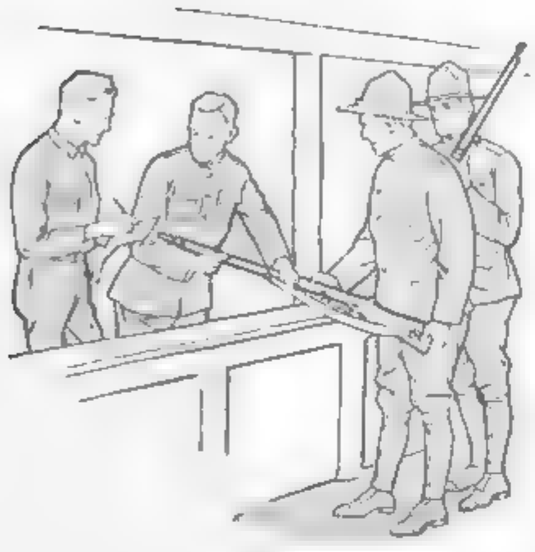


CALMLY and quietly, as a private enters the ranks, The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company enlisted with thousands of other manufacturers to assist in winning the war.

Victory has been gloriously achieved and Delco, its duty done, is now mustered out of the service.

We do not desire to boast of Delco's part in the great struggle.

We have no wish to refer, in self-exaltation, to the sacrifices Delco has made.

To speak in such a manner, while thousands of our youth lie dead in Flanders, would be an egotistical sacrilege.

What Delco has done, what any manufacturer may have done, is small indeed when compared to the supreme sacrifice made even by a single soldier.

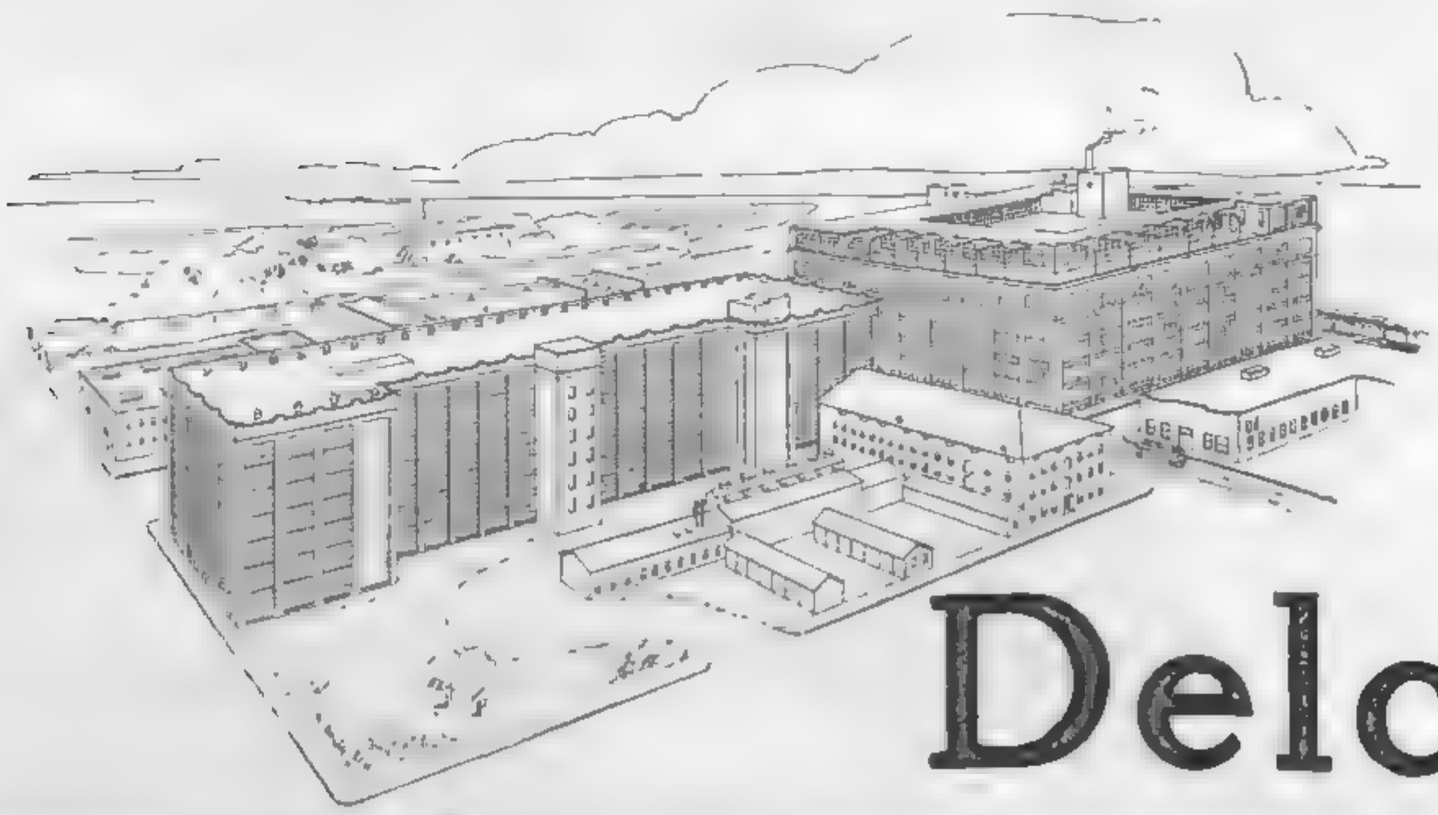
It is enough to say—loyally, and gratefully Delco has done what it could.

Honorably discharged, Delco once more takes its place in the ranks of American business.

And Delco is well prepared to take up its position as the foremost maker of electrical equipment for high-grade automobiles—equipment that represents the present-day maximum in quality, ability and certainty of performance.

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company

Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A.



Delco

(Continued from Page 74)

So too with Italy before the war. There the German scheme was even more astute. Germany built up and developed a great water-power system in Italy, first because it created a big market for German electric machinery and proved profitable for German capital generally; second, because the more dependent Italy became upon water power the more independent she also became of British coal. Water-power development played the German game both ways. The Swiss economic vassalage to Germany is likewise due to coal.

If through a great water-power development France can make herself absolutely independent of German fuel she will go a long way toward a complete freedom of industrial action. Strange as it may seem, despite her immense available water power France has been conspicuously backward in hydro-electrics. One reason has been that the French engineer is a conservative person. This caution has extended to the army engineers, whose fogyism was the bane of Napoleon's life. It is a tradition in the French Army that Napoleon regularly discharged the chiefs of his engineering staffs every two weeks. Like the cat they always came back.

The army engineers who fought against the Germans these last few years however have caught the spirit of what intensive water-power development means. Their brilliant imaginations have seen its possibilities, and the net result is that the area of electric-power supply that the A. E. F. developed for its use in middle France will undoubtedly be widened so as to serve a large part of the country.

It is estimated that the available water power—minimum flow—in France is 4,600,000 horse power. The average flow is 9,200,000 horse power. This is greater than the maximum potential water power of Italy. France has developed only 1,456,000 horse power, or less than one-sixth of her white-coal asset. Most of the potential French water power is in the Alps and the Pyrenees, which means that the power would have to be transmitted over a considerable distance. To the French, who have hitherto not seen industry in especially large terms, the harnessing up of this power has seemed an impossible task.

Here is where the American opportunity comes in. In the United States it is no uncommon feat to transmit electric power hundreds of miles across mountains to serve territories as big as Switzerland. American experience proves beyond a doubt that it is practicable to develop all the water power on a range of mountains in France and distribute it through half a dozen provinces. The operation simply needs American capital and American engineers. The spade work for this proposition has already been done, because the French, to use the phraseology of business, are "sold" on the practicality of water power. The A. E. F. has pointed the way; it is now up to Yankee financial enterprise to get busy and do the rest. France would welcome the aid, which would be good business for us at the same time.

A Land of Small Farms

All this American construction backed up and stimulated by the example of our own strenuous methods will not avail for complete rehabilitation if the French themselves do not get busy. On this point there is no argument. France came back like a whirlwind after the great defeat of 1870–'71, and then she stood alone. How much easier, then, will be her reconstruction after a war in which she is not only victorious but stands out as the heroine among the nations? What, then, are the native tools with which she will reconstruct?

We will begin with man power. The greatest asset of any people is its trained and productive population. With France this leads to the grim side of the picture, because she has lost 1,600,000 men killed and more than 500,000 disabled permanently. Thus nearly a third of the really vital man power of the nation is permanently out of commission. What will take its place?

First of all an equal number of women have been trained for both the industry of war and that of peace. A lathe remains a lathe and the woman who can operate one for the production of shells can also operate one for automobile parts or tools. These Frenchwomen, whose middle name is work, like their British sisters in industry, will not give up their jobs; nor will France want them to go back to household work with peace. These women will provide the backbone of the new French industrial offensive.

In the second place, thanks to men of enterprise like André Citroen, the whole mechanical map of France has been changed. The labor-saving device, which was more or less tabooed before the war because it interfered with the serene routine of French labor, has been part and parcel of the war productive machine. It will remain so. In these labor-saving devices lies one big opening for American machinery, more especially automatics, for as far as shell production is concerned it has been a war of machinery.

Heretofore France has leaned heavily upon the German salesmen. It is no exaggeration to say that the bulk of French wine sold both in Germany and in Russia before the war was sold by German salesmen. For a number of years to come, however, the German traveling man will not disfigure the French landscape to any alarming extent. France is training a new school of salesmen who will succeed as far as possible the German exploiters. For this she will utilize her partly disabled men, who will not only be able to serve their country but will also obtain a profitable means of livelihood at the same time.

Just as the war was epoch-making in its scope and result, so will its economic aftermath be equally revolutionary. No phase of it will be more remarkable than that which affects the holding of land in France. Under the code all French land is equally divided among the heirs upon the death of the owners. This is the reason why France is a land of small farms. It was a source of wonder to the American agriculturalists who came to France with the A. E. F. to find the miracles that the French peasant could do with a section of soil that would be little more than a back yard in America. It has meant intensive farming of the highest sort, which has been carried on for years with the most primitive implements, mostly by hand power.

The Consortium Evil

Two things will probably change this antiquated condition: One is a change of these land laws so as to enable larger holdings; the other is the introduction of improved farming machinery. The farm tractor is inevitable in France. Several of the great French shell manufacturers have already arranged to produce them. In addition the whole new and altered attitude toward agriculture will mean that American farm machinery should have as great an opportunity here as it had in Russia before the war.

France will not lack the wherewithal to resume her industrial life. Though the Hun stripped the occupied communities of their machinery the larger fact is that there must and will be restitution for all this. Essen must renew Lille, Hamburg restore Douai, Munich repay Cambrai and Mannheim rebuild St.-Quentin.

When the Hun ravaged these industrial centers he had other things in mind besides making French industry impotent and impressing his ruthlessness. It was German commercial propaganda executed with an ax instead of the usual smug and hypocritical smile and speech. He killed two birds with one stone. When stripping French factories and even smashing the embroidery frames in the homes of innocent civilians he knew that there would be restitution. He said to himself: "If we have to restore all this machinery we will use the German article, which will not only create a market for our commodities but create a continuous demand for new parts."

Do not get the idea that because France has been content to do her industrial job in her own peculiar way all these years she is not entirely up to date in many respects. For many years America has thought that she had exclusive rights to the trust idea. Examine into some of the syndicates in France and you find out that we have labored under a great delusion. The coffee business of France, for example, is as completely monopolized as was the petroleum industry in the day of undisputed Standard Oil sway. For years practically all the coffee sold in France has been roasted, ground and distributed by a small group of men who made the middleman and through him the consumer accept the article they saw fit to produce and pay the price they dictated.

The same thing is true of the chocolate trust, which is even more closely controlled. Likewise it may be well to speak of the bakery trust, which has an equal grip on the ovens of France. In these three close-knit syndicates you find one expression of French business coördination which, when linked against German and for that matter any other competition, is bound to be a great asset after the war. So much for the old-line trust as we know it in America, which was a monopoly in the interest of a private business.

France, however, has another and in many respects a much more dangerous kind of trust in the shape of what is known as a consortium, or a *comptoir d'achat*, as it is called in French. A consortium is a syndicate of French interests under government control. It is a product of the war and was conceived to control the importation of manufactured goods into France and to encourage manufacture at home. These consortiums extend now to a dozen branches of industry and constitute such a serious menace to American business interests after the war that the whole idea is well worth explaining in plain, unsentimental terms.

The most illuminating example of the consortium is in machine tools. Prior to its organization the American machine-tool importer in France could order his goods direct from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Bridgeport or wherever his manufacturer happened to be located. The order of the French purchaser passed through his hands only.

The consortium, however, dictates that every order for machine tools placed in the United States must have its visé and be negotiated through its officials.

Here is where the rub comes in: The French Machine Tool Consortium is composed of French machine-tool builders and importers. They have the power to pass on every order for American tools. More than this, they conduct the whole local transaction. In other words the machine-tool business of every American in France is placed absolutely at the mercy of his rivals, who form what is nothing less than a miniature industrial autocracy and whose slogan is "France for the French." It is with this spirit that our after-the-war trade must reckon in many lines.

The whole effect of the machine-tool consortium upon the American agent in France was admirably summed up by a well-known New York business man in France, who when asked to make a statement as to how he was affected by this organization said:

"We have been informed that if we wish to place any order in future with American firms for whom we are exclusive agents in this country we shall have to proceed as follows: First: Obtain an order from our customer made out in the name of the consortium, mentioning the name of the manufacturer and the tools he wishes to purchase. Half of the purchase money must be paid to the consortium. Second: The consortium, if it thinks advisable, transmits this order to the French High Commission in the United States. They may decide, however, to inform our client in France that he cannot have the tools he desires but that he can have other similar tools which can be purchased from a member of the consortium. Third: If the consortium permits us to fill the order that we have obtained it exacts a generous fee but leaves all the work of clearing and shipping the goods on arrival in France to us. In addition we are required to collect our commission from the American manufacturers ourselves."

The Bloodless Front

"This system in a word practically excludes from business any American firm in France whose sole reason for existence is to act as intermediary between American manufacturers and French buyers. In the long run it also means that any American manufacturer who has a representative in France other than one of the three French machine-tool importers who are members of the consortium will be excluded from doing business."

What is happening with machine tools is also happening with agricultural machinery, cotton goods, dyestuffs and steel. It means that the French importers and manufacturers are setting up a machine for self-protection that is bound to be a serious obstacle to our future overseas-trade ambitions. It is a matter for rigid investigation and action by the Department of Commerce at Washington. If we are to have a great world trade our business must be backed up and protected by the Government. One reason why Germany piled up her one-time universal commercial authority was because the Foreign Office in Berlin was not only a partner in every enterprise but fought the Teutonic business battles everywhere.

On the other hand I am reliably informed by representative French business men that there is bound to be a strong reaction against the consortium proposition at home. The reason lies in the fact that only the big fellows are in the consortium deal. They are laying the wires to monopolize their particular business in the years to come and at the same time keep out any foreign intruders except when they are absolutely needed. They have not counted on the opposition of the small manufacturers and importers, who, being shut out of this good thing, are determined to raise a howl.

The path of the consortium is all right during war, when control is the regular thing. The average business man anywhere will put up with all sorts of restrictions to help win the war. It is not in the nature of the French business man, however, to submit quietly to drastic government regulation when grave necessity is not the paramount issue and when his pocketbook is affected. The French manufacturer who will need tools in the future will want to buy them wherever he can lay hands on them. Hence, and fortunately for us, the whole consortium idea is likely to be aired, and this publicity will not do it any special amount of good. I have explained the work of the consortium, first to shed a new light on certain French business methods, and second to show that in the midst of the comradeship of the firing line where French and American fought shoulder to shoulder against the common enemy the thrifty French business man established a bloodless fighting front on which the two allies will be on opposite sides.

Careless Exporters

One point in connection with the consortium should not be overlooked by American manufacturers. Every French group of this sort that has done business with Great Britain has had a much more satisfactory relationship than in a corresponding transaction with the United States. One reason, as I have frequently pointed out in trade articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, is that British manufacturers mark their shipments so legibly and permanently that they can easily be identified when they arrive in France. For years our exporters with few exceptions have had a slapdash way of marking boxes and bales for foreign countries and using flimsy paper tags when they should be using linen ones. Before the war half the American goods that got lost at French ports went astray simply because of bad marking. Though this seems a comparatively small matter it spells success or failure in dealing with foreign countries, and especially with foreign governments.

Here is a little story that will emphasize the price that we have paid in the past for this carelessness. The Paris representative of a large American machinery distributing concern in New York concluded a sale with a French manufacturer at Lyons involving 300,000 francs. The machinery was shipped in sections. What was supposed to be the complete outfit was delivered to the purchaser at his plant. When he set up the machines he discovered that a vitally necessary part for each one was missing. Quite rightly he refused to pay for the goods until they arrived.

The American agent in Paris personally went to Bordeaux to trace the missing parts. After a four days' hunt he located them in a box which had been marked in lead pencil. The rain had obliterated these marks, and the package reposed in an obscure corner and except for the agent's enterprise and determination would never have been found.

The institution of government control of industry is likely to continue in Europe long after peace. Governmental supervision has become the natural habit and it will probably be as constructive in building up industry as it was in overthrowing the enemy. Thanks to the war various controls and especially those in raw materials will be first and distinct aids to economic reconstruction.

One of the many French war compensations of this kind is the development of the Inspection des Forges. This literal control

(Concluded on Page 81)

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation

For a Quicker Start

When you start your car, don't try to do it all with the starter button, for that only wastes current. Prime your cylinders and then:—

1. Set your controls right, with retarded spark, and throttle slightly open.

2. Use your choker to get a richer mixture and quicker explosion.

3. Throw out the clutch and take some of the load off the engine.

4. Then—and not till then—step on the button, and away she'll go.

There are lots of other little wrinkles that prolong your battery's life and make car operation easier. Drop in at the Service Station and let us post you on battery care in winter.

Willard Service.

Will STORAGE BATTERY

Villard Threaded Rub

DORT

Quality Goes Clear Through

FOR SEVERAL MONTHS to come Dort passenger cars will be sold and delivered on a *priority* basis. Buyers will receive cars precisely in the order that they place their orders with Dort dealers.

It is the only fair way we can distribute our production during the time we are climbing back to normal output.

The need for this step is obvious.

An organization of the size of ours, devoted to win-the-war-work, cannot get back into the harness of peace-time passenger car production in a week or a month.

There must necessarily be a transition period, during which our output, while increasing weekly, will still fall far short of our capacity.

So—during this period—we ask you to bear in mind that the responsibility for this situation is less ours than the times'.

And we urge you to place your orders at once.

It shall be our duty—and one we feel keenly—to bend every energy and turn every resource toward supplying you as rapidly as possible.

Prices

Fourseason Cars

Sedan	*$1355*
Coupé	*1355*
Sedanet	*1090*

Open Cars

Touring	*925*
Roadster	*925*

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

Dort owners and others should send for the "War Memorial Number" of our periodical, DORT DOINGS, published January 15. It tells a graphic story, mostly in pictures, of this Company's activities during the war and will prove a valuable souvenir to those interested in the big part played by the automobile industry in the great conflict. Yours for the asking

DORT MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Flint Mich.

Canadian Factory, Gray-Dort Motors, Ltd, Chatham, Ontario

11

(Concluded from Page 77)

of the forges of France, which began on a large scale as a pure war measure, will be one of the French bulwarks against the German machinery trusts after the war. Through it every machine shop in France has practically become federated under government supervision.

This means that the French know down to the last ton of output just what every French shop can produce. In the present great era of rehabilitation France will have her eye on every lathe and expect it to do its duty.

If the Inspection des Forges can be capitalized—as it undoubtedly will—it means the establishment of an agency that can readily do trade battle with the Allgemeine electrische Gesellschaft—the "A. E. G."—Germany's electric machinery octopus which owned industrial Italy, dominated Belgium, had immense interests in Spain, Russia, Scandinavia and South America, and was reaching out to England when the war stopped its monopolistic game.

The operation of the Inspection des Forges has developed an industrial asset not to be despised. It lies in the mobilization of the small manufacturer, who like the small investor is one of the principal safeguards of any nation. At the Inspection des Forges is a card index of every establishment in France equipped with machinery. It ranges from the vast Paris establishments like André Citroen's down to a little room on a side street in Lyons where an aged machinist works with a hammer. More than once during the war some obscure man—they are all specialists of some kind—has been able to produce a very delicate and highly essential metal part that saved the industrial day.

These men will help to recoup the nation's losses and to give her a new and permanent efficiency.

Teachers and Learners

The American who reads this article must not run away with the idea that, because we have built docks, installed cold-storage plants, laid down railways and galvanized French creative effort generally, all the obligation for this war activity rests with France. When you look at both sides of this matter you find that it is almost a fifty-fifty proposition. Just as France has learned many new tricks from us, so have we gained much out of the historic contact with her. In this matter history is merely repeating itself. The old civilizations invariably affected the new. The Crusaders, for example, taught the Saracens but little; Spain learned from the Moors.

Thus while the American will leave his impress in France in the shape of a revitalized telephone system, many more bathtubs, enlarged power production and a speeded-up railway system, he will take back home with him a greater skill in road making, a more scientific knowledge of forestry, and an appreciation of the art of living such as he has never had before.

In the midst of her war travail France gave striking evidence that she has originality and enterprise. I can illustrate what I mean with two illuminating incidents: Last August the fashionable dressmakers in Berlin in a final effort to show that Germany was still on the map held what purported to be a fashion show in Zurich. Being German it was clumsy, drab and stolid.

Just as soon as the French *couturiers* heard of this they organized a real French exhibition, transported it—gowns, manikins and all—to Zurich, and set up such a fascinating and bewildering array of *chic* loveliness that the recollection of the German show became a nightmare. In the plain vernacular, this French outfit put it so completely over the German aggregation that the few Swiss who had had the hardihood to order their frocks immediately changed their minds.

Far more expressive of French national hustle and the reborn spirit of the nation is the way the fourth great government loan was sold last October. In publicity and action the campaign slightly resembled our Liberty Loan crusades. I could not hit upon a more fitting revelation of how the French learned to capitalize a great hour with spectacular effect.

The first three French loans were nice, amiable affairs. They were put out at inopportune times, when national depression followed reverses at the Front. The banks merely displayed perfunctory posters and put the proposition of buying up to patriotism—not always a good salesman and invariably needing some stimulation. Fortunately for the French Treasury the average French citizen knows the value and stability of his government and needs little education in this kind of security buying.

Along came the Fourth Loan and with it the Allied advance that smashed the German Army. The whole country was athrill with the great news of the inevitable defeat of the enemy. So the loan managers said:

"We will launch this loan on the high tide of French success."

They did so with flags flying, bands playing and every trapping of a circus.

The way they handled it in Paris was typical of the revived nation. First of all four or five hundred captured German cannon were brought down from the Front. They were parked in the great Place de la Concorde. From the walls of the Tuileries Gardens scores of German aëroplanes looked down on the trophies, while in the gardens themselves were the remnants of a great German Zeppelin. The Champs-Élysées was lined from almost end to end with German 77's. There were enough painted German Iron Crosses brooding over Paris those weeks to decorate a whole regiment.

Interspersing this martial display were huge placards urging the French to buy government bonds. The issue was called the Liberation Loan, and every Frenchman who bought these securities felt in his heart that it was more than a phrase. And it was.

In the midst of all this demonstration Lille was evacuated, and the statue to this gallant city, located in the very heart of Paris, became a shrine that served two purposes: One was to offer thanksgiving for deliverance from the invader, and the other was to create an inspired counter for the sale of national bonds.

The Lille statue was heaped with flowers and draped with flags, yet the most conspicuous thing was a huge sign which read "Subscriptions for government bonds received here." A still further evidence of French capitalization of this crowded hour was the arrival of a submarine in the Seine, which also became a highly emotional center of bond selling.

The Riches of Alsace-Lorraine

Every bank in Paris unfurled a loan poster to the breeze. They were marvels of art and persuasiveness. They hit the popular fancy because victory was in the air and its spirit was transferred to every man's pocketbook. I can give you no better idea of the effectiveness of these French posters than to tell this incident: In the dark days of the war the French had an expression, "*On les aura*," which means "We'll get them." It meant the boches, of course. One of the most dramatic of these Fourth Loan posters represented the advancing Allied armies and on it were printed the words "*On les a*," which means "We've got them." No wonder the loan got over big.

Any analysis of the new France must reckon with still another well-nigh priceless asset—the return of Alsace-Lorraine. In this restoration and its effect upon the future of the nation you get a typically French combination of the practical and the sentimental.

Nearly half a century ago Germany fastened her greedy grip on Alsace-Lorraine, and in flagrant violation of the rights of nations dismembered France of two of her fairest provinces. Few who watched regretfully the passing into alien hands of the Rhine Valley with its genial climate, rich cornfields, luscious vintages and superb Vosges Forest appreciated the value of the wealth of mineral ore lying dormant beneath the Lorraine plateau, awaiting only the energy of the miner and the alchemy of the metallurgist to convert it into gold sufficient to insure the prosperity of the two provinces for many future decades.

Germany had no intention of letting it lie dormant. She wrested the ore from the conquered soil, and out of it built the superstructure of her industry. It formed the real basis of her amazing expansion which her stupid militarism has now wrecked. Oddly enough, the bulk of the shot and shell that the boche rained down so mercilessly upon that plundered people came from their own earth.

French Tariff Walls

The economic importance of the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France is enormous. Iron plays the most important rôle in the industrial life of a nation. Thus the restitution of Lorraine gives France a new lease on productivity at a time when raw material will be king. The statistics tell the whole story. In 1871, 364,000 tons represented the production of the annexed territory. In 1885 it had risen to 2,153,000 tons, with a still further increase to 4,222,000 tons in 1895. At the end of 1905 the Germans had extracted 11,968,000 tons, and the year before the outbreak of the war a total of more than 21,000,000 tons had been registered. French Lorraine—containing the famous Briey and Longwy basins—produces nearly 20,000,000 tons. These two regions form, with the exception of the Lake Superior district, the richest mining area in the whole world. In 1913, when 173,000,000 tons represented the world supply of iron ore, more than a quarter was contributed by Lorraine alone.

That Germany is fully alive to the advantage of the Lorraine iron fields is demonstrated by a secret petition formulated by the German metallurgists when Germany was at the height of her triumph and her hordes were menacing Paris. This petition maintained that for the successful conduct of future wars it was absolutely necessary for the Lorraine iron fields to be incorporated in the German Empire, and that it was only the seizure intact of the Briey and Longwy basins which saved the German Army from capitulation after the first few months of the present war. The German forge masters suggested that France would be willing to exchange the Briey and Longwy basins for the industrial and mining districts then occupied by the German Army, which included Lille, Valenciennes, Maubeuge and Saint-Quentin. This arrogance never came to a show-down.

Everything is changed. France regenerate—the new France born of the war—emerges victorious. With her huge factories and immense munition plants no longer attuned to the Marseillaise their call for material for reconstruction will be answered by the richly dowered iron fields of Alsace-Lorraine.

Quite apart from a keen appreciation of economic and industrial advantages every Frenchman has a sentimental regard for Alsace-Lorraine that with its restoration will buck up the whole nation and speed up the process of rehabilitation. The people of those once-lost provinces themselves established the standard of high loyalty and unswerving devotion. In a little mountain church in French Lorraine about ten miles from Merecourt is a reproduction of the well-known Lorraine Cross offered to France in 1873 by the French patriots of the annexed territory. Broken in two, it symbolized the sundered region. Typical of the faith of the people who now emerge from darkness into dawn was its prophetic inscription, "*La Croix de Lorraine est brisée mais ce n'est pas pour toujours*," which means "The Cross of Lorraine is broken, but not forever."

To return to practical things: What is the American commercial opportunity in France?

Part of the answer has already been made in this article. France will welcome our industrial coöperation both with men and with money, but—as the work of the consortium shows—there must not be any altruistic delusion. Self-preservation, which is the first law of patriotism, will likewise be the first rule of reconstruction, no less in France than in England. Competition between nations, which was one part of their orderly development, will now be a fierce struggle for existence.

This means that France will undoubtedly rear a tariff wall. It will be a case of industrial safety first. Here, however, we can play at the same game. If America is wise she will meet every European effort at tariff by going one better.

The struggle to sell goods will be one of the supreme after-the-war activities. It is practically certain that every European nation will desire to pay for the goods it buys from us with its own merchandise, thus conserving its cash and maintaining the integrity of its exchange. This is one excellent reason why we should establish branch factories all over Europe, more especially in France and England.

We must sell American goods abroad through American houses. This has a special application in France, where prior to the war the great bulk of our output was handled by foreign agents, mostly Germans, who invariably pushed their own goods, which were cheaper and more accessible than our own. The French agent will be the logical successor to the German, and in his present state of mind about the boche he is not likely to have any philanthropic interest in the commodity of the country that ravaged his land.

A Battle of Wits

At this point it is well for the American exporter to appreciate the great advantage of having a French salesman in France. Hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen have learned to speak English during the last four years. They are born salesmen; know the French temperament; have infinite patience, which is a great asset in selling.

At last we have set up adequate American banking facilities in France. This is, of course, due to the presence of the American Army. Practically all the leading New York trust companies have expanded their Paris branches into full-fledged banks, and most of them have branches throughout the country. With these institutions we can duplicate Germany's pre-war business methods. Her banks and her foreign trade marched hand in hand. As a matter of fact they were one and the same thing. This is why the German exporter could always give long credits. It points the way for us.

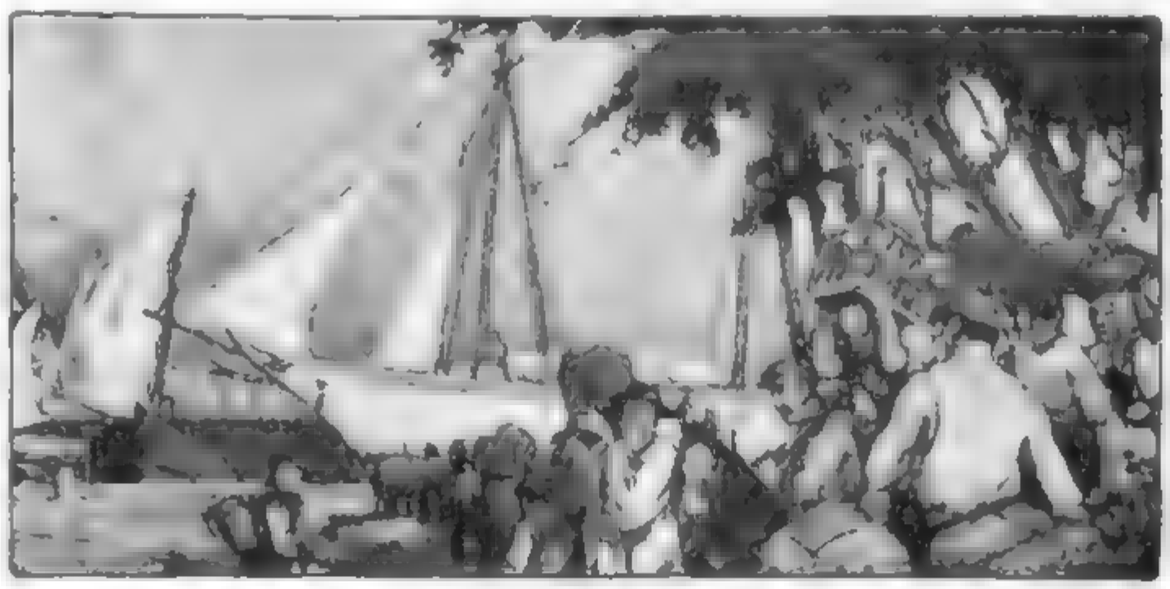
Just as the war created new conditions of demand and supply, so will peace set up the precedents that will guide the coming generations of commerce. During those four years of blood and terror merchandise was self-selling. Necessity knows neither choice nor haggling. That golden time for the profiteer has passed into the junk heap of the war along with millions of tons of useless gun metal. Henceforth business will be a battle of wits. It will be a case of the survival of the fittest.

No man who has seen France in war can doubt her ability to come back. I watched her in the first throes of her immense ordeal; year after year I returned to find her patient and persevering through the long drama of her despair. I beheld her in the great hour of her deliverance. The serenity with which she met disaster was no less evidenced when she drank the full cup of triumph.

With nations as with individuals it is the unfailing measure of character.

Thus in business as in battle the French will not know defeat.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the economic reconstruction of Europe. The next will tell the story of the part that England will play



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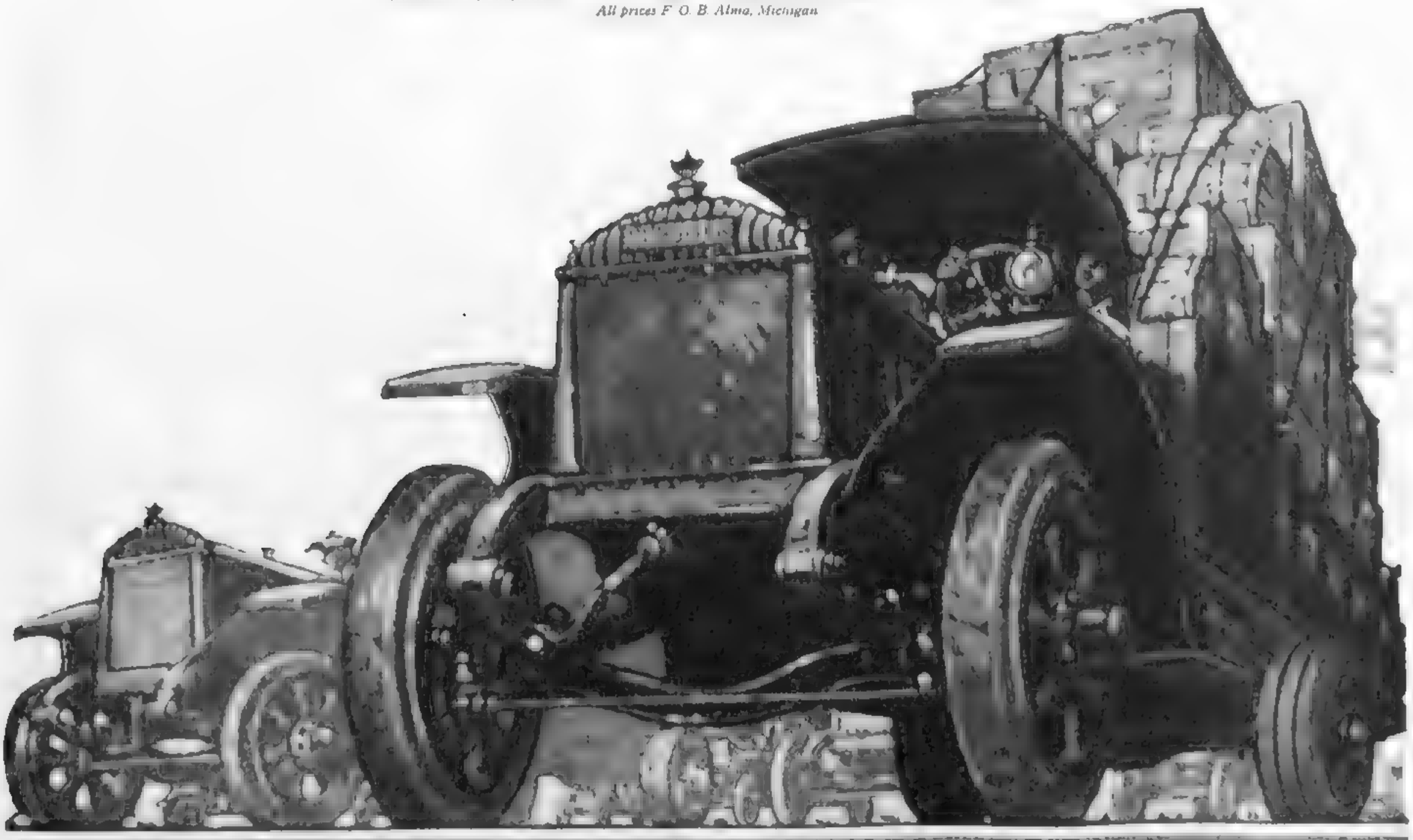

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Motor Tonnage —

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Every industry and business in America uses Republic Trucks. Twenty-seven foreign countries have tested their power and endurance under every imaginable road, load and climatic condition.

In the great world war many thousands of standard model Republic Trucks were used by America, France, England and Belgium. Besides one entire Republic factory was devoted to the production of Government Liberty trucks.

Such a widely diversified use of the more than 40,000 Republic Trucks now in operation has proved their dependability under all conditions.

It has also given Republic engineers a unique opportunity to learn from performance and to perfect every detail of design and construction.

Republic is constantly building better. It concentrates every resource on truck manufacture and the study of trucking problems. Each model is designed, built and tested to meet the maximum stresses and strains that can reasonably be imposed upon a truck of its capacity. Then scientific quantity production produces it to sell at a moderate price.

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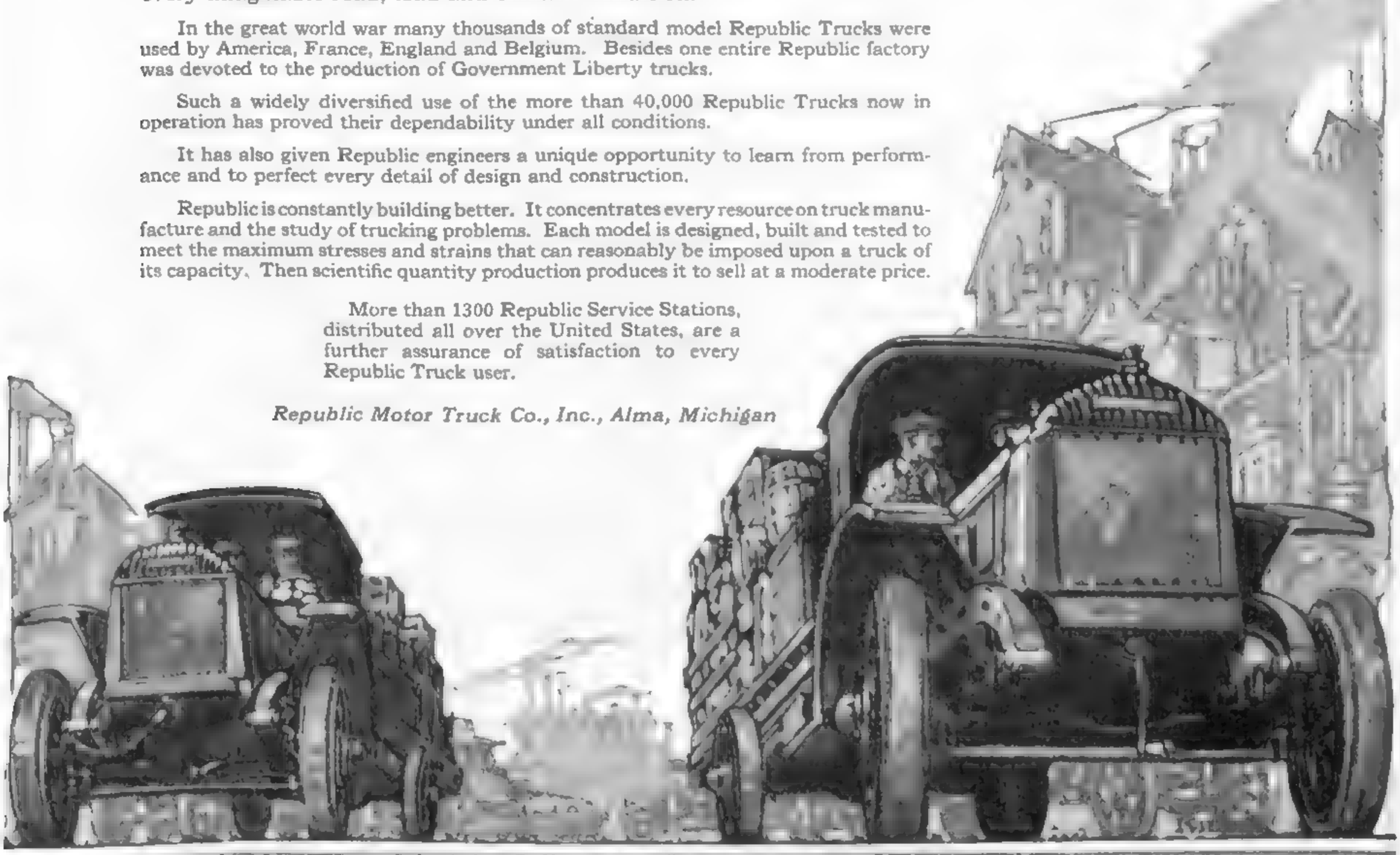
Republic Motor Truck Co., Inc., Alma, Michigan



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Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus for two or three nights. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

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THE CITY OF COMRADES

(Continued from Page 19)

He repeated my question as if he didn't understand it.

"What have I been saying to Regina about you? Why, nothing—much."

"Nothing much; that means something. What the deuce do you mean by the indirect method?"

"I haven't spoken of an indirect method."

"No; but she has."

"Oh, I see."

"Then if you see, tell me what it is."

He finished the arrested act of taking off his coat, after which he hung it up in a closet, doing the same with his hat. The minute's delay allowed time for the storm clouds to gather on his face and all the passions of a gloomy-hearted nature to concentrate in a hot, thundery silence.

"Is this a bit of bluff, Frank?"

"Bluff be hanged! I'm ready to speak out frankly."

The storm clouds were torn with a flash like a streak of lightning.

"Then why didn't you come to me like a man instead of sending that sneaking old beast ——"

"Hold on, Stephen. What sneaking old beast have I sent?"

"He wouldn't have come unless you had set him on me. You needn't tell me that."

"What the deuce are you talking about?"

"You know what I'm talking about. There hasn't been a day since you came back that I haven't had a hint." He was not a man to whom anger came easily; he began to choke, to strangle with the effort to get his indignation out. "I'd have given him the toe of my boot long ago if—if—if—if" the words positively shivered on his lips "if—if I hadn't wanted to see how far you'd go, and by God, I've—I've had enough of it!"

"Enough of what, Stephen?" I endeavored to ask quietly.

He knocked his knuckles on the table with a force that almost made them bleed.

"My name is Cantyre—do you understand?"

"Yes; I understand. But tell me; what is it you've had enough of?"

"I've had enough of your damned diplomatic slyness in setting that old reptile on me!"

I am not quick tempered. The tolerance born of a too painful knowledge of my own shortcomings obliges me to be slow to wrath. But when anger does get hold of me it works a change like that of a powerful chemical agent suddenly infused into my blood.

I turned and strode out. A few times in the trenches I had been the victim of this rage to kill—and I had killed. How many I killed at one time or another I now couldn't tell you.

I saw too red to keep the count. All I know is that I have stuck my bayonet into heart after heart, and have dashed out brains with the butt end of my rifle. It is all red before me still—a great splash of blood on the memory.

But I had got the habit. In a rage like this to kill someone had become an instinct. I could not have believed that the impulse would have pursued me into civil life; but there it was.

Having flung open the door of my apartment I marched straight for the "kitchenette." Lovey was seated on a stool beside the tiny gas range, polishing one of my boots. The boot was like a boxing glove on his left hand while he held the brush suspended in his right, looking up at me with the piteous appeal of a rabbit pleading for its life.

His weakness held me back from striking him, but it didn't stem my words.

"Who the devil, you old snake, gave you the right to interfere in my affairs?"

He simply looked up at me, the boot on one hand, the brush suspended in the other. His lower lip trembled, his arms began to tremble, but he made no attempt to defend himself.

"What have you been saying?" I demanded. "Speak, can't you?"

But he couldn't. I caught him by the collar and dragged him to his feet.

He had just the strength to stand on them, though his limp hands continued to hold the boot and the brush.

"Now, are you going to speak? Or shall I kick you out?"

"You'd kick me out, Slim?"

The mildness of his voice maddened me.

"By God, I would!"

The brush and the boot fell with a dull clatter to the floor.

"Then I'd better go."

He looked about him helplessly till his eyes fell on the old felt hat hanging on a peg. I watched him as he took it down and crammed it on his head. There was another helpless searching as if he didn't know what he was looking for before he spied an old gnarled stick in a corner. Taking that in his hand he fumbled his way into the living room.

By the time I had followed him I was beginning to relent. I had not really meant to have him go, but I was not ready as yet to call him back. What Cantyre must have thought of me, what Regina must have thought of me, in egging so poor a creature on to say what I wouldn't say myself roused me as to a more intense degree I used to be roused on hearing of Belgian women treated with the last indignities, and Canadian soldiers crucified. Had I stopped to consider I would have seen that Regina didn't believe it, and that Cantyre believed it only as far as it gave an outlet to his complicated inward sufferings; but I didn't stop to consider. Perhaps I, too, was seeking an outlet for something repressed. At any rate I let the poor old fellow go.

"What about your things?" I asked before he had reached the door.

He turned with a certain dignity.

"I shan't want no things." He added, however: "Ye do mean me to get out, Slim?"

I didn't—but I didn't want to tell him so. Fury had cooled down without leaving me ready to retract what I had said. I meant to go after him—when he had got as far as the lift—but I meant, too, that he should take these few bleeding steps of anguish.

He took them—not to the lift but out into the vestibule. Then I heard a faint moan; then a sound as if something broke; and then a soft tumbling to the floor.

When I got out he was lying all in a little huddled, senseless heap, with a cut on his forehead where he had struck the key or the doorknob as he fell.

It was more than an hour before Cantyre got him back to consciousness; but it was early morning before he spoke. We had stayed with him through the night, as he had shown all the signs of passing out. His recovery of speech somewhere about dawn came as a surprise to us.

To Cantyre I had given but the slightest explanation of the accident, being sure, however, that he guessed at what I didn't say.

"Told him to get to the dickens out of this, and he was taking me at my word. Never meant to let him get farther than the lift. Just wanted to scare him. Sorry now."

But Lovey's account was different.

About seven in the morning there came a streak of wan light down the shaft into which the window of his room looked out. Cantyre murmured something about going back to his own place for a bath.

"All right," I agreed, "and you'd better get your breakfast. When you come back I can do the same. You will come back, won't you?"

"Oh, of course! I shan't be gone more than an hour. When he wakes again give him another teaspoonful of this; but don't worry him unless he wakes."

And just then Lovey woke. He woke with a dim smile, as a young child wakes. He smiled at Cantyre first, and then rolling his soft blue eyes to the other side of the bed he smiled at me.

"What's up, Slim?" he asked feebly. "I ain't sick, am I?"

"No, Lovey, old son; you're not sick; you've only had a bit of a fall."

And then it came back to him.

"Oh, yes. I know. Served me right, didn't it?" Rolling his eyes now toward Cantyre he continued: "I was just a-frightenin' of Slim, like. Kind o' foolish, I was. Said I was goin' to leave 'im. Didn't mean to go no farther nor the lift."

"I didn't mean to let you go, Lovey," I groaned humbly.

"Of course you didn't! 'Ow 'uld ye get along without me, I'd like to know? Didn't I keep ye straight all them weeks at the Down and Out?"

"You did, Lovey."

"And 'aven't I saved ye lots o' times since?"

"You have, old man."

"I wouldn't leave ye, not for nothink, Slim. We're buddies as long as we live, ain't we? Didn't ye say so yerself?"

"I did, and I'll say it again."

"Well, then, what's the use o' talkin'? You mustn't mind me, sonny. I may get into a bad temper and speak 'arsh to you; but I don't mean nothink by it. I wouldn't leave ye, not for ——"

The voice trailed away, and presently he was asleep or unconscious again, I couldn't be sure which.

Neither could I be sure whether he believed this version of the tale or whether he concocted it to comfort me. At any rate it served its purpose in that it eased the situation outwardly, enabling Cantyre and me to face each other without too much self-consciousness.

As a matter of fact self-consciousness had hardly embarrassed us through the night. There had been too much to think about and to do. The minute I had got Lovey into the living room and on the couch I had run for Cantyre, and he had run back with me. In the stress of watching the old man's struggle between life and death we felt toward our personal relations what one feels of an exciting play after returning to realities. We were back on the old terms; we called each other Stephen and Frank. Only now and then, when for a half hour there was nothing to do but to sit by the bed and watch, did our minds revert to the actual between us.

That is, mine reverted to it, and I suppose his did the same. How he thought of it I cannot tell you; but to me it seemed infinitely trifling. Here was a dying man whose half-lighted spirit was standing on the threshold of a fully lighted world. One might have said that the radiance of the life on which he was entering already shone in the tenderness that began to dawn in the delicate old face. It was a face growing younger, as for two or three years it had grown more spiritual. I saw that now and did justice to it as something big. It was on the level of big things; and love affairs between men and women were only on the level of the small.

And all over the world big things of the same sort were taking place, some in the sharp flash of an instant, and some as the slow result of years. I had seen so much of it with my own eyes that I could call up vision after vision as I sat alone in the gray morning, watching the soft, sweet pall settle on the old man's countenance, while Cantyre took his bath.

Queerly, out of the unrecorded, or out of what I didn't suppose I had recorded, there flashed a succession of pictures, all of them of the big, the splendid, the worth while. They came inconsequently, without connection with each other, without connection that I could see with the moment I was living through, beyond the fact that they were all on the scale of the big.

There was the recollection of a khaki clad figure lying face downward on a hillside. I approached him from below, catching sight first of the soles of the huge boots, on which he would never walk again. Coming nearer I saw his arms outstretched above his head and his nails dug into the earth. He was bleeding from the ears. But when I bent over him to see if he was still alive he said almost roughly:

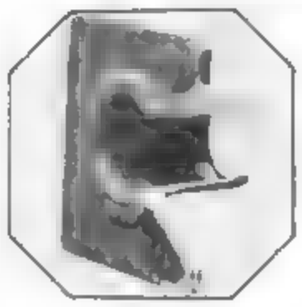
"Leave me alone! I can get along all right. Jephson's over there."

I left him alone because there was nothing I could do for him, but when I went to Jephson he was lying on his back, his knees drawn up, and his face twisted into the strangest, most agonized, most heavenly and ecstatic smile you can imagine on a human face.

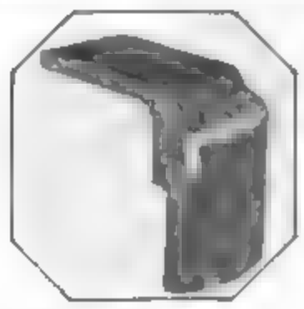
Then there was a young fellow running at the head of his platoon, a slim young fellow with flaxen hair and a face like a bright angel's, who had been a crack sprinter at McGill. He was long after my time, of course; but I had known his family, and since being in the neighborhood of Ypres I had seen him from time to time. He was not made for a soldier, but a brave young soldier he had become, surmounting fear, repulsion, and all that was hideous to a sensitive soul like his, and establishing those relations with his men that are dearer in many ways than ties of blood. The picture I retained, and which came back to me now, is of his running while his men followed him. It was so common a sight that I

(Continued on Page 86)

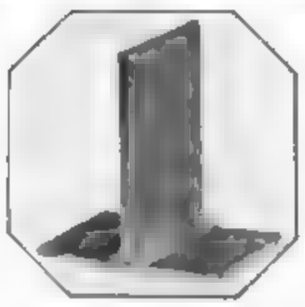
LINCOLN WELDER



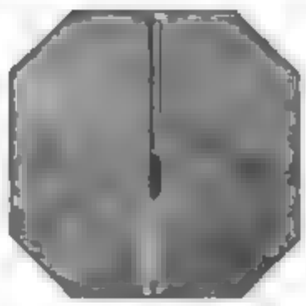
1 Welding steel tube into a steel sheet or pipe tube. Any size tube or pipe can be welded together



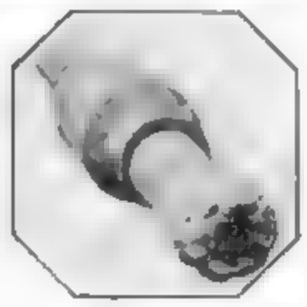
2 Section of a circular steel head welded into steel container. Beams and I-beams are economically joined at the ends



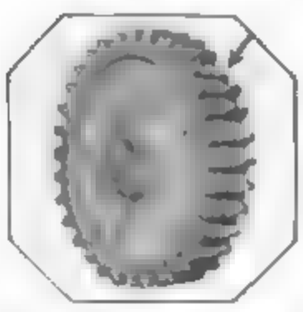
3—Two pieces of steel plate welded to form "T" shaped structure. Frames, shapes, etc., can thus be made



4 Plate joint between pieces of steel plate. Pipe steel can be welded also. This weld is used in boiler shops, shipyards, automobile plants, etc.



5 Building up steel batt bolt end by welding on new metal, then machining to proper size. Broken and worn steel parts of all kinds may be built up and made good as new

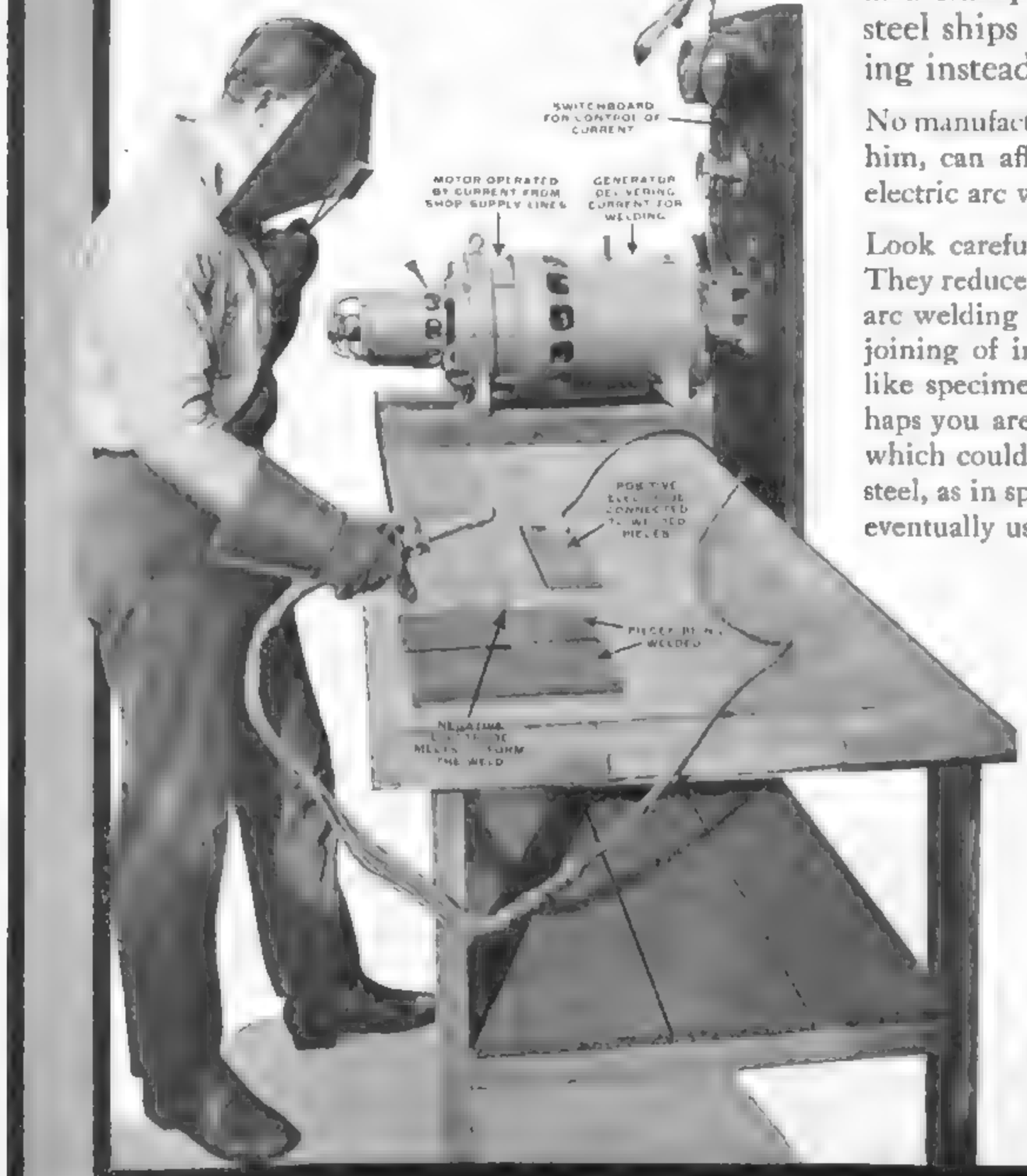


6 Steel gear casting with defective section cut away and built up by welding. Many costly steel castings may be perfectly repaired

A Lesson From the War in Working Iron and Steel

In the record-breaking accomplishments of American industry, one of the greatest steps was the increased use of electric arc welding.

Every one who reads will soon know the facts—the remarkable welding work that made possible the Liberty Motor—the wonderful welding repairs that saved days of idle time on locomotives, ships and transports—the promising developments in steel ships made complete by electric arc welding instead of riveting.


SWITCHBOARD FOR CONTROL OF CURRENT
MOTOR OPERATED BY CURRENT FROM SHOP SUPPLY LINES
GENERATOR DELIVERING CURRENT FOR WELDING
POSITIVE CABLE TO BE CONNECTED TO WELDED PIECES
PIECES BEING WELDED
NEGATIVE CABLE TO BE MELTED FORM THE WELD

No manufacturer, with these conspicuous examples before him, can afford to overlook the possibility of applying electric arc welding in his plant.

Look carefully at the specimen welds here illustrated. They reduce to the simplest form the many things which arc welding can do. Perhaps your product requires the joining of iron and steel pieces in a manner somewhat like specimens number one, two, three and four—perhaps you are scrapping defective, worn or broken parts which could be made usable by filling in a little molten steel, as in specimens number five and six. If so, you will eventually use arc welding for that purpose.

Read the Facts in This Book

Our 80-page book, illustrated with over 200 shop photographs, will tell you just what you can do with this process. Write on your business letterhead.

Kind of Electric Current to be Used

The practical commercial use of electric welding requires *direct current*, at from 15 to 40 volts. This is obtained by the use of welding apparatus such as here illustrated, which takes the regular shop-supply current—either alternating or direct current—and converts it into direct current in suitable form for welding.

If you have failed in an attempt to use alternating current for arc welding, do not feel that you have exhausted the possibilities. Consult a Lincoln service engineer at any of our branch offices.

The Lincoln Electric Co.

Cleveland, Ohio

New York City
Buffalo
Syracuse
Chicago
Minneapolis
Detroit
Columbus
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Pittsburgh
Boston
Charlotte, N. C.
Toronto, Canada
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Agencies in other principal cities

Wheat Bubbles In a Bowl of Milk

For Any Hungry Hour

Puffed Grains are the most enticing grain foods in existence.

They are bubble-like grains, airy, thin and flaky, puffed to eight times normal size.

They are crisp and toasted, fragile and flimsy, almond-like in flavor.

Millions know that nothing else adds such attractions to a bowl of milk.

But Remember This:

Puffed Grains are also ideal foods from scientific standpoints.

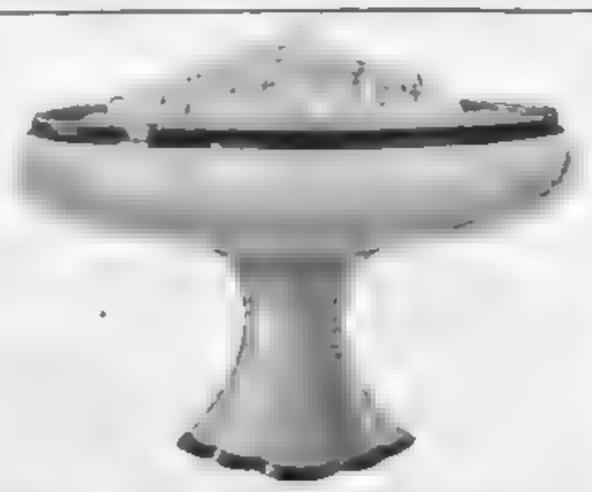
The Puffed Grain process was invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson, formerly of Columbia University. And the purpose is to fit whole grains for easy, complete digestion.

After applying a fearful heat, the grains are steam exploded by being shot from guns. Every food cell is blasted. More than 100 million steam explosions occur in every kernel.

Thus digestion is made easy. Puffed Grains never tax the stomach. Every atom feeds.

Such foods are more than breakfast dainties. They are ideal all-hour foods. Let children have them—all they want—whenever they are hungry.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice
and Corn Puffs
All Bubble Grains—Each 15c Except in Far West



Serve with cream, or melted butter, or mixed with fruit.

For luncheons or suppers float in bowls of milk.

The grains are four times as porous as bread

Use in soups.

Use like nut meats in home candy making, or as garnish for ice cream.

Crisp and lightly butter for hungry children after school.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(2166)

(Continued from Page 84)

would hardly have watched it if it had been anyone but him. And then, for no reason evident to me, just as if it was part of the order of the day, he threw up his arms, tottered on a few steps, and went tumbling in the mud, face downward.

With the rapidity of a cinema the scene changed to something else I had witnessed. It was the day I got my dose of shrapnel in the foot. Lying near me was a colonel named Blenkins. Farther off there lay a sergeant in his regiment named Day. Day had for Blenkins the kind of admiration that often exists between man and officer for which there is no other name than worship. Slowly, painfully, the noncom dragged himself over the scarred ground and laid his dying head on the dying colonel's heart. Painfully, slowly, the dying colonel's hand stole across the dying noncom's breast; and in this embrace they slept.

Other memories of the same sort came back to me, disconnected, having no reference to Lovey, or Cantyre, or Regina, or the present, beyond the fact that they came out of the great life of which comradeship was a token and the watchwords rang with generosity.

It was the world of the moment. Such things as I had been recalling had happened that very night; they had happened that very morning; they would happen through that day, and through the next day and the next—till their purpose was accomplished. What that purpose was to be —— But that I was to learn a little later.

That is to say, a little later I got a light on the outlook which has been sufficient for me to walk by; but of it I will tell you when the time comes.

For in the meanwhile the tide was rising. As Lovey lay smiling himself into heaven the national spirit was mounting and mounting, quietly, tensely, with excitement held in leash till the day of the Lord was very near at hand.

All through March events had developed rapidly. On the first day of that month the Government had revealed Germany's attempt to stir up Mexico and Japan against the United States. A few days later Germany herself had admitted the instigation. A few days later still Austria had given her approval to unlimited submarine warfare. A few days later still Nicholas was deposed in Petrograd. The country was marching; the world was marching; the heart was marching. It was difficult for the mind to keep up with the immensity of such happenings or to appraise them at their value. I do not assert that I so appraised them; I only beg you to understand that what I wanted and Cantyre wanted and Regina wanted, each of us for himself and herself, became curiously insignificant.

Not that we were working with the same ends in view. By no means! Cantyre was still opposed to war as war, and bitterly opposed to war if it involved the United States. That he was kicking against the pricks, as Regina asserted, I couldn't see; but that he was feeling the whole situation intensely was quite evident.

The result, however, was the same when it came to balancing personal interests against the public weal. The public weal might mean one thing to him and another thing to me, but to us both it overrode private resentment. There was a moratorium of resentment. We might revive it again; but for the moment it vanished out of sight.

XXXI

SO WE came to that determining moment when we held our famous patriotic meeting at the Down and Out.

I call it famous because it was a new point of departure. In all the club's history there had never been a meeting for any other purpose than to screw the courage up to the cutting out of drink. Other objects had been suggested from time to time; but we had stuck to our last as specialists. We had not been turned aside for philanthropy, for education, for financial benefit or even for religion in the commonly accepted meaning of that word; and the results had been our justification. But now the flame at the heart of the earth had caught us, and we were all afire.

I mean that we were afire with interest, though the interest was against war as well as for it. But for it or against it, it was the one theme of our discussion; and with cause.

The tide was rising higher, and the spirit of the nation floating on the top. On one of the first days of April the President had asked Congress to declare a state of war with the German Empire. Two days later the Senate voted that declaration. A few nights after that we got together to talk things over at the Down and Out.

It was a crowded meeting, but as you looked round you in advance you would have prophesied a dull one. Our fellows came from all over New York and the suburbs, washed up, brushed up, and in their Sunday clothes. A few were men of education, but mostly we were of the type generally classed as hard working. In age we ran from the seventies down to the twenties, with a preponderance of chaps between twenty-five and forty.

What I gathered from remarks before the meeting came to order was a dogged submission to leadership.

"If you was to put it up to us guys to decide the whole thing by ourselves," Beady Lamont said to me as we stood together, "we'd vote agin it. Why? Because we're over here—mindin' our own business—with our kids to take care of—and our business to keep up—and we ain't got no call to interfere in what's no concern of ours. Them fellows over in Europe never could keep still, and they dunno how. But"—he made one of his oratorical gestures with his big left hand—"but if the President says the word—well, we're behind him. He's the country, and when the country speaks there's no Amur'can who ain't ready to give all."

Perhaps he had said something similar to Andrew Christian, because it was that point of being ready to give all which, when he spoke, Christian took as his text.

I am not giving you an account of the whole meeting; I mean only to report a little of what Christian said, and its effect upon Cantyre. Cantyre had come because Regina had insisted; but he sat with the atmosphere of hot, thundery silence wrapping him round.

"To be ready to give all is what the world is summoned to," Christian declared when he had been asked to say a few words, "and oh, boys, I beg you to believe that it's time! The call hasn't come a minute too soon, and we shan't be a minute too soon in getting ready to obey it."

"Some of us ain't got much to give," a voice came from the back sitting room.

"We've all got everything there is, if we only understood it," Christian answered promptly; "but whatever we have it's something we hold dear."

"If we hold it dear," another voice objected, "why should we be asked to give it up?"

"Because we haven't known how to use it. Think of all you've had in your own life, Tom, and what you've done with it."

I didn't know what Tom had had in his life, but the retort evidently gave him something to turn over in his mind.

"There never was a time in the history of the world," Christian went on, "when the abundance of blessing was more lavishly poured out upon mankind. In every country in both hemispheres we've had the treasures of the earth, the sea and the air positively heaped upon us. Food, clothing, comfort, security, speed have become the commonplaces of existence. The children of to-day grow up to a use of trains and motors and telephones and airplanes that would have seemed miraculous as short a time ago as when I was a lad. The standard of living has been so quickly raised that the poor have been living in a luxury unknown to the rich of two or three generations ago. The Atlantic had got to be so narrow that we counted the time of our crossing it by hours. The globe had become so small that young people went round it for a honeymoon. People whose parents found it difficult to keep one house had two or three, and even more. There was money everywhere—private fortunes that would have staggered the imaginations of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba and Augustus and Charlemagne all combined. Amusements were so numerous that they palled on us. In lots of the restaurants of New York you could order a meal for yourself alone, and feel that neither Napoleon nor Queen Victoria nor the Czar could possibly have sat down to a better one."

"Some could," one of our objectors declared, with all sorts of implications in his tone.

"Oh, I'm not saying there were no inequalities or that there was just distribution of all this blessing. In fact, my point is that there was not. All I'm asserting is

(Continued on Page 89)

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There's a Rex Top for Your Car

If You Own a Dodge Brothers, Buick, Oakland, Paige, Nash, Reo, or Lexington

And what is vitally important, it will fit your car like the proverbial glove. For there is a Rex All-Seasons Top that is specially designed and built for the make and model of automobile you now own, thus assuring mechanical and artistic co-ordination with the body.

After the Rex All-Seasons Top is installed on your touring car or roadster, there's every season comfort and protection for you and the members of your family.

The discomforts and handicaps of winter motoring vanish. Your car is at your service when you want it most of all—on the day when the weather is most inclement.

The Rex All-Seasons Top provides shelter against the cold and snow of winter, the chill and rain of autumn and spring, and the dust and showers of summer.

The Rex All-Seasons Top is economical as well as practical. Its installation changes the touring car or roadster into a sedan or coupé at a saving of $300 or more over the cost of a closed body of the solid type.

And the sturdy but light-weight Rex All-Seasons Top, with permanent deck and glass side panels that may be entirely removed in fair weather, is just as sparing of gasoline, oil and tires as the cape-topped car, and equally as active. The thousands of Rex-topped cars, factory-equipped and now in service, testify most eloquently to the truth of such a broad assertion.

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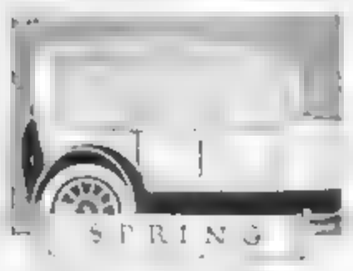
The distributor or dealer, from whom you bought your car, can supply you.

Rex Manufacturing Company
Connersville, Indiana



Rain protection—jiffy curtains in place.

Complete ventilation—all panels removed

Rex

ALL-SEASONS TOP

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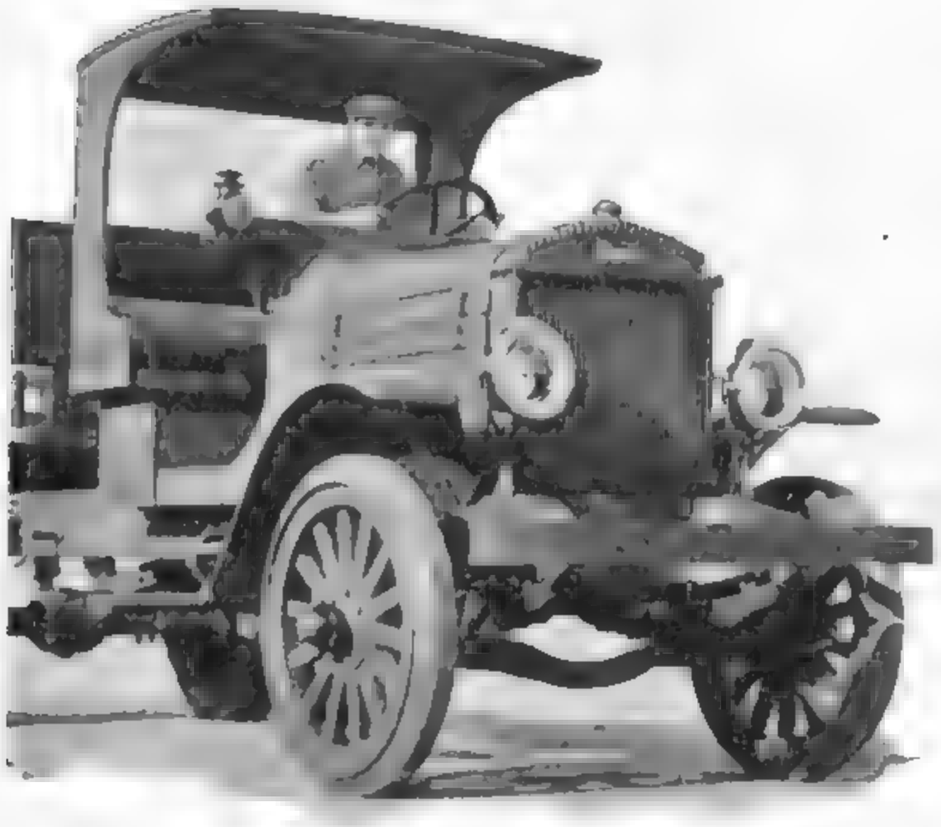
Tonneau protection, forward panels removed.

Weathertight—all panels in place.

Are these thousands of Stewarts making money for you?



¾ ton chassis $ 950
1 ton chassis $1575
1½ ton chassis $1975
2 ton chassis $2575
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If you buy a Stewart, you enjoy the benefits of our quantity production. For, by making thousands of Stewarts we are able to offer you quality trucks which—

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(Compare the prices.)

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(In 6 years no Stewart has worn out.)

These three facts mean savings to you and money saved is money made.

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Before you buy *any* motor truck compare it with the Stewart for quality and price.

Stewarts are quality trucks proven by the test of time.

STEWART MOTOR CORPORATION
BUFFALO, N. Y

(Dealers and Service Stations throughout the United States and Foreign Countries)

Stewart MOTOR TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 86)

that the blessing was there, and that the very windows of heaven had been opened on the world in order to pour it out."

"I never saw none of it," a thin sour fellow put in laconically.

"But, Juleps, that's what I'm coming to. The blessing was there, and some of us wouldn't try to get what belonged to us, and others of us collared too much, and we treated it very much as children treat pennies in a scramble. We did far worse than that. We rifled, we stole, we gobbled, we guzzled, we strutted, we bragged; the fellow that was up kicked the fellow that was down to keep him down; the fellow that had plenty sneaked and twisted and cringed and cadged in order to get more; and we've all worked together to create the world that's been hardly fit to live in that every one of us has known. Now, boys, isn't that so? Speak out frankly."

Since in that crowd there could not be two opinions as to the world being hardly fit to live in there was a general murmur of assent.

"Now wealth is a great good thing; and what I mean by wealth is the general storehouse, free to us all, which we call the earth and the atmosphere round it. I don't have to tell you that it's a storehouse crammed in every crack and cranny with the things you and I need for our enjoyment. And it isn't a storehouse such as you and I would fill, which has got only what we could put into it; it's always producing more. Production is its law. It's never idle. It's incessantly working. The more we take out of it the more it yields. I don't say that we can't exhaust it in spots by taxing it too much; of course we can. Greed will exhaust anything, just as it's exhausting, under our very eyes, our forests, our fisheries and our farms. But in general there's nothing that will respond to good treatment more surely than the earth, nor give us back a bigger interest on the labor we put into it."

"That's so," came from someone who had perhaps been a farmer.

"And so," Christian went on, "we've had a world that's given us everything in even greater abundance than we could use. We've had food to waste; we've had clothes for every shade of temperature; we've had coal for our furnaces, and iron for our buildings, and steel for our ships, and gasoline for our automobiles. We've had every invention that could help us to save time, to save worry, to save labor, to save life. Childhood has been made more healthy; old age more vigorous. That a race of young men and young women has been growing up among us of whom we can say without much exaggeration that humanity is becoming godlike anyone can see who goes round our schools and colleges."

He took a step forward, throwing open his palms in a gesture of demand.

"But, fellows, what good has all this prodigious plenty been doing us? Has it made us any better? Have we become any more thankful that we all had enough and to spare? Have we been any more eager to see that when we had too much the next man had a sufficiency? Have we rejoiced in this plenitude as the common delight of everyone? Have we seen it as the manifestation of the God who expresses himself in all good things, and who has given us, as one of the apostles says, all things richly to enjoy? Has it brought us any nearer him? Has it given us any increased sympathy with him? Or have we made it minister to our very lowest qualities, to our appetites, to our insolence, to our extravagance, to our sheer pride that all this was ours, to wallow in, to waste and to despise?

"You know we have done the last. There isn't a man among us who hasn't done it to a greater or less degree. There is hardly a man in New York who hasn't lived in the lust of the purely material. You may go through the world and only find a rarified creature here and there who hasn't reveled and rioted and been silly and vain and arrogant to the fullest extent that he dared."

The wee bye Daisy was sitting in the front row, looking up at the speaker raptly.

"I haven't, Mr. Christian," he declared virtuously.

"Then, Daisy, you're the rarified creature I said was an exception. Most of us have," he went on when the roar of laughter subsided. "If we haven't in one way we have in another. And what has been the result? Covetousness, hatred, class rivalry, capital and labor bitternesses, war. And now we've come to a place where by a queer and ironical judgment upon us the struggle for possession is going to take from us all that we possessed."

He thrust his hands into his trousers pockets and spoke casually, confidentially

"For, boys, that's what I'm coming to. All the good things we had are going to be taken away from us. Since we didn't know how to use them, and wouldn't learn, we've got to give them back."

"Oh, I don't believe that, Mr. Christian," a common-sense voice cried out in a tone of expostulation.

"Peter, you'll see. You'll only have to live a few months longer to find yourself, like everyone else in America, lacking the simple essentials you've always taken as a matter of course. It isn't luxuries alone that you'll be called on to give up; it will be the common necessaries of everyday life. The great summons is coming to us, not merely from our Government, not merely from the terrified and stricken nations of mankind, but from God above—to give everything back to him. I don't say that we shall starve or that we shall freeze; but we may easily be cold and hungry and driven to a cheeseparing economy we never expected to practice. The light will be taken from our lamps, the work from our fingers, the money from our pockets. We shall be searched to the very soul. There's nothing we shan't have to surrender. At the very least we must give tithes of all that we possess, signifying our willingness to give more."

"Some of us ain't got nothing."

It was the bitter cry of the dispossessed.

"Yes, Billy; we've all got life; and life, too, we shall have to offer up. There are some of you chaps sitting here that in all human probability will be called on to do it."

"You won't, Mr. Christian. You're too old."

"I'm too old, Spud, but my two boys are not; and they're getting ready now. Whether it's harder or easier to let them go rather than for me to go myself I leave to any of you guys that have kids."

"Perhaps it won't be as bad as what you think."

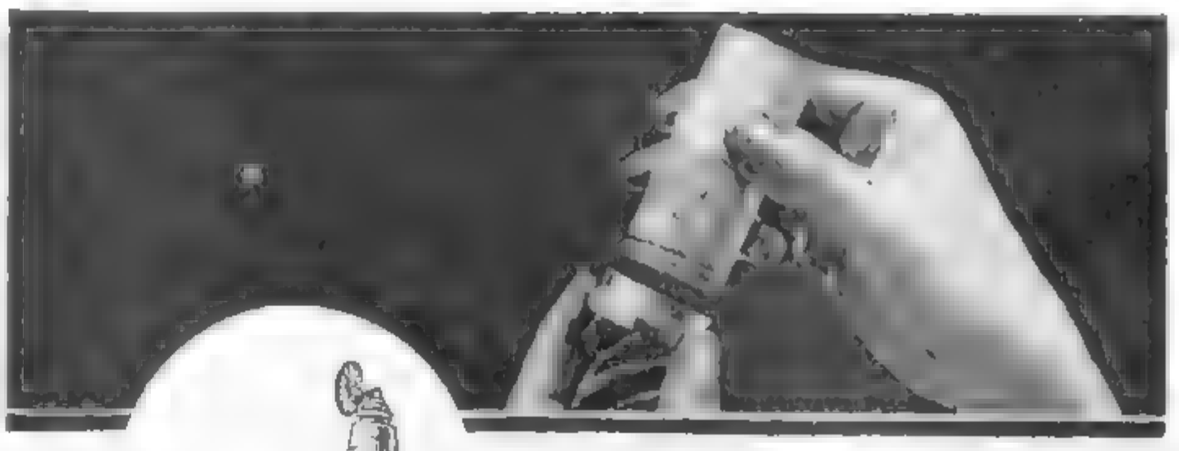
"Jimmy, I'm only reasoning from what I see in the world already. When the human race is being trodden in the winepress we in America can't expect to be spared. If any of you want to know what's happening to the kind of world we've made for ourselves let him read the eighteenth chapter of the book of the Revelation. That chapter might be written of Europe as it is at this minute. Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen. The kings of the earth stand off from her crying, Alas! alas! that great city Babylon, for in one hour is her judgment come! The merchants of the earth weep and mourn over her, for no man buyeth their merchandise any more, saying, Alas! alas! that great city, which was clothed in fine linen and purple and scarlet, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, for in one hour so great riches is come to nought. And every shipmaster, and all the company in ships, and sailors, and as many as trade by sea, cast dust on their heads and cry over her, Alas! alas! that great city wherein were made rich all that had ships in the sea by reason of her costliness! for in one hour she is made desolate."

"But that ain't us."

"No, Headlights, that's not us. I agree with you that there's a difference. America is not in the same boat with Europe—not quite—but very nearly. Perhaps because our crimes are not so black we've been given the chance to do what we have to do more of our own free act. From Europe what she had has been taken away violently, whether she would or no. We have the chance to come before the throne of God and offer it back of our own free will. You see the difference! And, oh boys, I want you to do it ——"

"It ain't for us, Mr. Christian, to decide that."

"Oh, yes, it is, Beady! It's for each of us to offer willingly in his own heart. Not just to the Government—not just to the country—not just to France or Belgium or any other nation that's in a tight place—but to that blessed and heavenly Father who's giving us this wonderful chance to put everything into his hands again, and get it all back for redistribution. Don't you see? That's it—the redistribution! A better world has to come out of this—a juster world—a happier world—a cleaner world. And in that reconstruction we Americans have the chance to take the lead because



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we're doing it of our own accord. Every other country has some ax to grind; but we have none. We've none except just to be in the big movement of all mankind upward and forward. But the difference between us and every other country unless it's the British Empire—is that we do it man by man, each stepping out of the ranks in his turn as if he was the only one and everything depended on his act. It's up to you, Beady, it's up to me, it's up to each American singly."

"Why ain't it up to every European singly?"

"It is. They're just beginning to understand that it is. The Englishman, the Frenchman, the Italian, they're beginning to see that the democracy we talk so much about isn't merely a question of the vote that it isn't primarily a question of the vote at all—it's one of self-government in the widest and yet the most personal sense. The great summons is not to mankind in nations; it's to mankind as individuals. It's to Tom and Jimmy and Peter and Headlights and Daisy and everyone who has a name. It's the individual who makes the country, who forms the army, who becomes the redemptive element."

He seemed to gather himself together. His face, always benignant, began to glow with an inward light.

"But, boys, what I want you to understand is that every good gift and every perfect gift cometh down! We can take our good gifts and our perfect gifts and hand them up! We can anticipate their being taken from us by giving them. We can give them as men who know whence they have been received, and where they will be held in trust for us—not grudgingly nor of necessity, as the Bible tells us, for God loveth a cheerful giver. Now is the time for us to test that love every man for himself. The appeal is to the individual. Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom, according to the measure that we mete. For this giving isn't to men, it's to God; it isn't a portion, it's all; it isn't limited to material things, it includes our love and our life. It's the great summons; it's the great surrender. And—boys—my dear old boys who've been saved from other things—we've all been saved for this—for something we never expected, but which isn't hard to do when you look at it in the right way—to hand ourselves back, in body, mind and possessions, to him from whom we came, that he may make a new use of us and begin all over again."

And the first thing I saw when he stopped was Cantyre springing forward to grasp him by the hand.

XXXII

WHEN I got out the streets were already buzzing with a rumor that no extra had as yet proclaimed. The House of Representatives had followed the Senate in voting for war, and the President was about to sign the declaration.

But I forgot this on arriving at the flat, for Lovey was propped up in bed, with his thin nose in the air, making little sniffs.

"I smell it, Slim," he smiled as I entered. "Kind of a coffee smell it is now, with a dash o' bacon and heggs."

"That smell is always round this flat, Lovey," I said, trying to be casual. "It's all the breakfasts you and I have eaten——"

"Oh, no, Slim. You can't be mistook in this; and besides——" He made a sign to the man nurse who for the past week or two Cantyre had sent in from one of his hospitals. "You clear out, d'ye 'ear? I want to talk to my buddy, private like."

The man strolled out to the living room, whispering to me as he passed: "There's a change in him. I don't think he'll last through the night."

"Come and sit 'ere, sonny," Lovey commanded as soon as we were alone. "I've got somethink special like to tell ye. Did ye know," he went on when I was seated beside the bed, "as I'd seen Lizzy—and she 'adn't her neck broke at all. She was lovely."

"Where?" I asked, to humor him.

"Right 'ere—right beside that there chair that you're a-sittin' in."

"When?"

"Oh, on and off—pretty near all the time now."

"You mean that she comes and goes?"

"No; not just comin' and goin'. She's—she's kind o' 'ere all the time, only sometimes I ain't lookin'." His face became alight. "There she is now—and a great long street be'ind 'er. No, it ain't a street; it's just all lovely like, and Lizzy with 'er neck as straight as a walkin' stick—and not a drinkin' woman no more she don't look—it's kind o' beautiful like, Slim, only—only I can't make ye understand."

Sighing fretfully over his inability to explain he lapsed into that state of which I never was sure whether it was sleep or unconsciousness.

The coma lasted for a great part of the night. Sending the nurse to lie down I sat and watched, chiefly because I had too much on my mind and in my heart to want to go to bed. Every two or three hours Cantyre stole in, in his dressing gown, finding nothing he could do. Once or twice I was tempted to ask him what he thought of Christian's talk, but fearing to break the spell it might have wrought in him I refrained. He himself didn't mention it, nor did he seem to know that I had observed his impulsive shaking hands.

On one of the occasions when he was with me Lovey opened his eyes suddenly, beginning to murmur something we couldn't understand.

"What is it, old chap?" Cantyre questioned, bending over him and listening.

But Lovey was already articulating brokenly. It took two or three repetitions, or attempts at repetition, for Cantyre to be in a position to interpret.

"What's he trying to say?" I inquired.

Cantyre pretended to arrange the bottles on the table beside the bed so as not to have to look at me.

"He says, or he's doing his best to say: 'I didn't say nothink but what was for everybody's good.'"

It was on my lips to retort: "Perhaps he didn't."

I left that, however, for Cantyre, who went back to his rooms without comment.

He returned in the small hours of the morning, and once more we sat, one on one side of the bed and the other on the other, in what was practically silence. All I could say of it was that it had become a sympathetic silence. Why it was sympathetic I didn't know; but the unclassified perceptions told me that it was.

When Lovey opened his eyes again it was with the air of not having been asleep or otherwise away from us.

"I saved ye, Slim, didn't I?"

"Yes, Lovey, old man, you did."

"Kep' straight so as you would keep straight too?"

"Yes, Lovey."

"Ye'd never 'a' done it if it 'adn't been for me?"

"No, Lovey."

"And I'd never 'a' gone away from ye, Slim. I was just a—a-frightenin' of you. I didn't mean no 'arm at all, I didn't."

"I know, Lovey."

He fixed his glazing eyes upon me as he said: "I told ye my name wasn't Lovey, didn't I?"

"Yes, but that doesn't matter."

"No, that doesn't matter now. We're fellas together, so what's the diff? . . . I don't care where we sleeps to-night, so long as you're there, sonny. . . . Greeley's Slip is good enough for mine, if I can snuggle up to you, like. . . . Ye don't mind, do ye?"

I put my arm round his shoulder, raising him.

"No, Lovey; I don't mind. Just snuggle up."

"'Old me 'and, sonny."

I took his hand in mine as his head rested on my shoulder.

He gave a long, restful sigh.

"Lizzy says it's an awful nice place where she is, and——"

I felt him slipping down in bed; but Cantyre, who knew more of such cases than I did, caught him gently round the loins and lowered him.

XXXIII

ON COMING back the next afternoon from selecting the spot for Lovey's grave there was a man in khaki on the train. When I got out at the Grand Central I saw another. In Fifth Avenue I saw another and another. They seemed to spring out of the ground, giving a new aspect to the streets. In the streets that shining thing I had noticed on landing was no longer to be seen. Silver peace had faded out, while in its place there was coming—coming by degrees—but coming—that spirit of strong resolve which is iron and gold.

Or perhaps I had better say that peace had taken refuge in my dingy little flat, where Lovey was lying on his bed in his

(Continued on Page 93)

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(Continued from Page 90)

Sunday clothes, with hands folded on his breast. Peace was in every line of the fragile figure; in the face there was peace satisfied—peace content—gentle, abiding, eternal.

Two days later a little company of us stood by his grave, while Rufus Legrand read the ever-stirring words of the earth to earth. It was the old comradeship which Lovey himself would have liked—the fellowship of men who had fought the same fight as he, and were hoping to be faithful unto death like him—Christian, Straight, little Spender, Beady, Pyn, the wee bye Daisy, and one or two others. Cantyre alone had none of the dark memories—and yet the bright and blessed memories—that held the rest of us together; but Cantyre had his place.

We had driven out side by side in the same motor, as what the undertaker called chief mourners. I don't remember that we uttered a word to each other till we got out at the grave.

It was Cantyre who said then: "I want you to drive back with me, Frank. There's somewhere I should like to take you."

Reassured by his use of my name I merely nodded, wondering what he meant.

I didn't ask, however; nor did I ask when we were back in the motor again and on our way to town. I got my first hint as we began to descend the long avenue in which Sterling Barry had his house.

As I expected we stopped at the door. The vacant lot was still vacant, and among its dead stalks of burdock and succory April was bringing the first shades of soft green. I thought of Lovey, of course; of our tramp round Columbus Circle; of my midnight adventure right on this spot. It was like going back to another life; it was as this life must have seemed to Lovey and his Lizzy reunited in that world where her neck was as straight as a walking stick, and everything was lovely like.

Cantyre spoke low, as if he could hardly speak at all:

"I asked Regina to be in. She'll be expecting us."

And she was. She was expecting us in that kind of agitation which hides itself under a pretense of being more than usually cool. In sympathy with Lovey's memory, I suppose, she was dressed in black, which made a foil for her vivid lips and eyes. Out of the latter she was unable to keep a shade of feverish brightness that belied the nonchalance of her greeting.

She talked about Lovey, about the funeral, about the weather, about the declaration of war, about the men in khaki who with such surprising promptness had begun to appear in the streets. She talked rapidly, anxiously, against time, as it were, and busied herself pouring tea. Suspecting, doubtless, that Cantyre had something special to say, she was trying to fight him off from it as long as possible.

I had taken a seat; he remained standing, his back to the fire. His look was abstracted, thundery, morose.

Right into the middle of what Regina was saying about the seizure of the German ships he dropped with the remark: "You two know what Lovey told me—what he's been telling me ever since you both came home."

Neither of us had a word to say. We could only stare. You could hear the mantelpiece clock ticking before he went on again.

"Well, I'm not going to give you up, Regina," he declared aggressively then.

One of her hands was on the handle of the teapot; one was in the act of taking up a cup. If coloring was ever transmuted into flame her coloring was at that moment. There was a dramatic intensity in her quietness.

"Have I asked you to, Stephen?"

"No; but ——"

"Have I?" I demanded.

"No; but ——"

"If Lovey did, it was without any knowledge of mine," I continued. "I practically killed him—God forgive me for doing it!"

"You're both off the track," Cantyre broke in. "You don't know what I—what I want to say."

"Very well, then, Stephen. Tell us," Regina said tranquilly.

He spoke stammeringly.

"It's—it's—just this: This is no time—for—for—love."

We stared again, waiting for him to go on.

"It's what—what Christian told us two or three nights ago. We're in a world where—where love and marriage are no longer the burning questions. They're too small. Don't you see?"

We continued to stare, but we agreed with him.

"So—so," he faltered, "I want you—I want you both—to—to put it all off."

"The moratorium of love," I suggested.

"The moratorium of everything," he took up, "but what—what Christian put before us. I see that now more plainly than I ever saw anything in my life. We've got to give everything up—and get it back—different. We shall be different too—and things that we're struggling over now will be settled for us, I suppose, without our taking them into our own hands at all. That's how I look at it, if you two will agree"

"I agree, Stephen," Regina said with the same tranquillity.

"And I, too, old chap."

"I'm—I'm going over," he stumbled on, "with the first medical unit from Columbia ——"

"Oh, Stephen! How splendid!"

He contradicted her.

"No, it isn't. I'm not doing it from any splendid motives whatever. I'm going just to—to try and get out of myself. Don't you see—you two? You must see. I'm—I'm sunk in myself; I've never been anything else. That's what's been the matter with me. That's why I never made any friends. That's why you, Frank, have never really cared a straw about me—in spite of all the ways I've made up to you; and why you, Regina, can hardly stand me. But, by God, you're both going to!"

With this flash of excitement I sprang up, laying my hand on his arm.

"We care for you already, old man."

"That's not the point. I've—I've got to care for myself. I've got to find some sort of self-respect."

But Regina, too, sprang up, joining us where we stood on the hearthrug. She didn't touch him; she only stood before him with hands clasped in front of her.

"Stephen, dear, you're not doing any more heart-searching than Frank and I are doing; or than every true American is doing all through the country. What you say Mr. Christian told you the other night is more or less consciously in everybody's soul. We know we're called to the judgment seat; and at the judgment seat we stand. That's all there is to it. Marriage and giving in marriage for people like us must wait. It's become unimportant. There are people—younger than we are for the most part—to whom it comes first. But for us, with our experience—each of us you with yours, Frank with his, I with mine—well, we have other work to do. We must see this great thing through before we can give our attention to ourselves And we shall see it through, shan't we, by doing as you say? We must give everything up—and wait. Then we shall probably find our difficulties solved for us. I often think that patience—the power to wait and be confident—is the most stupendous force in the world."

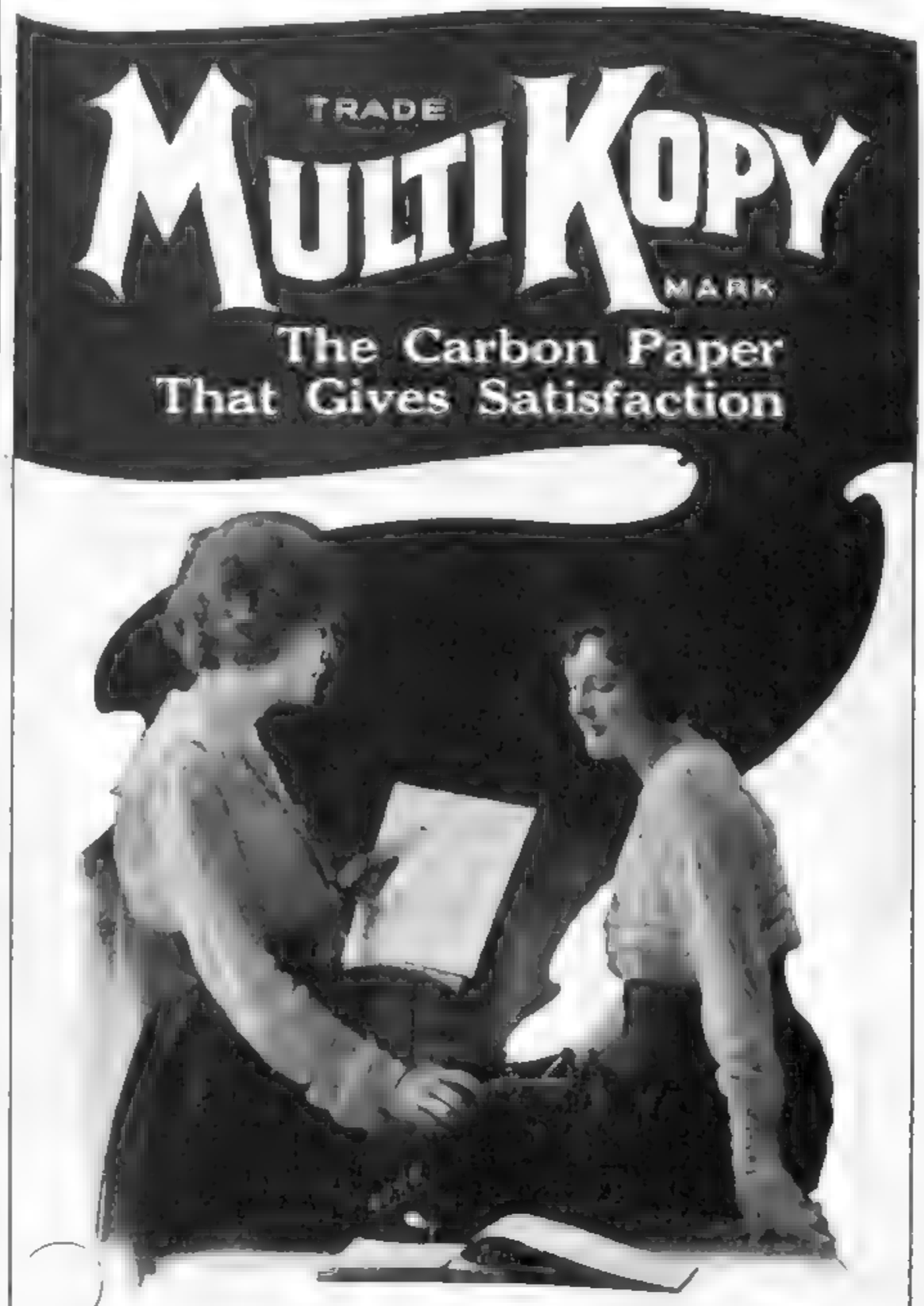
And with few more words than this we left her. I went first, giving them a little time alone together. But I hadn't gone very far before, on accidentally turning round, I saw Cantyre coming down the steps.

XXXIV

IT WAS just a year later that a secret but profound misgiving in my heart began to be dispelled.

I call it secret because it was unacknowledged by myself. It would never, I believe, have come to me of its own accord; it was suggested from without, and even so I didn't harbor it consciously. It was only with the news of Seicheprey, of which the details began to come in toward the end of April, 1918, that I knew that in the wheat of my hopes and confidence there had been tares of anxiety and fear.

I had seen too many of those strapping, splendid fellows not to be confident and hopeful. But I had also read too much of the folly of pitting green boys, however magnificently built, against the seasoned troops of long campaigns, not to have a lurking dread as to the test. I never voiced the question, not even to my own heart; yet Satan, the manufacturer of fear, had not failed to formulate it to my subconsciousness: What if this noble America, so strong, so generous, so ready to respond to that call which Christian had uttered, so eager to pour out its all, with both hands, gladly, gayly—what if now, before the guns of a ruthless and unconquerable foe, she should meet the disaster that would



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bring her to the dust? What if those beloved boys, all sinew and muscle as they were, should go down as I had seen my fellow countrymen go down, in heaps that showed the impotence of valor? I had witnessed so much sacrifice—sacrifice by mistake, sacrifice by lack of skill, sacrifice by lack of knowledge that could have been obtained—that when I looked at these lads my heart sank at moments when it should have been most buoyant.

Then came Seicheprey, and I knew.

Then came the Marne, the Ourcq, the Vesle; and I was satisfied.

For the cause had absorbed me again, heart and soul and mind. I was being sent all over the country, and sometimes into Canada, to speak for it. In this way I came to be in a small town in the Middle West—Mendoza happened to be its name—when, picking up a paper, I saw that a hospital had been bombed. The next edition reported that two doctors and three or four nurses had been killed. The next told us their names. Among the names was . . .

And so he did give his all.

I didn't write to Regina; Regina didn't write to me. She was busy as I was busy; but somewhere in the distance and the silence between us there was a place where our spirits met.

And when we met in person we still didn't speak of it. It was too deep, too sacred, too complicated and strange to go readily into words. It was easier and more natural to talk of something else.

That was at Rosyth, on Long Island, at the end of June. Hearing that I had returned to New York for a rest Hilda Grace asked me down for the week-end, just as she had asked me exactly four years before.

On this occasion she made no attempt to sound me; she mentioned Regina only to say that she was at the red and yellow house on the opposite hill for a little rest on her part. By disappearing after lunch on Sunday she gave me to understand that I was free.

I went to the old Hornblower house by the way I had taken when I had last come away from it—down Mrs. Grace's steps to the beach, along the shore, and up the steps to the lawn where the foxgloves bordered the scrub oak.

I went back to the veranda where I had waited and sat down in one of the same chairs. Taking out a cigarette I lighted it and began to smoke.

Perhaps someone had seen me from a window, for in a little while there was the click of high heels on the bare steps of the stairway. Then out on the veranda came a figure too little to be tall and too tall to be considered little, carrying herself proudly, placing her dainty feet daintily, but advancing toward me instead of going away. She was dressed in white, with a scarlet band about her waist and another about her dashing panama, of the same shade as her lips. In the opening at the neck she wore a string of pearls. Lower down the opening was fastened by a diamond bar pin. In her hand she carried a gold mesh purse, which she threw carelessly on a table as she passed.

She met me as any hostess meets a man who comes to make a call. We talked of the topics of the day, beginning with the weather. From the weather we passed to the war, and to all our anxieties and humiliations through the spring. We could do this, however, with a ray of cheerfulness, because the Château-Thierry salient was beginning to be wiped out.

"But why do things have to happen the way they do?" I asked her. "If we're going to win, why couldn't we have won from the first? What's the use of all this backing and filling, this losing and taking and relosing and retaking the same old ground? Oh, I know there are the usual explanations as to our not being up to the mark in munitions and man power; but I mean what is the explanation from the point of view of an All-Powerful and All-Intelligent -?"

"Isn't it the same explanation that applies to every human life?"

"Well, what's that?"

"I don't know that I can tell you," she smiled thoughtfully; "but I do feel sure that we need our experiences. With minds and natures like ours we're not fitted to go straight and simply from point to point. The long way round has to be our short way home, and—and -the way things happen is the best way. . . . Oh, dear, what's happening?"

It was admirably staged. The slipping of the string of pearls to the floor could hardly have been another accident. For me there was but one thing to do.

Springing to my feet I stooped and picked the necklet up. Having picked it up I put it in my pocket.

I stood smiling down at her. She sat smiling up at me. There was more in that smile than a lifetime of words could have uttered.

But when I was about to pull the pearls out of my pocket again she leaned forward and said huskily: "Don't, Frank. Keep them."

I looked at her, puzzled.

"Why, Regina?"

"Because some day you—you'll give them back to me. Till then they'll be yours. They'll be a symbol—a pledge."

"Will it be—some day—some day—soon?"

"Not so very soon, Frank. I must still have time to—to think of Stephen. I cared for him—in my way."

"I think of him too," I said shakily. "It seems hard that he should have had to give everything when I'm—I'm getting everything."

"Oh, death isn't so terrible—or so significant. There wouldn't be so much of it if it was. I only mean—but I can't explain to you. We must get a little farther on—not only you and I—but our country—our countries -we must give still more—we must at least offer all, even if it isn't all taken away from us—before it's given back to us—renewed—purified."

"And then?"

"Oh, then!"

But the glow in her face said the rest.

[THE END]

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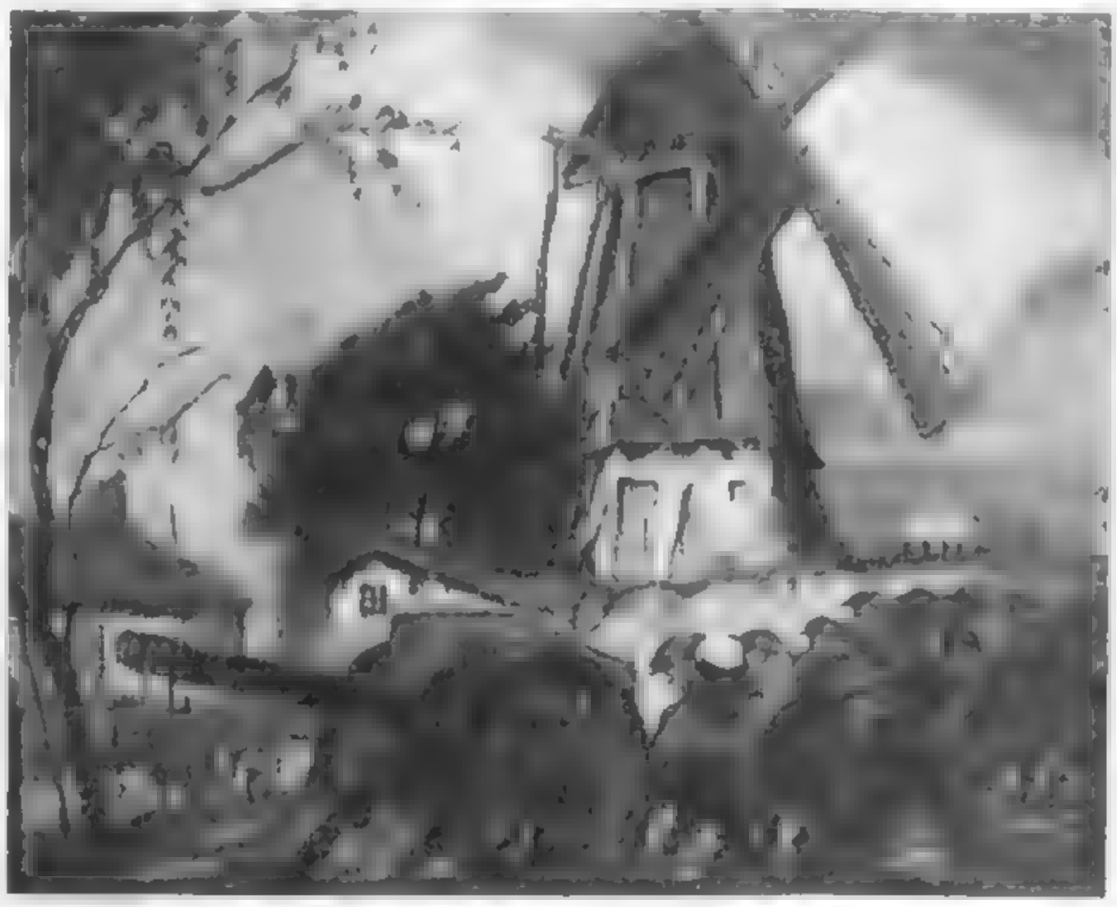

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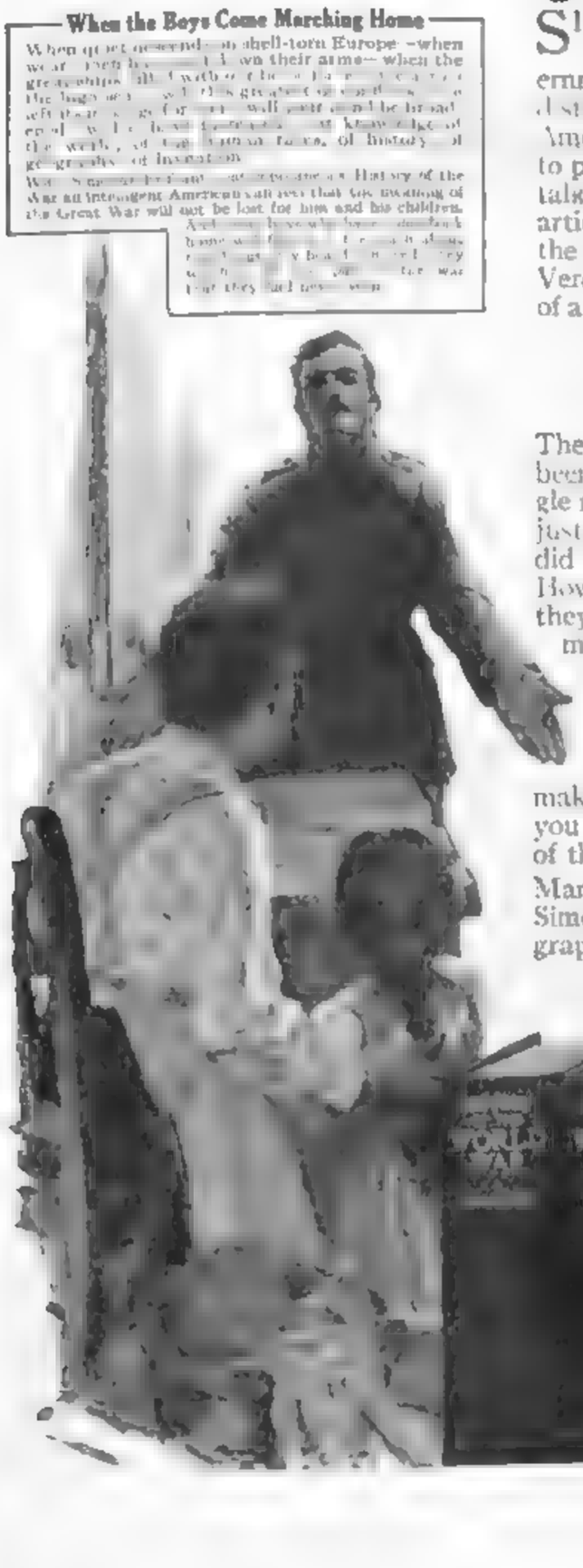

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"Everything is Peaches Down in Georgia"
"Just Like Washington Crossed the Delaware"
"If He Can 'Fight' Like He Can Love"
"If I'm Not At the Roll Call" "It's a Long Way to Berlin"
"Good Morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip" "Homeward Bound"
"Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" "Over There"
"At the Dark Town Strutter's Ball"
"Good-bye Broadway, Hello France"
"Where Do You Go From Here?"
"Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You"

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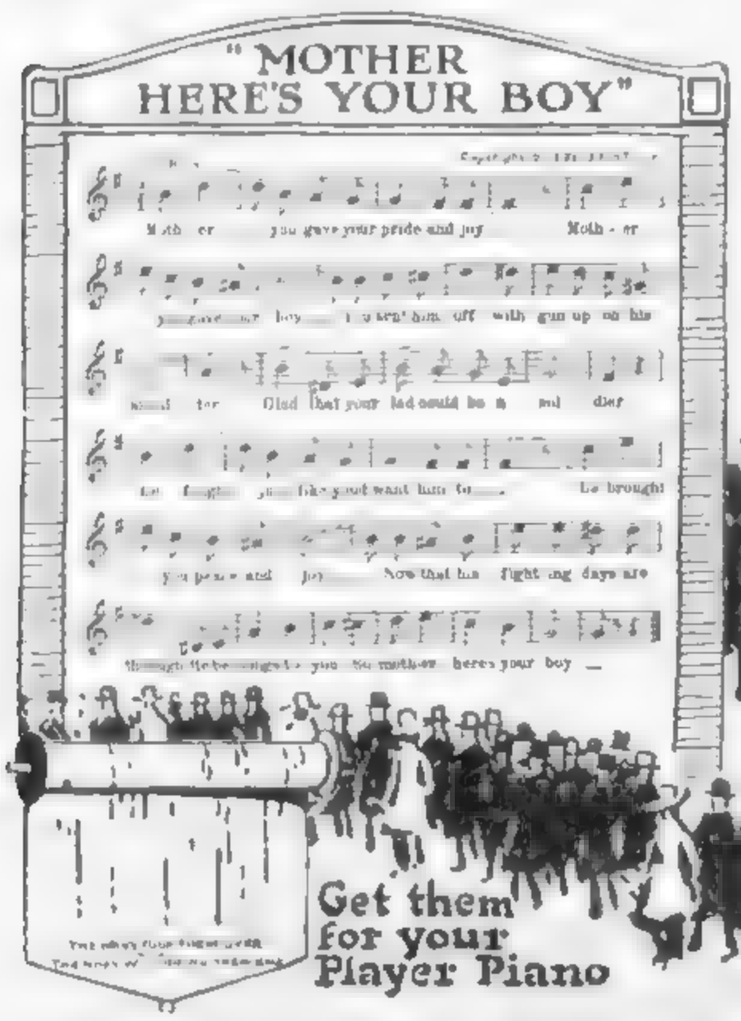

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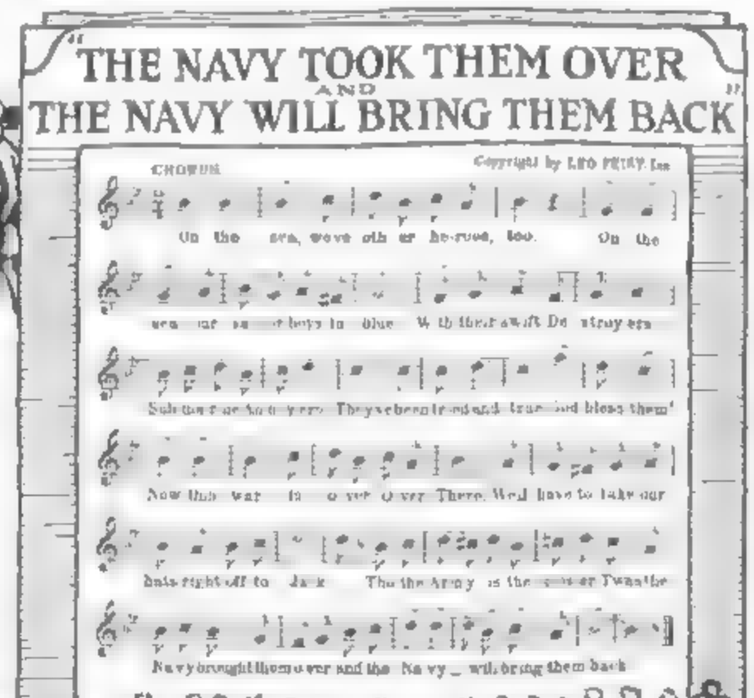
"THE NAVY TOOK THEM OVER AND THE NAVY WILL BRING THEM BACK"
CHORUS
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On the sea, wave oth er he-roes, too. On the
sea our sa lor boys in blue With their swift De stroy ers
Sub-ma-rine Arm y navy They've been tried and true and bless them
Now this war is o ver Over There We'll have to take our
hats right off to Jack Tho the Army is the clo ver 'Twas the
Navy brought them o ver and the Navy will bring them back

Take this page to your piano now and try out the melodies of these inspiring songs or next time you go where music is played, ask to hear them.

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"IN THE LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN"
CHORUS
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There's a land of be ginning a gain Where mistakes are a way
blue Tho we've made mistakes that's true Let's for get the past and
start life a gain Tho we've wandered by a val ley of tears Where
sun shine won't come for ages Let's find that land where
sor row can't ve And can't be thought of for get and for give In the
land of be ginning a gain Where broken dreams come true

THE hits we produced in 1918 have only inspired us to do greater things in 1919. In announcing the three new songs on this page we believe you will agree with us that we have continued to live up to our slogan—"You Can't Go Wrong With Any 'Feist' Song."

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"When a Blue Service Star Turns to Gold"
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"Ja-Da"—*Song-dance craze*
"Dreaming Sweet Dreams of Mother"
"An Irishman Was Made to Love and Fight"
"The Kiss That Made Me Cry"

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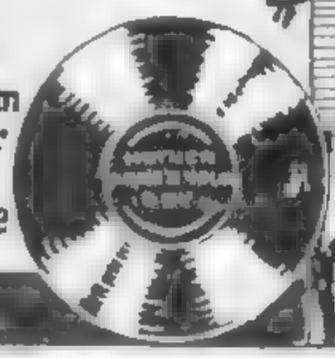

LEO FEIST, Inc. Feist Building, New York

THE AMATEUR HERO

(Continued from Page 11)

Elias Cumbee laughed a white, sickly laugh

"Skeered? Me? I ain't skeered of but one t'ing, Cla'nce, an' dat is ef dat nigger monkeys wid me I'll be 'rested fo' manslaughter. Da's all what Ise skeered of."

"He's a pow'ful big man, 'Lias."

"De bigger dey is, de better de meat. An' 'sides—mebbe he won't come to town."

"He always comes to town pay days," was the cheerful response. "Jes' to see if any other man's fool 'nough to been co'tin' Imigene."

Night brought little sleep to Elias Cumbee. For the first time in his delirious four days he regretted that he had allowed his tongue to keep step with his imagination. By dint of much high-class lying he had builded for himself a reputation of champion all-round hero and untamed bad man.

Clarence and Imogene and Lawyer Evans Chew and Doctor Vivian Simmons and Florian Slappey and Reverend Plato Tubb, and all the other men of parts in the community, knew perfectly well that the elimination of the formidable Cunjer Bill Johnson would be a mere incident in the day's work to Elias Cumbee. The trouble was Cunjer Bill Johnson didn't know it!

Chances were that Cunjer Bill would come to town, seek Imogene, and learn from her disdainful and vitriolic lips the tale of the newly risen Man of the Hour. Whereupon Cunjer Bill Johnson, ignorant of his danger, would camp on the trail of the aforesaid hero, seeking to quaff of his heart's blood. Elias was sickeningly fearful of the prospect.

He spent a weary, floorwalking night. The following morning Pinetop Roller, his pal and partner, commented upon his haggardness. Then Pinetop went out to collect suits in need of pressing, and Elias was left alone in the little office. He wondered about what time they paid off out at Madoc and how long it would take Cunjer Bill to reach town; and ——

"Mornin', Mister Cumbee!"

At the cool suavity of the voice Elias jumped as though he had been shot. Then, as he recognized his visitor, he smiled a weak smile.

"Mawnin', Misto' Chew!"

"How's the pressing business this morning?"

"Tol'able! How's de law business?"

"*De trop!* Very *de trop*, I might say. I want you to send round to Mrs. Chew for a suit of mine. Have it pressed before night, will you, Mister Cumbee?"

"Sho will. I—I—say, Misto' Chew: what yo'-all know 'bout dis yer Cunjer Bill Johnson nigger?"

Lawyer Chew chuckled and shook his head hopelessly.

"Bad egg, Mister Cumbee; a real bad egg!"

"I mean—'bout—'bout him an' Imigene?"

"He's pow'ful jealous of Imigene, Mister Cumbee. I hope you an' Mister Johnson ain't calc'latin' on fightin' over her?"

"We ain't!" answered Elias miserably. "Mebbe so he is; but we ain't—sho 'nuff."

"He's a bad customer, Mister Cumbee; a very bad customer!"

Elias Cumbee produced a ten-cent cigar and stuck it in the face of Lawyer Evans Chew.

"Set down an' tell me somepin' 'bout dis yer Cunjer Bill Johnson, Mister Chew—set down an' tell me somepin' 'bout him. F'r instance: do he skeer easy?"

Lawyer Evans Chew sat down.

So far as Cunjer Bill Johnson was concerned, things happened according to schedule.

He checked out at the tipple house at noon, made his way to the marble showers which the Madoc Mining Company provides for its negro employees, and his Herculean physique glistened under the chilly spray.

He was a massive man; broad and brawny; a clear generation behind the girl of his heart's choice in the matter of evolution. He smiled cheerily with his fellow workers; but once he stepped on a bit of wire and the expression that momentarily disfigured his face wasn't at all pleasant. Fortunately for his own peace of mind, Elias Cumbee was not there to see.

Cunjer Bill left the shower room, dried off with a fresh Turkish towel—also furnished gratis by the company—dressed in his Sunday-go-to-meetin's, which had been hanging in his locker for a fortnight, presented his tag at the pay window, and was handed fifty-eight dollars for two weeks' work. Cunjer Bill was an excellent ore mucker.

At three o'clock he boarded the accommodation train for the city, and at five he was at Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored and comfortably installed in one of her best rooms. An hour later he had purchased an almost-silver comb-brush-and-mirror set in a plush case, secured a shoe shine, and was on his way to the domicile of his ladylove.

Reverend Plato Tubb stopped him en route and gossiped fussily about things in general, and when Cunjer Bill would have unceremoniously pulled away, the Reverend Plato compelled his interest by mention of Imogene. Then he tactfully and gleefully proceeded to tell Cunjer Bill of Imogene's near drowning and of her subsequent engagement to one Elias Cumbee. Cunjer Bill jerked away.

"Where you going?" inquired the Reverend Tubb.

"Gwine see Imigene an' heah dis fumadiddles f'um her own lips."

Which is exactly what he did. He heard it not once or twice, but several times; and Elias did not lose glory in the telling. She elaborated on his heroism and painted him a fire eater and a man-killer, thereby sowing seeds of doubt in the breast of Cunjer Bill. She supplied details of the rescue that had been manufactured by much repetition since the previous Sunday afternoon.

Reverend Plato Tubb happened by, his sensation-loving soul impelling him to the scene of impending drama. Later, Clarence came in. With him were Lawyer Chew and a friend.

And it was into the midst of this gathering that the unsuspecting and terrified Elias Cumbee, seeking sanctuary from the hobgoblin Cunjer Bill, stepped.

"Mister Cumbee," said Imogene sweetly, "I want yo'-all to meet my frien', Mister Johnson. Mister Johnson, meet my fiansay."

Elias' face was pathetic. He stood in his tracks, back against the door, eyes rolling wildly and showing white. Cunjer Bill loomed like a mountain with a thunder-cloud crest. And his voice rumbled:

"So dis de man whut done me dirt, huh?"

"Mister Johnson," broke in Imogene sharply, "'member where yo' is at!"

"I 'members whar dis li'l' shrimp is at!" came the menacing roar. Then he turned his attention to the terrified Cumbee. "Yo'-all know what Ise got a good min' to do?"

No answer from the petrified Elias, whose wide-open eyes were now fastened blankly on the other's face. He hoped that Cunjer Bill was not a fast runner.

"Y'ain't answer me, huh? Well, whut Ise got a good min' to do to yo' is to sqush yo' like dat, see?" And he pressed thumb and forefinger together. "Ise got a good min' ——"

Lawyer Chew bustled forward officiously

"Now, now, Brother Johnson—this is neither the time nor the place ——"

"Yo'-all lay off of dis, Lawyer Chew. It ain't healthy fo' no man to combat wid me w'en Ise mad—an' Ise plumb mad now. Ef 'twas a he-man cut me out —— But a shrimp like dis! Huh!"

"I woul'n't go foolin' with him, Cunjer Bill," warned Clarence. "He's a powerful bad nigger."

Cunjer Bill looked at Elias and then at Clarence. There was truth reflected in Clarence's face; his words were saturated with the nuance of conviction. Cunjer Bill wondered whether he might not be mistaken. Maybe Elias was a real killer: and he knew that all the brawn in creation is not proof against a bullet. Still, Elias didn't look bad, and—doubtful as he had become—Cunjer Bill was not ready to capitulate.

"Him?" he muttered doubtfully. "Dat li'l' speck o' nothin'—bad? I got half a min' ——"

Cold clammy terror gripped Elias Cumbee. For the first time in his life he knew physical fear. And, also, for the first time in his sequestered life he experienced the courage of a cornered rat. He opened parched lips—closed them again; then croaked a warning:

"Keep yo' hands offen me!"

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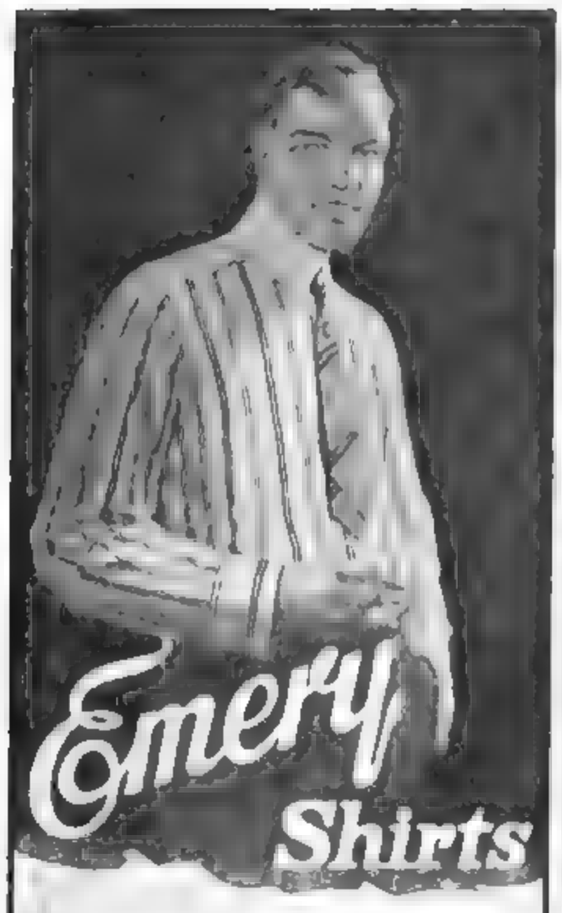

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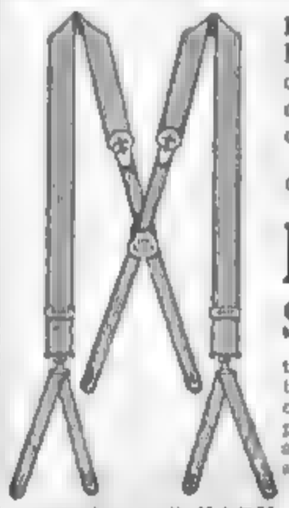

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"I reckon"—Cunjer Bill took a tentative step forward—"I'll jes' sqush yo'!"

"Careful, Brother Johnson!" warned the Reverend Plato. "Brother Cumbee's gittin' mad."

Cunjer Bill paused. He sensed that the fear of the spectators was fear for and not of him. He advanced another step in the direction of his quivering rival.

Elias' voice rose high with hysteria:

"Folks, yo'-all better keep him offen me! I—I—gwine kill him!"

He was startled by his own words. The others were not. Even Cunjer Bill was not startled. He began to fear that he had undertaken a job which common sense demanded that he should abandon. He got the idea that Elias was fighting to restrain himself. Cumbee, nerves raw, rattled on hysterically:

"I ain't got nothin' agin yo', Cunjer Bill. But sho's yo' come nigh me I'll kill yo'! Keep 'im offen me, folks! I ain't askin' fo' no ruckus. Keep 'im offen me!"

Evans Chew took the arm of Cunjer Bill. And this time his peace proposals met with no opposition.

"Better come away, Bill. He's awful bad—that Cumbee feller. You is li'ble to get him angry; an' he's a killer, he is! Got a bad record down to Dothan. Packs a gun an' a knife, both."

"Ef I had a gun ——" temporized the rapidly subsiding Cunjer Bill.

"But you ain't. Better come with me before there's bloodshed."

Thoroughly cowed, grumbling defiance to camouflage the fear that had been born in his heart, Cunjer Bill Johnson gladly allowed Evans Chew to convoy him into the alley. Once there, the lawyer breathed a sigh of infinite relief.

"Brother Johnson," he proclaimed convincingly, "you-all sure done had one terrible narrow escape."

"Dat—dat li'l' shrimp don't look lak no killer."

"You mean to tell me, Brother Johnson, that nobody warned you-all he was bad medicine?"

"Yeh; dey warn' me. But he ain't look bad."

"Ain't you see it in his eye? He wasn't more'n ten seconds from killin' you. An' I ain't so sure he ain't countin' on it yet. Take my advice an' git out of town before he gets a good chancet at you alone in the open."

"Whut c'n he do to me, huh?"

"He ain't never missed a man yet. He's plumb bad. They really ain't but two things you-all can do."

"An' dem is?"

"Get out of town or put him under a peace bond."

"Whut dat peace-bon' business?"

"Make a afterdavit that he threatened to kill you an' then swear out a warrant. They'll 'rest him an' put him under bond to keep the peace *ipso facto*."

"How dat *ipso-facto* t'ing 'fect me?"

"When a man is under a peace bond," explained the attorney and counselor, "the law don't allow him to kill nobody, nohow!"

"Dat so? How much it cost me to git dat peace bond agin him?"

"My fee in the matter will be twenty-five dollars."

"An' yo'-all t'ink ef I don't git it he'll plug me?"

"I do. He's an awful bad nigger."

"A' right!" And Cunjer Bill drew a deep breath. "I reckon it's cheap at dat, ain't it?"

"It is," agreed Lawyer Evans Chew. "It's pow'ful lucky you didn't temp' him no further, 'cause if you had you'd of been round a heap of flowers an' soft music, an' you wouldn't of knowed nothin' about it."

The following morning Elias Cumbee found an athletic-appearing white man waiting for him at the door of the Pinetop Roller Pressing Club.

"Are you Elias Cumbee?" the stranger asked, consulting a paper

"Yaseuh."

"Come with me."

"Whar to?"

"I have a warrant for your arrest on peace-bond proceedings."

"Fo' me?"

"Yes; for you. Come along!"

"Jes' a minnit, cap'n. Who swear out dat warrant?"

"Is Yo' the Man What Saved My Life?"

"William Johnson, also known as Cunjer Bill Johnson."

Elias Cumbee went. At the magistrate's office he found Cunjer Bill Johnson under the wing of Lawyer Evans Chew. Under Chew's questioning Cunjer Bill made out an excellent bill of causes why Elias Cumbee should be placed under a cash bond of two hundred dollars to keep the peace. And finally the magistrate turned to Cumbee.

"Elias Cumbee?"

"Yassuh, jedge; da's me."

"What have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothin', jedge; nothin' a-tall."

"Did you threaten this man?"

"Reckon I did, jedge."

Out of the corner of his eye Cumbee glimpsed the adored Imogene in a corner of the tiny courtroom.

"Reckon I kinder mentioned I might hu't 'im ef he gallivanted round wid me, jedge."

"You threatened him with bodily injury?"

"Reckon da's de onlies' kin' ob injury he'd onderstan', ain't it?"

"Can you state any good and sufficient reasons why you should not be placed under bond to maintain the peace and dignity of the state? And especially against the person of William Johnson, also known as Cunjer Bill Johnson?"

"Guess dey ain't no reason a-tall, jedge; 'cause if I ain't put under dat bon' Ise li'ble to sqush dat big lummox; an' I ain't anxious to do no time fo' no sech wutnless no-'count ——"

"That'll do, Cumbee!" The magistrate scribbled swiftly on a legal form. "When can you raise a cash bond of two hundred dollars?"

With easy nonchalance Elias Cumbee produced from his battered wallet ten twenty-dollar bills.

"Ef I don't beat dat feller up, jedge, will I git dis money back agin?"

The magistrate smiled.

"At the end of six months—if you keep the peace."

With Imogene on his arm—Imogene atremble with pride and love—Elias Cumbee swaggered from the courtroom. He waited on the corner and intercepted Cunjer Bill.

"Misto' Cunjer Bill," orated the little negro, "yo'-all is wiser'n yo' look. Whut yo' is jes done saves yo' life. Ef yo'-all hadn't of stopped me by law from killin' yo' yo'-all would of been a daid nigger befo' night. Now git outen my path! Ise walkin' wid my lady frien', an' I don't wanna be bothered wid no trash!"

The following morning Lawyer Evans Chew again dropped into the Pinetop Roller Pressing Club. Elias Cumbee was behind the counter, whistling happily.

"Mornin', Brother Cumbee!"

"Mawnin', Lawyer Chew!"

"It certainly worked, didn't it?"

"It done dat, sho' 'nuff!"

"Cunjer Bill's done left town, scared stiff. Ain't any chance of his bothering you again."

Cumbee chuckled.

"An' Ise boun' by law not to hu't him? Dat was a swell scheme, Brother Chew."

"I got some pretty good ideas, Brother Cumbee. Course I had to talk mighty convincin' to make him believe you meant to kill him. An' now there's a little matter ——" He hesitated.

Elias Cumbee reached into a drawer from which he extracted twenty-five dollars, which he handed to Lawyer Chew.

"Da's yo'r fee fo' makin Cunjer Bill git out dat peace bon' aginst me. An'"—he grinned broadly—"I reckon yo'-all c'n put some ob dat into a weddin' present. Me an' Imigene is gwine git married nex' Sunday!"

And It Sailed Away

A NEGRO regiment was getting its first baptism of fire. As the shell exploded, one sturdy buck threw himself on the ground and howled aloud. An officer remonstrated with him.

"You're not scared, are you?"

"Suttinly Ah'm scairt, lieutenant. Why wouldn't a man be scairt?"

"Didn't you come over here to fight?"

"No, suh. Indeed Ah did not! Ah didn' come a-a-a-tall! Ah was brung."

"Brung? What do you mean by that?"

"Well, lieutenant, it was like this: Ah'm down there in Atlanta an' Ah heahs dat niggers in New York is gittin' seben an' eight dollehs a day faw doin' nothin' much but totin' empty barrels an' such round de docks. Ah gits one of them jobs, and Ah'm doin' well till one day 'long comes a white man. He says:

"'You-all niggehs is too good to be only gittin' eight dollehs a day. All you boys whut want to sign up faw ten dollehs a day step right in that door yondeh. Lieutenant, they was a big warehouse there by the side of 'at dock, an' we goes through the door. Then they shuts the door behind us, an' suh, that warehouse jes' up an sailed away!"

"The greatest bottle maker in the world."

A mighty tool and a vital factor in better bottles.

A Partial View of the Alton, Ill., Plant, Illinois Glass Company

For Better Bottles

Look for the "Diamond I" I *on Every Bottle You Buy*

SINCE 1873, under the same management and policy, the Illinois Glass Company has been developing better methods of bottle production.

The tiny vial holding but a fraction of an ounce, the giant carboy, or the thousand and one styles and sizes between—each presents individual problems that have been so successfully solved as to win recognized leadership for the "Diamond-I" organization.

The few customers of the early days have grown into such an army of discriminating buyers that several great plants, running night and day, are hard pressed to meet all demands.

The confidence in "Diamond-I" bottles has brought a demand for other kindred services until, today, a complete line of bottlers' needs are met, each through a special individualized department under the general quality policy.

This includes corks of the better qualities—labels and cartons for every variety of bottled products—bottling and packaging machinery, from the small hand-operated unit to complete bottling plants—wood and corrugated fibre shipping cases and products as well as bottlers' supplies.

"Everything Between the Formula and the Sale"

Illinois Glass Company

Better bottle makers since 1873

General Offices, Alton, Ill.

BRANCHES

New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Denver, Kansas City, Dallas, New Orleans, Memphis, St. Louis, Peoria, Louisville, Cincinnati, Atlanta

Keep Your Teeth for Life

If you knew how many thousands of men and women past middle age wear false teeth, you perhaps would consider more carefully your chances for keeping your normal teeth for life. According to the law of averages, your chances are not nearly as good as you may have imagined them to be.

"Acid-Mouth"—a *sly*, *tasteless* condition—may be shortening the life of your teeth at this very moment.

If the dental authorities are right in their opinion, you are a very exceptional person if you are free from an unfavorable acid condition of the mouth. In fact, *you are 1 in 20*. For 19 in every 20 are said to have "Acid-Mouth," and it is thought to be the chief cause of all tooth decay. It works gradually, but never lets up. And if left unchecked, it may render false teeth necessary for you later in life.

Pebeco Tooth Paste is a dentifrice that effectively counteracts unfavorable mouth acids. It helps to check the condition, and it whitens and polishes the teeth, invigorates the gums, increases the healthy flow of saliva, improves the breath, and furthers the health of the whole mouth.

Combine the twice-a-day use of Pebeco Tooth Paste with twice-yearly examinations of your teeth by your dentist. This way you are more likely to keep your teeth for life.

Send for Free Litmus Test Papers

Moisten one of the blue Litmus Test Papers on your tongue. Remove it and if it turns pink, you have "Acid-Mouth." If it remains blue your mouth is normal. Another test with a second Litmus paper, after using Pebeco, will show you how Pebeco tends to counteract the condition.

Pebeco is sold by druggists everywhere

Made by LEHN & FINK, Inc.
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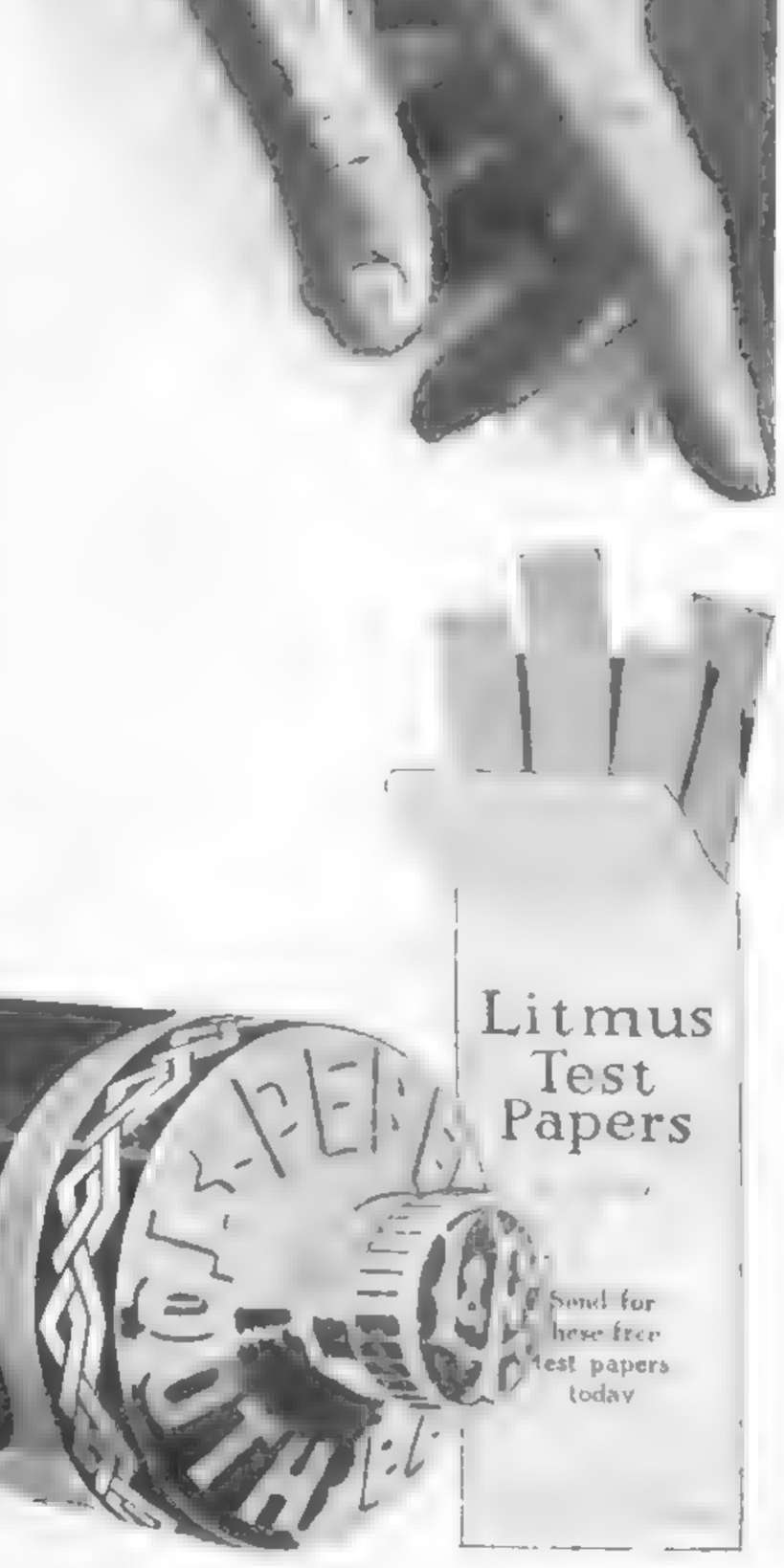


HOW MANY SEEDS IN A POMEGRANATE?

(Continued from Page 22)

with me: these cattlemen are the carefulest boys in the world about exercising their moo cows. I've shot no end of Western stuff, and it sure burns up money."

No; it's a long road from those nine trunks to the presidency of this great University of Things; managing its huge finances and holding down the chair of general information, taxidermy, cheating, and so on, with Bess as dean of all the highbrow sciences and ologies.

And this is how Bessie was indirectly the founder of the U. of T.: One day she said to me:

"Steve, you are the most observant fellow in the world; those gray eyes of yours don't miss a stitch. And I think you know more ridiculous and useless things than all the almanac editors combined; but you remind me of a one-man band—it's marvelous, but it isn't music. Now I suggest that you bunch your wits on the financial end of this property stuff and make it a business instead of a job."

So I did. I began to get cost sheets; wheedled small sums out of the office; watched the For-Sale liners and auction sales; and began to pick up quite a respectable lot of stuff. Within a year or so it began to assume the dignity of a collection; and then, just as I had the office converted to some real spending, came the order to cut in all departments. And, to add to our distress, another of those darned efficiency fellows came out from the East to show us up. As I had the most expensive department on the lot, the gang all said: "Here's where Steve gets his!" But I was laying for them; and so when the efficiency bird got round to me I had some figures that made his eyes bulge out, and at the meeting several weeks later he pulled all my dope as though it was his own discovery.

"And now, in connection with the property department," he said, looking like one of those ads that point accusingly at you, "though it represents the greatest investment on the lot, I find its charge against production very low. The dealers who rent props make enormous money. You must, therefore, rent from yourself. A set of furniture pays for itself in ten usages; and I understand Mr. Sturgess has a large revenue in renting to other studios. But, above all, the greatest cost element in this business is time."

Praise From an Expert

"If the overhead charge against one company is a thousand dollars a day, and you can cut the making of a picture from twenty-five to eighteen days, you have saved seven thousand dollars; and an enormous amount of time can be saved if you build your sets and have your properties right on the lot. It is cheaper to own a hundred-dollar chair than to lose four hundred by holding up a company while you send downtown to rent one. The most economical thing you can do is to invest heavily in properties; and I suggest that fifty thousand dollars be set aside as a fund for such an investment!"

That was the beginning of a new idea in economy—spend on equipment; save on time.

Properties are not only the inanimate things I mentioned a while back; they include everything but the scenery, sets and human actors. A goat is a prop, notwithstanding he may be a better actor than the leading man. We have a few dogs, in fact, which are so much more intelligent than some actors that they have outgrown their classification as props and are now in the headlines, drawing regular weekly salaries. The prop man naturally takes pride in the success of his charges, and we get our most delicious fun in joshing a "flimflavorite" when he has to support a dog. Imagine the artistic ignominy in playing second to a goldfish! Domestic pets often get bigger hands than the hero.

In their last analyses properties are used to alibi environment. We have symbolic props for sickness, death, poverty, affluence, and what not. One doesn't find an anvil in a beauty parlor or a fried egg on a lace handkerchief. Things are identified with certain places and we must know these things. Many symbols are no longer true, but they have become so associated in the public mind that to omit them is dangerous.

For instance, the modern overall has largely supplanted the colorful costumes formerly peculiar to certain crafts; yet we dare not always use them. Merchant sailors do not wear pinafore panties, nor do cowboys all wear hair pants; but if we put them in jumpers we lose the alibi of the deep sea or the plains, and if we don't we get indignant letters from the wearers. A simple kit is not enough to characterize a doctor—he might be mistaken for a piano tuner; so we have to add the septic foliage of the medical profession.

Of course accepted symbols do not excuse such outrageous violations as using a 1918 calendar in a Civil War story, or permitting G. Washington to cross the Delaware with a forty-eight-starred flag. It is only a thoughtless director or ignorant property man who will show Mark Antony in pyjamas—howsoever Egyptian the cut.

It is curious how folks like to air their own knowledge and show up the other fellow. Let us make the slightest mistake and the protesting letters are downright violent. They are sent to us as personal insults, or to the movie magazines as humorous contributions. Everybody from the lemon picker to the railroad president has a special knowledge—or thinks he has—that makes him itch to exhibit his superiority. Sometimes the whole show will be spoiled for an expert because of one discordant prop.

Careful Sir Henry

"I've worked in a laundry four years and I never saw soap like that. It's a wonder you dubs wouldn't learn to make pictures." And the joke is that in this particular case the soap was procured at one of the large Los Angeles laundries; Bessie got it herself and saw them using it.

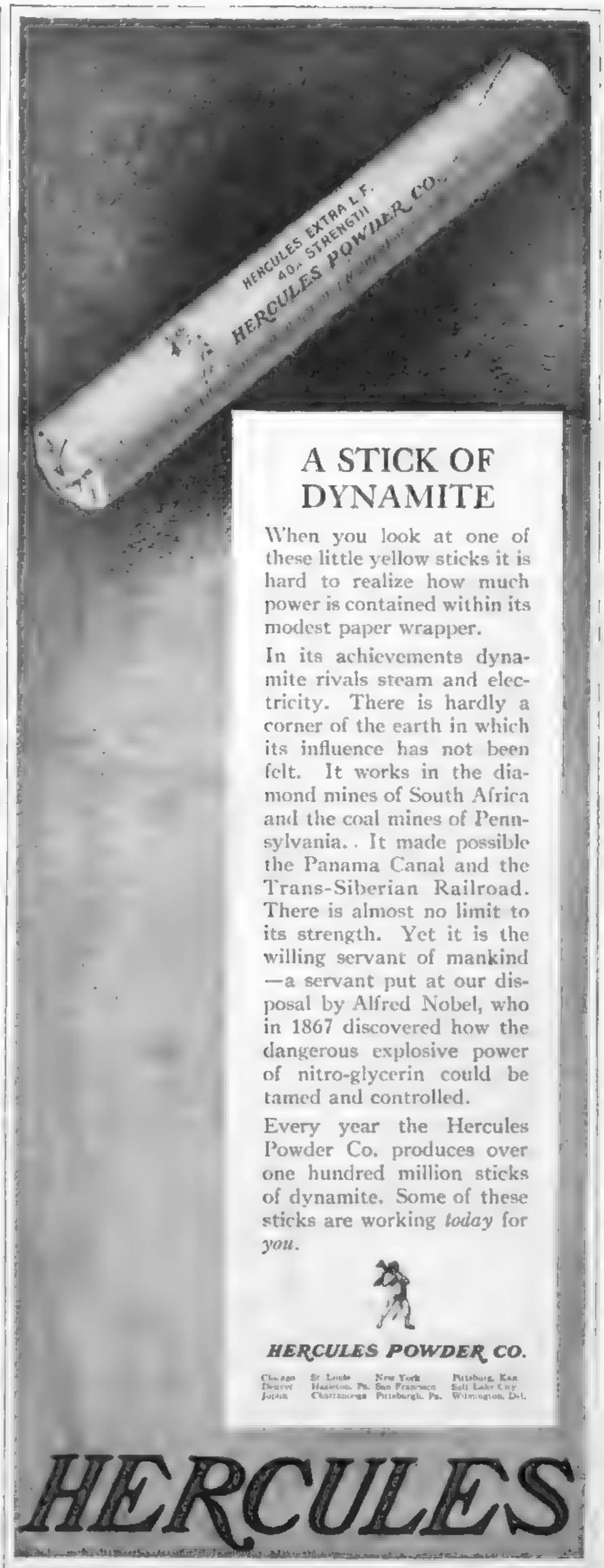
"Dear Sir: I'm an old man, but I don't ever remember seeing a printing press like you showed in Hunter's Home-Coming. It's too bad!" And so on. The press was absolutely correct. The old man had failed to see it in his youth—that's all!

It is true that some studios pay scant attention to the verity of their sets and props, and slam ahead, either not knowing or not caring whether they are correct or not. But, even with our extraordinary watchfulness over details, the number of letters we get protesting this, that or the other thing is quite staggering. So strongly is this protesting characteristic developed in the English that Henry Irving never put on a big production without having every detail O. K'd by the most authoritative body at hand.

One time—I got this from his property man—he was setting a royal chamber scene and the great velvet curtains covering the walls were ornamented with a design showing half a Tudor rose and half a pomegranate side by side. When members of the Royal Society of Antiquarians saw it they promptly blew up, and the dear old fellows nearly came to blows over the number of seeds the pomegranate should exhibit. For one merry week the ancient brains of Britain wrestled with the profound question; musty tomes were dug up from the dusty bowels of the British Museum; and all the while Irving and his company marked time until the thing was settled satisfactorily.

Silly? Not at all. Irving's productions were notoriously correct and the accurate settlement of that fruity question headed off a perfect bombardment of indignant letters to the Times—the greatest indoor sport in England—and permitted many to come to the show who otherwise would have remained away lest the misplaced seed should choke their esthetic appreciation of the drama.

Naturally, in a world so crowded with things, we cannot know everything; and I think we should be forgiven if the buttons are not encyclopedically correct. But when we make a serious blunder we are glad to be set right; in fact, all letters of criticism are filed away under their proper heads for future reference. For instance, we did a fox hunt a while ago that brought such an avalanche of letters that we are now



A STICK OF DYNAMITE

When you look at one of these little yellow sticks it is hard to realize how much power is contained within its modest paper wrapper.

In its achievements dynamite rivals steam and electricity. There is hardly a corner of the earth in which its influence has not been felt. It works in the diamond mines of South Africa and the coal mines of Pennsylvania. It made possible the Panama Canal and the Trans-Siberian Railroad. There is almost no limit to its strength. Yet it is the willing servant of mankind—a servant put at our disposal by Alfred Nobel, who in 1867 discovered how the dangerous explosive power of nitro-glycerin could be tamed and controlled.

Every year the Hercules Powder Co. produces over one hundred million sticks of dynamite. Some of these sticks are working *today* for *you*.

HERCULES POWDER CO.

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Denver Hazleton, Pa. San Francisco Salt Lake City
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HERCULES

"See Here, Tockstein, We Need You in Our Business"

How a Patriotic Letter Carrier Came to be Deluged with Fine Business Offers

In Fresno, California, there is a wide-awake young man named Tockstein. Until recently, he wore the blue-gray uniform of the Post Office and delivered letters for Uncle Sam. He was ambitious, and he knew that to get on he must not look for aid outside himself but within.

He had very little time and he was always very tired when he was through with his day's work. But he found a way—and that way is open to you too. The first result of his new way was that he sold 37,744 thrift stamps in one day—breaking all records—simply because he had learned a new way to do the work of three people in one short day without getting tired.

And the next result was that because of his record-breaking feat, he has had offer after offer from responsible business houses at a big increase in salary. He hasn't decided yet which to take—they are all so good.

Now what he did was simple. He sent a coupon like the one at the bottom of this page for

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$125 A MONTH
For MEN and WOMEN

MEN and WOMEN, ages 16 to 45, who have finished 8th grade or [illegible] are wanted, [illegible] each county, for [illegible] positions paying from $85 to $125 a month; [illegible] chances for promotion; no [illegible] we train you. Clip and mail this

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and mail me, with your name and address, to The Curtis Publishing Company, 810 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. I will bring you full details about how you can make $5 or $10 a week *extra* in your *spare* time!

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USN
DECK PAINT
for porches, floors and walls
TRUE ECONOMY
Labor is scarce and wages high. Conserve labor [illegible] using the highest
THE BILLINGS-CHAPIN CO.
Boston Cleveland, Ohio New York
DRIES HARD OVERNIGHT

prepared to reënact the scene and have it faithful to every locality where they pursue the festive anise.

The amusing blunders of the low-browed director and the lower-browed property man—if such a facial contour is possible—must not be understood as the universal practice; and if the average fan knew the care some studios exercise to have their props and scenes correct he would hesitate before taking his foolish pen in hand. When a Filmart script is completed three copies are made—one for the company, one for the technical department, and one for the props; the research department writing its advice on all three.

In the case of historical plays, where accuracy is a major factor, Bessie and her highbrows watch us every minute. Looking over my prop plot for a famous feature picture, I find this notation appended: "The spears of the Greek phalanx were of different lengths, so that the points of those in the second and third lines came even with those of the first. Do not provide side arms for the soldiers without first consulting this department."

And on the script of the director was added this comment: "The Greek phalanx, as a military formation, was irresistible until the Persians learned to break it up with elephants—the first tanks! Why not stage such a scene? It would be thrilling to the fan and interesting to the scholar."

And again, in another part, Bessie added this note: "In the Greek Section of the British Museum there is a little bronze tablet that was placed outside the theater when the show was a success. It corresponds with the modern Standing Room Only! sign. It says: Theater Full. Great applause! It would add immensely to the human interest of exterior Number Forty-two. You could translate it in a title."

About a certain play of the Middle Ages a college professor wrote in: "I note with approval your fidelity in historical data; so it gave me a decided shock to see the heroine using a modern safety pin!" Bessie took a wallop at her typewriter and told the professor where he could find safety pins identical with ours that were used in 325 B. C.!

The aforesaid professor exhibits a curious but almost universal human vanity in thinking that our age represents the beginning of wisdom. Most people think we invented everything from cafeterias to jointed dolls, whereas the ancients knew both. The service at a Roman banquet was not unlike a modern steam table, where one helps himself as he files by the eats. The only difference was that the Roman diner remained seated while the food circulated round the table on grills and braziers. As for jointed dolls, the Greek kiddies had admirable ones; and, furthermore, they pushed them about in gocarts.

Good Old Times in Babylon

There seem to be two things absolutely immemorial; these are toys and games of children. Bessie has dug up pictures showing the Egyptian children playing hop-scotch, checkers, leapfrog and jacks; spinning tops, rolling hoops, and playing most of the other games we think were original with our grandparents. The toys found buried with Egyptian children are amazingly similar to our own.

And no doubt the Egyptians thought of the Babylonians very much as we think of them; but listen to this and then contemplate the newness of things: In the British Museum—I got this from Bess—there is a great collection of cuneiform writings—mostly on bricks.

On one of these is a letter from a father, who was an armorer in a small town, to his son, who had gone to Babylon to school. In it the father reminds his hopeful of his obligations, warns him of the temptations of the big city, and ends by writing a sentiment that has been characteristic of fathers for thousands of years. "You are upon evil days," he said in effect; and then expressed a longing for the good old days when he was young!

The world is very old, and men have been living, running in debt, playing games and giving advice since the beginning of things; but a course in our unique university gives one a sober perspective, and makes one charitable to the great army of critics who are so sure they never did so-and-so at such-and-such a time.

"In the big scene one of Queen Elizabeth's ladies-in-waiting was violently chewing gum!" comments a "brite" and sarcastic weekly. Well, how do you know she didn't? Ladies-in-waiting did lots of things in Queen Elizabeth's day that you know nothing about.

When it comes to costumes, military and otherwise, we have access to every reference published; and if these do not suffice there is a chap in Hartford, Connecticut, who is the greatest authority in the world on such subjects. That fellow can tell you offhand the kind of shoulder straps worn by a second lieutenant of the Chilean Army in the eighteenth century.

Then, besides the curators of museums, the universities, state societies, and other organizations, we have at all times on the lot an army of from two to five hundred people from every walk of life. In a bunch like that there is always somebody who knows how they waltzed in Virginia before the war; how to shoe a horse, harness a dog sled, build a whisky still, or handle a water moccasin.

And, speaking of snakes, the living creatures are perhaps the strangest props we have to provide. For instance, I must know at all times where we can get everything from a flea circus to a pack of hounds. Only last week a director called up and said he wanted about thirty feet of film showing a buzzard soaring in the sky. We rigged up a camera with a telescopic lens on a light auto chassis and started out to look for a buzzard, for all the world like an anti-aircraft gun crew seeking a boche.

It wasn't hard to find the buzzard; there are lots of them out here. And there is one in particular that has had his eye on me ever since I came to California. So when we came within camera shot we maneuvered all over the landscape, first up the road and then across country, and succeeded in getting enough buzzard stuff to last us a lifetime. Now when we show a soldier or prospector dying on the desert, we can flash to his undertaker with appalling realism.

How to Make Roosters Crow

Every studio has a few animals, but when we need jungle beasts we go to the zoo. There is a woman living over in the foothills who raises and trains cats—lions, pumas and tigers—solely for vaudeville and the picture companies.

There are always great hazards in working with the animals, not so much because of physical danger as from their artistic temperaments and mortuary risks. Many a picture has been taken with one animal and finished with another. Our greatest cut-up began a picture with a little pup just on the threshold of his doghood, and the famous comedian became so attached to him that he didn't care how long it took to make the film, with the result that he was reminded one day he'd have to hurry or the story would finish with a full-grown meat hound. And as all the action took place in one day the phenomenon would not have been understood.

Making dogs howl at the moon is easy; for they, one and all, will howl an accompaniment to a wailing violin or cornet. Then some great naturalist learned the trick of making a rooster crow by simply sticking a drop of gooey molasses under the roof of his beak. The fowl doesn't actually sing, but the contortions he goes through in releasing the confection from his palate produce the desired cinematographic effect.

You have seen a donkey bray in a comedy film? Well, he is doing it in answer to another one who knows the language of his tribe. Every studio has some fellow who possesses all the barnyard accomplishments and can give wonderful imitations of his four-footed brothers. Cats and dogs can be made to smile by the use of an elastic round the neck under the fur. One may even make a fish register surprise by tapping the bowl.

Sometimes it is hard to secure certain animals; so this compels us to cheat. Wolves and coyotes are usually available, but they can be easily faked; and in long shots even lions can be doubled by dogs properly tonsured. One time we were doing one of those merry "cesspool of life" morality plays; so I provided twenty fine large sewer rats for the purpose. The creatures were so vicious, however, that the actors were afraid to work with them; so a lot of big white rats, as gentle as rabbits, were given a bath of slate gray; and they made very sewery understudies.

All studios do not regard animals as props. The point was settled at the Climax

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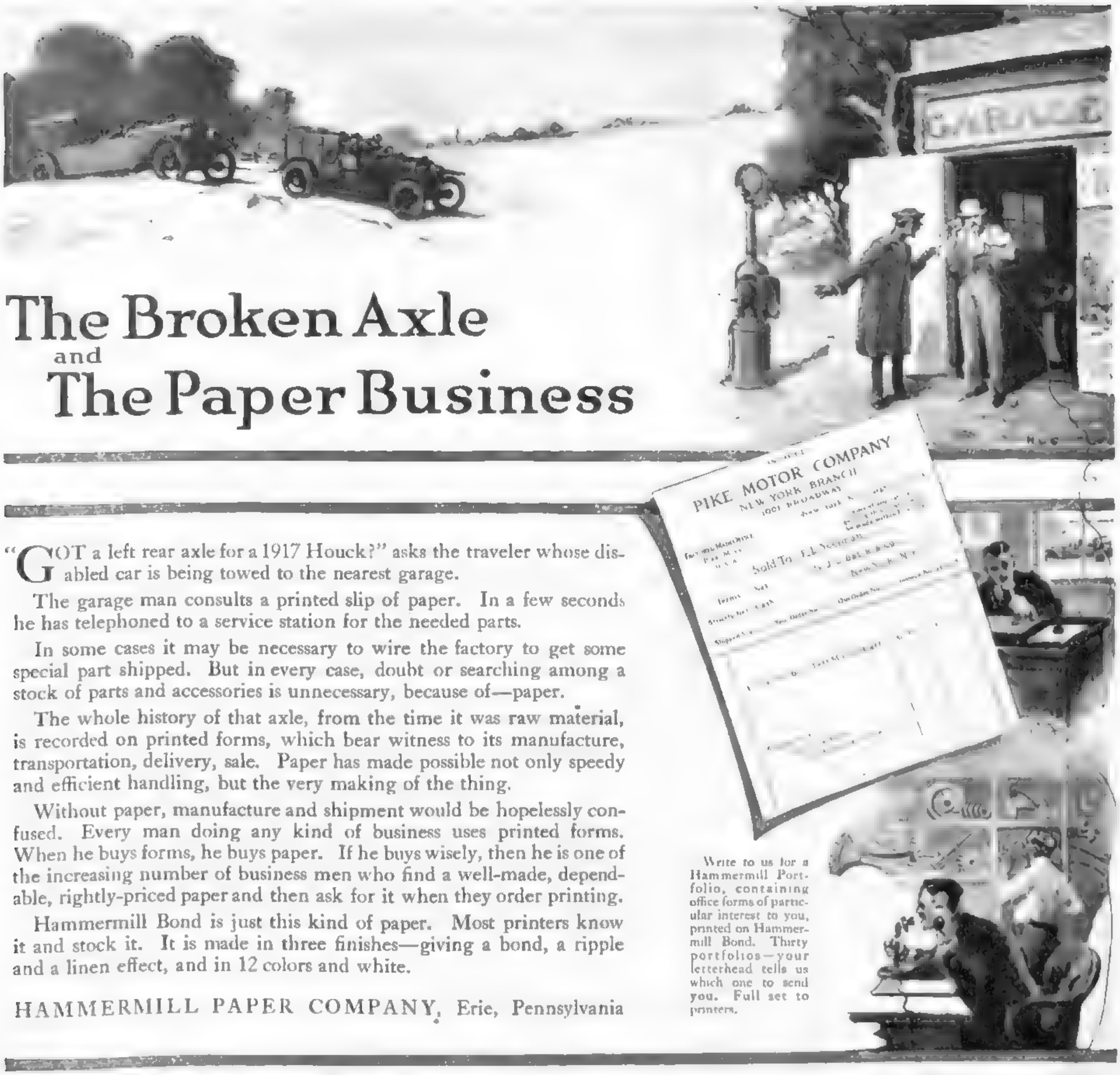

The Broken Axle and The Paper Business

"GOT a left rear axle for a 1917 Houck?" asks the traveler whose disabled car is being towed to the nearest garage.

The garage man consults a printed slip of paper. In a few seconds he has telephoned to a service station for the needed parts.

In some cases it may be necessary to wire the factory to get some special part shipped. But in every case, doubt or searching among a stock of parts and accessories is unnecessary, because of—paper.

The whole history of that axle, from the time it was raw material, is recorded on printed forms, which bear witness to its manufacture, transportation, delivery, sale. Paper has made possible not only speedy and efficient handling, but the very making of the thing.

Without paper, manufacture and shipment would be hopelessly confused. Every man doing any kind of business uses printed forms. When he buys forms, he buys paper. If he buys wisely, then he is one of the increasing number of business men who find a well-made, dependable, rightly-priced paper and then ask for it when they order printing.

Hammermill Bond is just this kind of paper. Most printers know it and stock it. It is made in three finishes—giving a bond, a ripple and a linen effect, and in 12 colors and white.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, Erie, Pennsylvania

Write to us for a Hammermill Portfolio, containing office forms of particular interest to you, printed on Hammermill Bond. Thirty portfolios—your letterhead tells us which one to send you. Full set to printers.

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"

The Convenient Drug Store

A National Service that Links the Laboratory and the Home

DO YOU realize how often you visit the druggist? You call upon him for many little comforts, daily necessities and products that safeguard health or prolong life. He maintains, ***for you,*** a service that deserves your support.

The Johnson & Johnson institution stands behind your druggist. As our Government is now gradually releasing Johnson & Johnson from active war service, you need no longer conserve; indeed, you will be able to ***increase*** your use of Red Cross products.

Those who are careful about their skin know Johnson's Toilet and Baby Powder as an old standby. It is a scientific laboratory product, suggested by a physician and recommended by physicians and nurses. Antiseptic and daintily perfumed, it keeps the skin cool, soft, and comfortable. The ***standard*** Baby Powder.

Men folks can aid the skin and ease the shave by using Johnson's Shaving Cream Soap. Makes a rich, billowy, antiseptic lather. Perfected in a scientific laboratory way, it is a ***different*** kind of shaving cream. Sealed until used. Ask your druggist about other Johnson & Johnson Red Cross products.

Johnson & Johnson

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Makers of Surgical Dressings, Gauze, Absorbent Cotton, Bandages, Toilet and Baby Powder, Medicated Soaps, Plasters, Zonas Adhesive Plaster, Synol Soap, Lister's Fumigator, Dental Floss, and other Red Cross products for use in hospital and home.

(Continued from Page 102)

when a dispute arose between the casting director and the property man as to whether a bear was an actor or a prop. After a violent wrangle, during which most uncomplimentary remarks were made about the artists on the lot, it was at last decided that a bear was an actor and should be supplied by the casting director. It seems a fair classification.

When the script calls for a practical stove it means a stove that will work; so we have to build a chimney, with a forced draft, and all that.

In one story my prop plot called for a practical hornets' nest. Well, there was nothing to do but go to the woods and get one. Fortunately one of the boys could talk hornet; so we delivered the prop without casualties. But a tender regard for the proprieties compels me to fade out on the scene where our most beautiful actor played opposite a bunch of hornets. They were practical hornets, all right, and they worked beautifully.

I once borrowed a green parrot named Hector for a Peruvian story, and the bird added immensely to his vocabulary while working at the studio. Later the owner wrote that every time the family showed unusual movement the creature would call "Camera!" And then she added—this is pretty strong, but it makes a good story—"And one morning, when Fred was kissing me good-by at the door Hector called 'Cut!'" Which reminds me of an actor at the Climax who got soft on a little girl he was playing with; and one day he shamelessly bribed Condon, his director, to help him in his amours.

In the final scene, where the picture was to dissolve out slowly on a clinch, the director was to forget to call "Cut!" This would permit Edgar to hold his cutie in a loving embrace as long as he wished—for actors don't dare stop any action until the final cut is ordered. But Taisy had heard about the foul plot and was armed with a hatpin; and so when Edgar was engaged in his happy embrace he suddenly let out a yell that could be heard in Pasadena. "Mr. Condon was so slow I thought I'd better do the cutting myself," was all the little lady said.

Let me stop long enough to remark that if this story seems to lack literary finish it's Bessie's fault. I asked her to give me a hand, but she replied it would be a crime to spoil my style.

"One doesn't garnish chili beans with lady fingers," she said; which may be a compliment, but a darned doubtful one. "But I'll say this, Steve: One might gather by reading your story that you have a mean opinion of actors and enjoy witnessing their physical discomfort; but that isn't true, for you are quite devoted to Spencer Grandon and ——"

Custard Sharpshooters

"Well, Bess," I replied, "in the confessions of the movie birds—especially the actors—I notice they all pick on the prop men; and this is one grand opportunity to get even."

If I were really true to my class my comments on the he-dolls would be downright murderous. Some, of course, are all right in their way; but the number of them who weigh less than a cream puff is amazing!

The most exhilarating sight I know is to see a prop man, at a comedy studio, standing in the wings with an armful of vegetables, a bucket of paste or a stack of pies, soaking an actor according to direction. The enthusiasm and force expended in these bombardments are quite out of proportion to the necessities of the case.

A few years ago, before Herb Hoover asked us to cut out pies, a certain comedy director used to give the prop men a dollar apiece for a full moon, this being the technical term used when a pie hits the artist full in the face. A pie striking one perpendicular to the face does not produce the same messy effect as when it arrives parallel with the target. There is art even in custard.

Bill Homans, a prop over at the Clingstone, had it in for Spike Turnbull, one of the saddest ex-prize-fighting actors I ever knew working comedy. So what does Bill do one day but blow in ten dollars on pies and practice a new delivery that developed the most marvelous speed and accuracy. So terrific became his custard projectiles that Spike got sore and left the studio; and, of course, Bill cried himself to sleep—he felt that bad about it. Incidentally he won back his ten bucks many times over with direct hits at a dollar per.

And while we're at the comedy studios I might add that they have many unique props of their own: Fire hose, patrol wagons, breakaway Venuses, and plates and platters—in fact, all domestic dishes of crashing possibilities; trained dogs, merry-go-rounds, bicycles, syringes, and breakaway automobiles, made entirely of wood, even to the tires. It is artistically true that the props of a comedy studio are more or less suggestive of the cataclysm.

All property men employed at these joy foundries must take long courses in dynamics—especially hydrodynamics, because water photographs better than gases. Fighting is always dynamic. What appears to be a great mahogany table may be made of thin veneering and weigh but very little. Yet when this toy comes down blaa! on the bean of a custard comedian—be the bean celluloid to the core—a protest of pain is likely to emerge from the wreckage. So we have iron skull plates, worn under the wigs, which these heroes use to protect their sconces

When I was working at the Clingstone I tried to get the office to include bathing girls as props; for that's all they were, as near as I could see—just animated props. Then I should have had the employment and care of them! But Bess objected, saying:

"You've got your hands full already, Mr. Stephen Sturgess!" And she sidled up, compelling me to demonstrate her wittiism. "Besides," she added, "though the bathing girls' contribution to art is pictorial rather than dramatic, the same is true with our candy-box leads; yet they are classed as actors and draw the salaries of trust magnates."

Pasteboard Magnificence

In the highly destructive art of comedy, properties form a large part of the expense. Full-size trolley cars, and even railroad coaches, are built for no other purpose than to be smashed. I recall one limousine we evolved from an old chassis, bought for two hundred and fifty dollars, that would just barely run; then we built a body of composition board, so handsome that the actresses all cried when they sat in it; beautiful upholstery, crested doors, and even cut-glass orchid vases. Yet it was all cheated. When the "five-thousand-dollar" limousine was smashed to bits many envious film fans couldn't see the joke in these days of money saving.

The making of human props has evolved a wonderful technic. Of course we have hundreds of ordinary dummies that we dress up and scatter round the battlefield; but when doubled for living people they have to imitate human reactions. If we wish to make a dummy do a high dive we load his hands and head with iron weights, so those members will strike the water first. On the other hand, if his fall is to be ignominious the center of gravity is shifted to the seat of the pants, and the poor thing strikes the ground in a painful but hilarious attitude.

Besides the head property man—such as I am—each separate company has its own "Props," who must provide for its special needs. He gets all his stuff from us and every item is checked against him. Consequently these fellows have their hands full in guarding their treasures. This is particularly true with handsome silver sets, revolvers, cigarette cases, watches, and so on. So weak are certain little girls and boys of the screen that they can't resist these pretty baubles, and in order to secure himself against loss Props gets receipts for any valuable articles he releases.

When we are working big mob scenes we must be alert, as petty thieves often get work as extras. If the set is elaborate—like a banquet, where fine silver and glass are used—we have detectives working with the bunch or snooping round the wings.

Another of our great crosses is guarding perishable props. Can you imagine what would happen to a banquet scene if we didn't watch the food?—at least, when we used to serve the real eats. I remember catching an extra beating it to his dressing room with a ten-pound turkey tucked in his shirt. On another occasion I stepped behind a lot of flats to stop a fight, and there was a camera kid and a Russian Ambassador at grips over a boiled ham.

Real drinks also require a guard of shock troops to conserve them for art. When on location we usually pack along a bottle of

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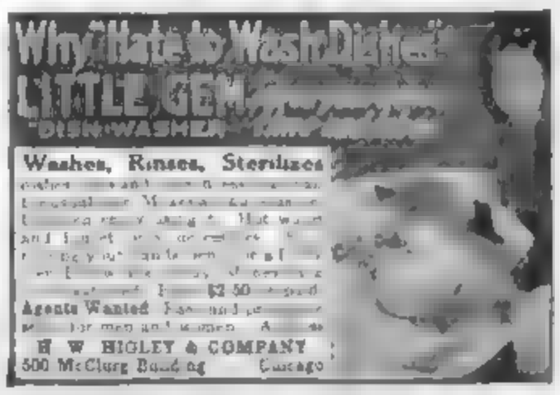

spirits in case of a bad wetting or an accident; but most of the accidents occur because we pack it. The thirst of the extra man is the greatest argument for dry art.

As much as we would like to stick to realism we have to cheat a lot with foodstuffs. In a street scene, with two hundred extras hanging round, if I stocked up a fruit stand or a bakeshop with practical apples or real Peruvian doughnuts there wouldn't be a core or a hole left in five minutes. I'm glad the war has got most of these fellows, for perhaps they'll have enough to eat at last. But some of the old birds have god-awful appetites!

Company property men are sometimes perfect wonders at getting the goods on a moment's notice, and there are a few who can anticipate everything a director will ask for under the most unusual circumstances. We have one chap who is a veritable museum in himself. When I was a boy we often used to see a tramp merchant who would have everything from suspenders to bird cages hanging from his anatomy.

Well, this fellow is the same way; he is stuck full of pins, needles, nails and skewers; he carries in his pocket—or somewhere—grease paint, mirrors, scissors, combs, cigars, cigarettes, matches, string, court-plaster, glue, photographs, and I don't know what not. So well does he know his director that when this nervous individual says "Here, Tom—quick! Get a ——" Tom says "Yes, sir; here it is." And from the mysterious recesses of his strange garments he will dig out a pair of knitting needles.

This same director always grows excited and warm, and after taking off his coat and vest he ends up without collar and tie. One day on location they were packing up hurriedly to get back home before the light was gone, and the director mislaid his neckwear somewhere in the woods and was storming round, cursing everybody, when Tom appeared and said: "I thought you'd lose them some day, sir; so I have a clean collar and tie right here, sir."

On another occasion, when the hero was paying the chauffeur, Tom stepped up and said:

"Mr. Hendricks, I have some silver here. Wouldn't it be a good idea to have the chauffeur give the hero some change? Movie actors are the only people in the world who always have the exact amount."

"You are right, Tom. Let's do that over now. And, Beverly, you wait for your change like a real human."

When I congratulated Tom on his sensible observation he said:

"Would an actor have thought of that? Huh! Never! And do you know I haven't any idea how much I gave that bird, and a feeling comes over me he held out about three quarters when he returned it! Anyway, I wouldn't put it past any actor. Would you, Steve?"

"You mustn't be too hard, Tom," I answered. "All actors are not so bad as that. I don't believe the fellow held out more than half a dollar."

What! No Morals in Art?

Visitors going from one studio to another, where each property department seems more huge than the last, often say: "Why don't you fellows pool your stuff and have one grand central warehouse?" Well, it can't be done, for the studios are sometimes miles apart, and there again comes in that fatal element of time. However, we do borrow small stuff and rent our fine furniture from one another. But every studio has certain unique props that it guards most jealously, and the other fellows can't have them for love or money. Barnes, of the Climax, will call up:

"Say, Steve; how about that big open victoria—that old boat with the silver harness?"

"We're using it, old top," I'll lie; or else "You may have it if you'll lend me that round-top circus tent of yours."

Individual prop men with various companies on the lot often show the same jealousies in grabbing certain things for their own use; and they will hide their props so as to enjoy exclusive rights. Our working men are constantly digging up caches of loot that some enthusiastic prop man has sneaked off and hid from his fellow burglars.

I've heard artists say that there are no morals in art. Well, I ran across a very good example showing that there is no patriotism in it either. I was at the Mammoth one day trying to get hold of a lot of Venetian awnings, and there I met Tim Hogan, all dressed up in khaki.

"Well, Tim," said I; "so you're off to the wars. What service are you in?"

"I don't know yet," said Tim; "but I'm going to try for the loots and incendiaries, if there is such a bunch. I'd like nothing better than to reduce the visible supply of props by fire, famine or flood. There are too darned many things in this world."

A few minutes later we passed a locked room.

"What's in there, Tim?" I asked suspiciously, thinking he had some real treasures hidden from fellows like me.

"Why, that's my German stuff," he replied—"just books an' mottoes, an' steins an' things. I've got to keep 'em under lock and key; for, do you know" and his eyes blazed—"these devils would tear 'em all up if I left them unguarded for a minute! Why, them damn fools near ruined the finest picture of the Kaiser in the town! They don't seem to know the Kaiser is a prop in this business, same as a can of beans; and they can't throw bricks at my props—not while I'm on the job!"

And Tim snorted a defiant indignation. He might be going to burn up Germany and tie a can to the Kaiser; but for the moment he was a property man jealous of his charges.

Every time I try to stop this story I begin to think of more things—rowboats, lamps, hatracks, maps, Japanese porcelains, chaise longues, harpoons, twenty-centimeter-guns, easels, incubators, anchors, bootjacks and demijohns.

Some Long-Felt Wants

Before me on my desk is the prop plot for a new story and among the trifles I must provide are: one black-walnut set, a scroll-sawed whatnot; antimacassars; a wax fruit piece under a globe; a hand-painted coal scuttle; a bronze Venus, with a clock in her abdomen, to place on the mantel; a buckeye landscape, with a stag in the foreground; a practical kitchen wood stove; a coffee grinder; a large mirror over a mantel, with hand-painted apple blossoms covering a crack in it; cruet stand; folding bed; and innumerable other things familiar to the dark artistic days of the early eighties, things of every period and every clime—things, things, things, world without end!

And, to add to our other minor duties, darned if the prop man is not expected to furnish the weather that adds atmosphere or punch to the dank story; everything from the gentle patter on the windowpane to the howling tempest without the castle keep is demanded from our versatile faculty at the U. of T.

Before we started to feed Europe, flour made a fair to middling blizzard; but now we are reduced to a less edible storm. Even the rock salt of most studios has been supplanted at the Filmart by a new kind of snow that I don't propose to tell about, for it's one of my own little secrets; but those who have witnessed it on the screen invariably feel a tremendous sympathy for the wayward lass shivering in the cold.

And now for the personal touch that ought to have come in the first reel. Bessie and I and the little Sturgesses live miles from the studio, in the foothills of Altadena, with nothing to contemplate but scenery—we haven't a "thing" on the place. So great has become our revulsion against the litter of the world that our house contains nothing unessential to our most ordinary comforts. It is true our three boy scouts are permitted three dogs; but their association with these friends will be very wholesome, for, as Walt Whitman says, dogs are not possessed of that mania for owning things.

P. S.—I had just finished writing this story—by hand—last night when Bessie tiptoed in and looked at me very guiltily.

"Steve," she purred, "I don't want you to think I'm not entirely happy, and I've been perfectly willing that we should spend most of our salaries for bonds and thrift stamps—and you know, generally speaking, I hate things as much as you do; but, Steve, there is a jade necklace at Wong Too's that I'm just crazy about. Would you be disappointed if I bought it?"

"No," I said; "if you'll promise not to holler if I blow a hundred and fifty for a split-second stop watch. This is the first time in my life I have felt that I could afford one. I really haven't any use for it, but ever since I was a kid I've wanted one of the darn' things."

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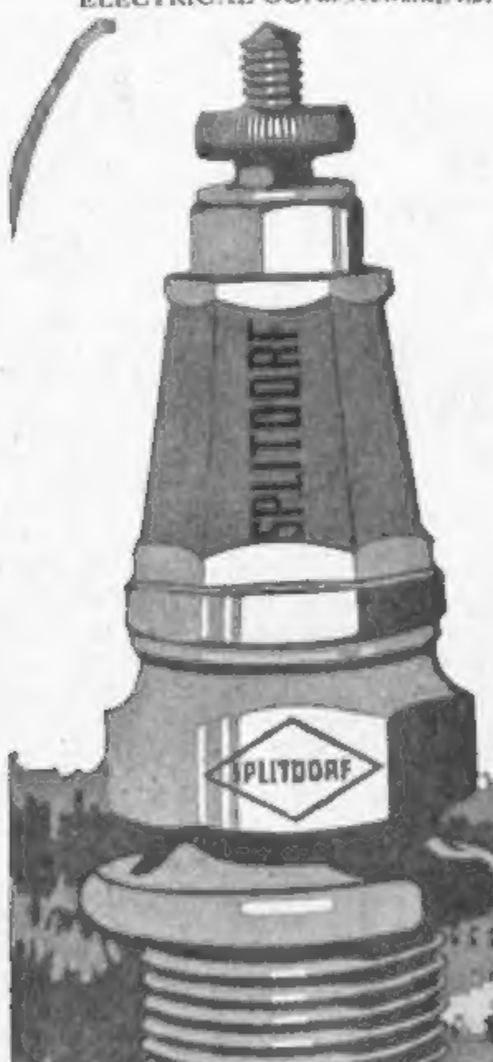

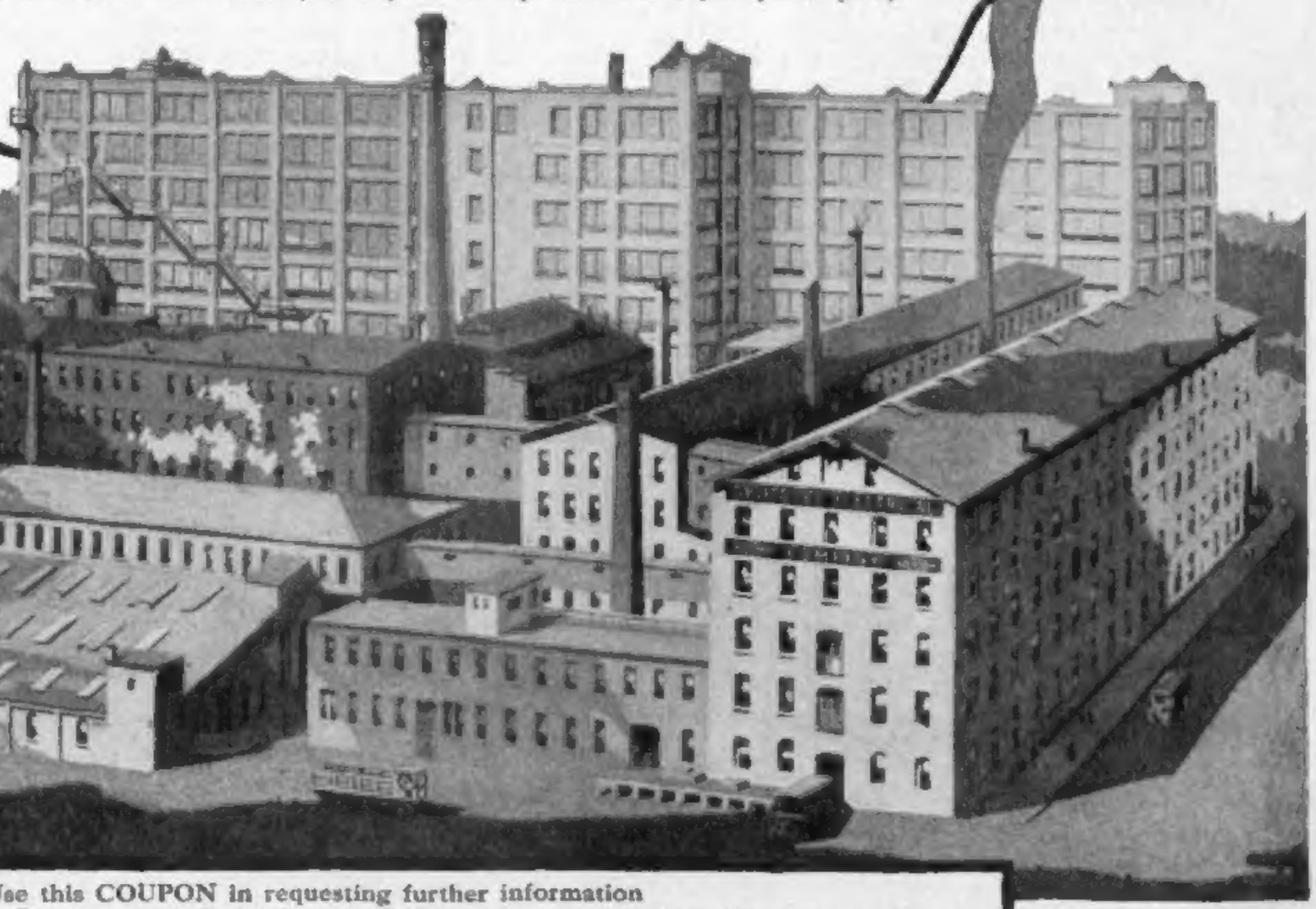

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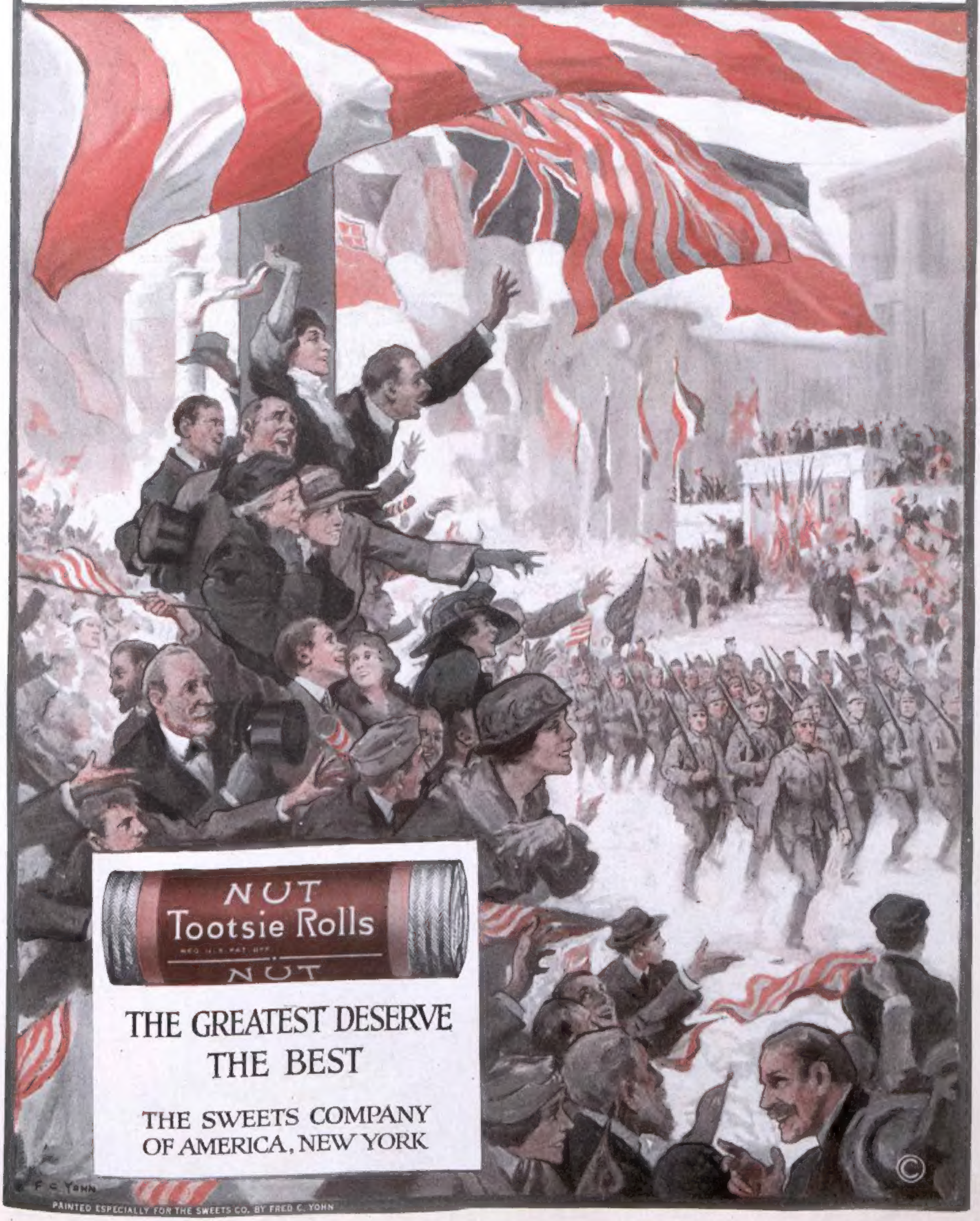

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